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CHERRY & VIOLET,

A TALE of the GREAT PLAGUE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF 'MARY POWELL.'

Anne Manning

As I sat by myself, I talked to myself,
And thus to myself said I.

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CHAP. I.

The Reminiſcences of Miſtreſs Cherry.—The Fire, & Double Tide.—Mal-converſation.

I WONDER whether many People, on reviewing their paſt Lives, feel as I do on looking back on mine; that, had they had the ordering the outward Circumſtances connected with them beforehand, ſuch as Time, Place, Health, Sickneſs, Friends, Acquaintances, and ſuch-like Conditions, they could not have arranged them half ſo well as they have been diſpoſed for them. When I fall into a Muſe on the Paſt, the Moments fly ſo ſwiftly

 that

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that I am loſt in Amazement when I find how the Time has ſlipped by while thus pleaſantly employed. And yet many of the Arrangements which were made for me by a greater Wiſdom than mine, were ſuch as at the Time were far from agreeable to me; nay, were ſometimes ſo repugnant to Fleſh and Blood as to nouriſh rebellious Thoughts, and call forth Showers of Tears. And ſtill the Proceſs went on; as I now ſee, all for my Good.

1632 My Father married my Mother in the Spring of the Year 1632: being then in the Prime of Life, a perſonable, charming-looking Man, though ſmall of Stature, and with a Noſe ſomewhat awry. In his Conditions he was ever moſt lovely; of a ſweet Temper, ſhrewd Obſervance, ſtout Heart, and lively Wit.

Many,

Many, no Doubt, had read more, by reaſon of their Opportunities; but what few Books he knew, he turned to Profit, and perhaps no Man concocted his Reading into Judgment better than he; by which he became ſo judicious and oracular, as that though he could not indeed propheſy, he could preſage; and ſome of his Preſages came true and others not, but might have done ſo, had Events taken but in a very ſlight Degree a different Courſe. He knew how to ſound his Cuſtomers, and ſuck the Marrow of their Knowledge, while keeping his own Counſel: but this was his Prudence, not Puſillanimity, for I have heard it remarked by one who knew him well, that the *Trojan* Horſe was not more full of Valour than he, for ſo ſmall a Man. Being a Hair-dreſſer, this was not ſo evident

evident in him as if he had been a Soldier; but yet every Man's Life affords Occaſions, as my Father's certainly did, of ſhowing what is in him and what is not.

In Dreſs, his Taſte was exceſſive neat, and yet gaudy; ſo that on *Sundays*, when he appeared in what he called his Marigold-and-Poppy, with his Hair, which Men then wore very long, combed down in large ſmooth Curls, his laced Collar nicely ironed, his Beaver well bruſhed, and his Shoes ſhining like Coals . . . it would have been difficult to find a Grain of Fault with him, ſave that, as my Couſin *Mark* was wont to ſay, the Colours of his Suit did too much ſwear at one another. For my own Part, I always had an Impreſſion that he was an exceſſive well-looking Man, not out of any Prejudice, but downright

right Prepoſſeſſion; and yet my dear Mother, who I am ſure loved him truly, always ſaid to me when I alluded to the Subject, "My Dear, "the Qualities of his Perſon were "always far exceeded by thoſe of "his Mind."

Of my Couſin *Mark*, who was my Father's Apprentice, there could not be two Opinions. He was winſome, lightſome, debonair; of moſt comely Perſon and Aſpect: we were all very proud of him, and he of himſelf. If he had a Fault, it was thinking too much of himſelf and too little of others; but this is ſo common that I do not know I am juſtified in particularizing it. Alſo he was ſomewhat of a Coward, not in reſpect of perſonal, animal Courage, of which I ſuppoſe he had as much as the aforeſaid *Trojan* Horſe, whatever that might be; but

but morally cowardly, as to what would be thought of him by others, and dreading the Evil of the preſent Moment, and ſo forth; which Men don't think ſo bad a kind of Cowardice as the other, but I do.

But his Temper was moſt ſweet: his Manners moſt engaging. Oh! how much he came to be thought of, at length, all along the Bridge! I have no other Fault to find in him beſides thoſe already reckoned; unleſs it were a general Want of Principle, which was leſs apparent than it would have been, had it not been covered rather than ſupplied by good Feeling. But 'tis ill reckoning the Faults of one's Friends.

Of my Mother, how ſhall I ſay enough? She was tall, ſlender, and comely to look upon, with ſweet and quick grey Eyes. She was naturally of a high Spirit, which had

had been brought under a Curb by Divine Grace. She was kind and obliging to all, ſtirring and thrifty, yet not niggardly; ſoft-hearted to the Poor, of wonderful Propriety without the leaſt Priggiſhneſs, loved by her Friends, and eſpecially in her own Family. Now I have counted up the whole Houſe except our Lodger, Maſter *Blower*, and *Dolly*, the Cook.

My Father's Shop was on the eaſt Side of *London Bridge*. Over his Door hung his Sign of "*The* "*Lock of Hair;*" and over the Shop-front was painted in yellow Letters the following Inſcription,—

"PETER CURLING *ſells all Sorts of Hair,*
"*Curled or Uncurled, Roses, Braids, Cauls,*
"*Ribbons, Weaving, Sewing-ſilk, Cards,*
"*and Blocks. Together with Combs, Criſp-*
"*ing-pins, Perfumery, and all other Goods*
"*made use of by Tonsors and Hairdreſſers,*
"*at the Loweſt Prices.*"

On

On the oppoſite Side of the Way, was a Vintner's, by the Name of *Abel*, who had humorouſly ſet up *a Bell* for his Sign, and painted beneath it, " Quoth the Wag, I am " *Abel*."

Next Door to us on one Side, lived a Bookſeller and Stationer named *Benſkin*, whoſe Sign was the Bible and Star; and next Door to us on the other Side was a Glover named *Hugh Braidfoot*, a jolly, good-tempered Bachelor, black-haired, freſh-coloured, and ſix Feet high, whoſe Sign was the Roebuck.

1633. A few Weeks after my Birth, which was in *February*, 1633, in the Midſt of a notable hard Froſt, there broke out a moſt dreadful Fire at the north End of the Bridge, which conſumed all the Houſes on both Sides, from *St. Magnus'* Church to the firſt open Space on the Bridge.

Bridge. There was, I have heard tell, much bodily Hurt as well as Deſtruction of Property; many Perſons in precipitating themſelves from upper Stories, getting their Limbs broken. "Water! Water!" was the Cry, and all in vain, for though the *Thames* lay right under the Houſes, 'twas one great Cake of Ice, and the only Reſource was to break the Conduit Pipes that ran through the Streets leading to the Bridge, and ſweep the Water down with Brooms, to ſupply the three Engines that every one had thought would be ſuch Helps in Time of Need, but which proved very ſorry Helps indeed. In the Midſt of the Tumult and Danger, ſome Neighbours of ours that were burned out of Houſe and Home, took Refuge with us; to wit, the Wife and infant Daughter of Maſter *Samuel Armytage*,

Armytage, Haberdaſher of ſmall Wares; the Infant being, like myſelf, a Nurſling of only a few Weeks old. Theſe homeleſs Strangers did my Mother hoſpitably and Chriſtianly entertain, beſtirring herſelf more in her Care for them than in her tender Caſe it was fit ſhe ſhould have done, and putting us two Infants into one and the ſame Cradle. With our little Arms locked about one another, in an Atmoſphere of Chriſtian Love, 'twas no Wonder that little *Violet* and I conceived a Tenderneſs for each other, e'en while Sucklings, that grew with our Growth, and ſtrengthened with our Strength. As for the elder Parties, Hoſpitality on the one Side and Thankfulneſs on the other cauſed a more than common Friendlineſs to ſpring up between them from that Time forth. And when the

the Fugitives were re-eſtabliſhed in their re-built Houſes, they long had an impreſſive and ſolemnifying Remembrance of their narrow Eſcape from an awful and terrible Death.

Now, though I cannot, of courſe, remember Anything of the Fire, I have a perfect Recollection of the next notable Occurrence among us, of *the Double Tide*, which happened in my eighth Year; and how the 1641.
River, after lying as ſtill as a Stone for more than an Hour, ſuddenly came foaming up from *Greenwich*, roaring, boiling, and ſplaſhing to that Degree that it was Horror to look upon. And my Father, after contemplating the Prodigy along with all the reſt, exclaimed, "Well, "Friends! you may ſay what you "will; but I, though not a ſuper-"ſtitious Man, think Something "will come of it." And did not Something

Something come of it . . or, at any Rate, after it ? and were not we, that had previouſly been ſleeping on the ſtill Waters of a ſettled Government, horribly overwhelmed with a Tide of Rebellion, Anarchy, and Republicaniſm ?

1640. The Year before the Double Tide, there had been much Talk in my Father's Shop, about the Earl of *Strafford* being given over to the Black Rod, which I, being of ſuch tender Years, could not well make out, but it ſeemed to carry an ill Sound with it. After that, he was taken to his Trial; and paſſed from his Priſon in the *Tower* to *Weſtminſter*, under our Bridge. We looked forth of our Windows, and diſcerned him plainly in one of the Barges, guarded by Soldiers with Partizans; and there was much Yelling and Hooting as he went through

through the Arch, which I for my Part was ſorry for, he was ſo handſome and perſonable a Gentleman. The People, however, were much incenſed againſt him; and, about three Months after the Double Tide, 1641.
there was what I may call a Double Tide of 'Prentices and tumultuous Citizens, to the Number of about ſix Thouſand, (my Couſin, *Mark Blenkinſop*, being among them,) who aſſembled themſelves in an intimidating Manner at *Weſtminſter*, many of them armed with Swords and Staves, and demanded Lord *Strafford's* Death of the Peers as they went to the Houſe.

I remember my Father, for as ſmall a Man as he was, collaring *Mark* when he came back, and dealing him one or two Blows, which made me begin to cry, and run in between them. And *Mark*, though

though a great, tall Lad of his Years, began to whimper too, which reminds me again of the *Trojan* Horſe, and the Valour that may dwell in a little Body, and the Puſillanimity that may be in a large one. And, "ſure, Uncle," ſays *Mark*, "the Earl deſerves to die, "for his" . . Malconverſation, or Malminiſtration, I forget which. And my Father replied, "Never "trouble your Head with that. "Leave the Powers that be to ſettle "their own Affairs. Fine Times, "indeed, when Barbers' 'Prentices "muſt be meddling in State-politics! "To his own Maſter, the *Earl* "ſtandeth or falleth."

Had all Men been of my Father's equable and temperate Mind, we ſhould not have fallen into the Diſorders we preſently did; wherein, no Doubt, there was much Wrong

on

on both Sides. One Night we were rouſed from Sleep by Cries in the Street that "the *King* and "his Papiſts were coming to fire "the City and cut our Throats in "our Beds;" but my Father, after putting his Head forth to learn the Nature of the Tumult, drew it in again and cloſed the Window, allaying our ſomewhat ungoverned Fears with that Compoſure which it behoves every Maſter of a Family to aſſume when he can, in Seasons of Danger or the Apprehenſion of it.

Soon there was open War between *King* and *Parliament*, which went on increaſing till the whole Country was filled with Bloodſhed and Confuſion, and only ended in a total Change of Government. We were now in a State of Fortification; for the *Lords* and

Commons

Commons had directed that the whole City ſhould be put in a State of Defence, and that the *Lord Mayor* and Citizens ſhould trench, ſtop, and fortify all High-ways leading thereunto. Wherefore, all Entrances into *London* except five, were ſtoned and bricked up altogether; and thoſe five were made as ſtrong as could be, with Breaſt-works and Turnpikes, Muſket-proof. And all Sheds and Out-buildings outſide *London Wall*, that were near enough to be advantageous to an Enemy, were taken down; and this gave a great deal of Work to do that behoved to be done quickly; wherefore even Women and Children helped the Men in carrying Earth, Stones, &c., for, by this Time, there was in the City a pretty general Diſaffection towards

towards the *King;* and thoſe that wiſhed him well and could not get to him, found it beſt to hold their Peace.

CHAP. II.

Cherry endeavours to remember if ſhe were pretty.—A Water-party.

——And now my Memory flies on to the Time when, I ſuppoſe, I was as happy a Girl as any on the *Bridge*, I know not whether I were pretty or not,—I rather ſuppoſe I was, but my Father praiſed me too much, and my dear Mother never praiſed me at all, ſo that I have no Clue to what was really thought of me. There's an old Saying, "Even a little Beetle "is a Beauty in the Eyes of its "Mother,"—I am bold to think that

that if I had been a little Black-beetle, I ſhould ſtill have been a Beauty in the Eyes of my Father. My Mother uſed to tell him "all "his Geeſe were Swans," which was as much as to ſay that hers were not: be that as it may, if ſhe praiſed me leſs, I always felt ſhe loved me as much as he did; and I loved her to the full as much as I loved him.

I remember coming down Stairs one *Sunday* Morning, dreſſed for Church,—(we had no Liturgy, nor Church of *England* Clergymen then, ſuch was the Will of *Parliament*,)—dreſſed in a primroſe Petticoat and graſs-green Mantua neatly bundled up behind; black Mits without a Creaſe in them for Tightneſs, white Pinners ſtarched and crimped, and a ſmall ſteeple-crowned Hat,—when *Mark*, meeting me at the Stair-foot,

Stair-foot, ſtepped out of my Way with a ſliding Bow, ſaid, "Bleſs me, how pretty we are!" and looked attentively after me. I felt aſhamed and yet elated; and thought ſomewhat more of myſelf and of him after that; yet I am not quite ſure, now, that his Speech was not ironical, after all.

Of my Friend and Schoolfellow, *Violet Armytage*, there could not be two Opinions. She was exceſſively pretty, and knew it too well: which was partly the Fault of her Father, who was always calling her his "ſweet *Wi-let*;" and yet, even if he had not, I think ſhe would have found it out, for all that. *My* Father called me his roſy *Cherry*, but I knew it for his Manner of Speaking. But *Violet* always believed Everything that was ſaid in her Praiſe. She was fond of me by

by Fits and Starts; and when the affectionate Fit was on, ſhe would bring her Work and ſit with me in the Arbour at the Top of our Houſe, by the Hour together. Sometimes my Father and Mother would join us there, in the long Summer Evenings, and we would ſup in the open Air; no one objecting to it but *Dolly*, who had to carry the Things up ſo many Pair of Stairs.

At other Times, when my Father and Mother were otherwiſe engaged, *Mark* would come up to us; and ſit upon the Roller or Watering-pot, and ſay ever ſo many funny Things to us both; which we thought very pleaſant. Sometimes *Violet* would let her Ball of Thread roll through the Rails and drop down into the Street, and ſend him to fetch it; and when he had brought

brought it ſhe would do the ſame Thing again; which he ſaid was too bad, but I don't think he minded it. I never played him ſuch Tricks myſelf; for, what was ſingular, though we lived in the ſame Houſe together, I was ſhyer of him than ſhe was.

Our firſt Floor was let to a very learned and excellent Man, though a very ſingular one, the Reverend *Nathanael Blower*, who had been Curate of *St. Magnus* till the Form of Religion changed. Then he was hard put to it, where to lay his Head without fleeing the Country or getting into Trouble; for the Independents were mighty intolerant; and he whom we uſed to think it a great Honour to get a paſſing Word and a Smile from, was now thankful to take up his Reſt among us. Holy Writ tells us

us that ſome have entertained Angels unawares: if we entertained an Angel, it was not unawares, though he was a very eccentric and untidy one. He ſaid he would have called my Mother the good *Shunammite* if it had not been a Shame to provoke Compariſon between himſelf and the Prophet *Elijah*. Indeed his was ſomewhat like the "Chamber on the Wall," for the Back-room in which he ſlept was a Lean-to that ſtuck againſt the main Wall like a Swallow's Neſt, and hung perilouſly over the foaming River, trembling at every half-ebb Tide; but Uſe inures us to Everything, and he ſaid he ſlept as well in his Neſt as a Sailor in his Hammock. As to his Sitting-chamber, it was ſoon a perfect Pig-ſty (if Pigs ever had Books) of Papers, Parchments, Books,

Books, Pamphlets, old Shoes, Hats and Coats, Medicines, Cordials, Snuff-boxes, Pipes, Walking-ſticks, and Everything that is untidy. After a Time he began to think whether he might not, by a conſcientious Conformity, be a Working-bee rather than a Drone in the Hive; and, having ſome Acquaintance with Maſter *John Howe*, the *Whitehall* Preacher, who was known to be forward in aſſiſting the Royalists and Epiſcopalians in Diſtreſs, if they were but Men of Merit, he went and took his Advice on the Subject before he preſented himſelf before the Triers, that is to ſay, thoſe who tried the ejected Miniſters whether they might be allowed to officiate again in Public or not. Along with him went Doctor *Fuller*, ſo well known by his wife and witty Books; who was generally

generally upon the merry Pin, for as pious a Man as he was. He, preſenting himſelf before Maſter *Howe*, ſaid,

"Sir, you may obſerve I am a "pretty corpulent Man, and I am "to go through a Paſſage that is "very ſtrait. I beg you would be "ſo kind as to give me a Shove, "and help me through!"

Maſter *Howe* ſmiled, and frankly debated the Subject with him and Maſter *Blower;* and the End of it was, that when the Triers put it to Maſter *Fuller* whether he had ever had any Experience of a Work of Grace upon his Heart, he made Anſwer, that he could appeal to the Searcher of Hearts, that he made Conſcience of his very Thoughts; and Maſter *Blower* ſaid in other Words what amounted to the ſame Thing; howbeit, like *Pharaoh's* Butler

Butler and Baker, one was accepted —the other not.

And the Reaſon was, that they got upon the Queſtion of particular Faith, which was very prevalent in *Oliver Cromwell's* Court, and put it to him whether he did not believe that all who aſked for Anything in Faith would have it granted them, as well as have an Aſſurance on the Spot that it would be ſo. Which he ſaid, in that large, unqualified Senſe, he did not, for that he believed many timid Believers had the Faith of Adherence who had not the Faith of Aſſurance; and that if Prayer were made for ſome unreaſonable Thing, however fervently, he did not think it would be granted. That would not ſtand Maſter *Blower;* ſo he had to come back to his Swallow's Neſt.

"But is it not an extraordinary

"Thing,

"Thing, now," ſaith he to my Mother, "that they ſhould, except "for the Sake of catching a Man "in his Talk, ſo hardly inſiſt on "the literal Acceptance of a Dogma "which they themſelves muſt know "they overſtrain? For would one "of them dare to pray that his "Father or Mother might come to "Life again in this preſent World, "however much he might long to "ſee them in the Body? Or that "all Jews, Infidels, and Heretics, "might be converted this very "Moment, however deſirable a "Thing it might be? We do the "Word of God Diſhonour and "make it of none Effect when we "interpret by the Letter inſtead of "the Spirit."

In this Faſhion would the excellent Maſter *Blower* vouchſafe to converſe with my Mother in my Hearing,

Hearing, much to her Edification and mine. Meantime *Violet Armytage* was much more given to Flirting than Preaching; and had more Admirers than any Girl on the *Bridge;* but the Man whom ſhe and her Mother were chiefly deſirous ſhe ſhould captivate was no Admirer of hers at all. This was *Hugh Braidfoot*, the Glover, who lived next Door to us; and who talked the Matter over with my Father very freely when they had the Shop to themſelves; I ſewing in the Parlour behind.

"I can ſee quite plainly through "the old Lady," quoth he, as he ſate on his favourite Seat, the Counter, with his Feet eaſily reaching the Floor, "I can ſee "what ſhe's driving at, and don't "reſpect her for it a bit. Why "ſhould ſhe always be buying

"Gloves

"Gloves three or four Sizes too "ſmall for her broad red Hand, "and then be ſending *Violet* over "to change them again and again "till they fit? I've a dozen Pair "waſted that ſhe has ſtretched. "And where is the other Daughter, "and why is ſhe always in the "Background?"

"*Kitty* is ſickly and a little lame," ſays my Father, "and has her "Health better in the Country."

"I don't believe ſhe's either ſickly or lame," ſays *Hugh Braidfoot*, "only the Mother wants to "get this Daughter off firſt—and "ſtands in her own Light by her "Manœuvres, I can tell her. "Defend me from a managing "Mother!"

About this Time, my Father's Trade had a ſhort but ſurpriſing Impetus, which, as he ſaid to my Mother,

Mother, "was but the Flaring up "of a Candle in the Socket, juſt "before it goes out." Cropped Heads and long Curls being now the Signs of different Parties, and the Round-heads having the uppermoſt, numerous Perſons that had hitherto been vain enough of their long and graceful Treſſes, which brought no ſmall Gain to the Hair-dreſſers, were now anxious to be ſhorn as cloſe as *French* Poodles, for Fear of getting into Scrapes with the reigning Power. And as, like the Sheep after Shearing, they left their Fleeces behind them, which were in many Caſes exceeding valuable, my Father and *Mark* were buſied from Morning to Night, in waſhing, baking, and weaving beautiful Sets of Hair, which were carefully reſerved for future Occaſion.

"For

"For you will ſee," quoth my Father, "there will ſooner or later "be a Re-action; *I* may not live "to ſee it, but you Youngſters will; "People will be tired of Puri- "taniſm and Rebellion ſome of "theſe Days, and then the old "State of Things will come back; "and the Croppies will be as "aſhamed of their Stubble Heads "as the Cavaliers are of their Love- "locks now; and, as Hair won't "grow as faſt as green Peas, they "will then be conſtrained to wear "Wigs, and then will come a rare "Time for the Barbers!" Every Word of which, like ſo many other of his Propheſyings and Preſages, in due Seaſon proved ſtrictly true!

Meantime, though this Fury for cropping filled the Till as long as there was any long Hair to cut off, yet, this being preſently done, a great

a great Stagnation of Buſineſs enſued; for, whereas the curled Locks had required conſtant curling, bruſhing, and trimming, the round Heads were eaſily kept ſhort, and brought only Pence where the others had brought Shillings. My Father kept his Hair long to the laſt; and, to expreſs his Opinion of the Times ſo as e'en they who ran might read, he ſet up two waxen Effigies in his Window, not merely Heads, but half Lengths; the one repreſenting an exceeding comely and handſome young Man, (very much like my Couſin *Mark*,) with long, fair Treſſes moſt beautifully crimped, falling over his *Vandyke* Collar and black Velvet Coat: the other, with as red a Noſe as old *Noll*, cloſe cropped, ſo as to ſhow his large Ears ſticking out on each Side. And to make the Satire more

more pungent, the Roundhead made as though pointing to the Cavalier, with a ſmall Label ſuperſcribed, "See what I was!"—and the Cavalier, with a Look of ſilent Diſguſt, was ſigning at the Roundhead and ſaying, "See what I ſhall "be!"

This Comicality, which had coſt my Father and *Mark* ſundry Hours of evening Labour,—(I had made the Dreſſes,) drew Crowds of People to the Window, ſo as even to obſtruct the Paſſage along the Bridge; and excited Peals of ironical Laughter; till, at length, Mirth proceeding to Miſchief, Blows began to enſue among thoſe who favoured oppoſite Sides. Then the Bridgewardens came with Conſtables and Weapons to quell the Diſturbance, and an idle Fellow was ſet in the Cage, and another

with long Hair, put in the Stocks; and one or two of our Panes of Glaſs were broken; ſo that what began in Sport ended much too ſeriouſly; and my Father, finding he muſt yield to the Times, changed the Cavalier's Placard into "See "what you had better be," and finally removed it altogether, ſaying he was nauſeated with time-ſerving. But he perſiſted in wearing his own long Hair, come what would; which drew from the Reverend Maſter *Blower* that Similitude about the *Trojan* Horſe, who, I ſuppoſe, perſiſted in wearing his Mane and long Tail after they had become Types of a Party. And when my Father was called in queſtion for it by one of the Bridgewardens, and aſked why he perſevered in troubling *Iſrael*, he with his uſual Spirit retorted upon him with, "How

"How can a Tonſor be expected "to hold with a Party that puts "Pence into his Till inſtead of Shil- "lings?" Whereupon the Bridge-warden called him a ſelf-intereſted *Demas*, and ſaid no more to him.

Hugh Braidfoot upheld him through thick and thin, laughing all the while; though he kept his own buſhy Head as ſhort as a Blacking-bruſh. Indeed, this Man, though the Eſſence of Mirth and Good-humour, ſtrongly built, and ſix Foot high, had not a Quarter of my Father's Valour.

As for Maſter *Blower*, he made a wry Face on it, ſaying that Magnaſheh Mikſheh (which I afterwards heard was Hebrew for well-ſet Hair) was now of no Account.

—One Evening,—I have good Reaſon to remember it,—the Days being ſultry and at their longeſt,—

we

we made a Pleaſure-party to *Greenwich*, and took Water below the Bridge. Coming back juſt as the Moon was riſing, a Boat-full of uproarious and half-intoxicated young Men fell foul of us and upſet us. I ſhall never forget my Senſations as I went into the Water! —The next Minute, I was half out of it again, and found *Mark's* Arm cloſe round me, while with the other he ſtruck out, and preſently brought me aſhore. My dear Father alſo reſcued my Mother; and *Hugh Braidfoot's* long Legs helped him more in wading out like a Heron, I think, than his Arms in ſwimming, for he, too, preſently came aland, covered with Mud. My Mother and I cried, and felt very grateful to *Mark*, who ſtood panting and colouring, and looking very much pleaſed with himself;

himſelf; and preſently we were all in another Boat on our Way to the Bridge Stairs, drenched, quiet, and thankful for our providential Eſcape. . . I, eſpecially, feeling, oh! how happy!—Yet, in after Days, there was a Time when I was ready to wiſh *Mark* had left me in the River—.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Reſult of the Water-Party.

—The only Perſon in the Boat, who was left for the Boatman to ſave, was Miſtreſs *Gloſſop*, the Widow of a *Cheapſide* Hairdreſſer in a much larger Way of Buſineſs than my Father, with whom we were on very intimate Terms. She was a Woman of about forty-five, tall, bulky, and with a very heated Face, which was the Reſult of Intemperance, not in drinking, but eating, as I have often heard her acknowledge. She was fond of Everything nice, and had a Habit of

of ſaying, "Oh, I can't reſiſt this!" "I never can reſiſt that!" which uſed to diſguſt me with her; and make me ready to ſay, "More ſhame for you if you cannot." She and her Huſband had always been well to do; and now ſhe was Miſtreſs of a large Buſineſs, with Court-patronage, ſuch as it was, and a Foreman and three 'Prentices under her; beſides keeping a profeſſed Cook, Houſemaid, and Scullion. And whereas ſhe and Maſter *Gloſſop* had always been Companions and Goſſips of my Father and Mother, whoſe Ages were ſuitable to them, yet, now ſhe had caſt off her Weeds, ſhe went mighty fine; and *Mark*, who thought her ſufficiently unagreeable, though he often went on Errands to her, ſaid he was ſure ſhe was caſting about for a ſecond. To a Woman of her Habit, the Ducking ſhe

ſhe got was unlikely to be of much Good; and as for her flame-coloured Mantua, and pea-green Mantle, they were ruined outright: however, ſhe was very merry about it, and as we were all engaged to ſup with her, would hear of no excuſe. Howbeit, my Mother was too wet for doing Anything but going Home and to Bed: my Father would not leave her; *Hugh Braidfoot* ſaid he would join us, but did not; and the End was, that *Mark* and I, when we had dreſſed ourſelves afreſh and kept our Engagement, found Nobody to meet us but ſome *Cheapſide* Shop-keepers who had not been on the Water. And though they made very merry, and though there were Lobſters, and Pound-cake, and Ducks, and green Peas, and fried Plum-pudding, and Gooſeberry Pie, and other Delicacies too numerous

to

to mention, I had no Mind to eat, but ſat ſhivering, and ſcorching, and thinking of the Water cloſing over me; and at length, before any one elſe was ready to leave, begged Miſtreſs *Gloſſop* to let me wiſh her Good-night.

Mark, though he was in high Spirits, came away with me, and very kindly ſaid he feared I was the worſe for the Accident. And though he had been very talkative at the Supper-table, yet as ſoon as we got into the open Air we became as quiet as two Judges, and walked Home ſcarcely ſpeaking a Word, till we came to that laſt one, "Good-night."

I had taken Cold, which, with a good deal of Fever attending it, made me very poorly for ſome Days; and my dear Mother, who did not ſhew it ſo much at firſt, had

had in fact taken her Death-chill, though we knew it not till long afterwards. Meantime, ſhe kept about; I ſeeming at firſt the worſt of the two, and ſitting by the Fire in a Cloke, very chilly, though 'twas cloſe upon the Dog-days. *Violet Armytage* came over the Way to ſee me; and ſaith ſhe, "Dear "*Cherry*, how well *Mark* behaved! "I ſhall think the better of him for "it as long as I live!"

I felt I ſhould do ſo too, but had no Mind to ſpeak much about it; and, my Cold being heavy, and making me indiſpoſed to talk, ſhe ſoon went away. Almoſt daily, however, ſhe came acroſs; and, when ſhe did not, *Mark* went at her Deſire to tell her how I was.

And ſo I got well; and juſt as I was fit for going out again, my dear Mother's Illneſs became ſo apparent

apparent that I kept wholly to the Houſe. At firſt we thought it troubleſome rather than dangerous, and were not frightened; and, though I ſat by her Bed almoſt all Day long, ſhe would ſometimes ſend me down to work below and keep an Eye to the Houſe. Her Illneſs ſubdued me a good deal; and *Mark* was become unwontedly gentle and ſilent; ſo that, though we ſcarce ſaw each other ſave at Meals, we ſaid little; and yet I never felt him to be better Company.

Violet ſent me Word that unuſual Preſs of Buſineſs in the Shop kept her from coming over, but begged I would never let a Day paſs without ſending her Word how my Mother was; which I did, though thinking, now and then, ſhe might have juſt run over, if but for a Minute.

One

One ſultry Evening, my Mother being ready to compoſe herſelf to Sleep, bade me ſit below till ſhe rang for me, as ſhe was ſure the Room muſt be warm and cloſe. It was ſo, in fact, and I was feeling a little faint, therefore was glad to ſit at the open Caſement of our Parlour behind the Shop. The Buſineſs of the Day was done; my Father was goſſiping with *Hugh Braidfoot* next Door; there was a pleaſing Confuſion of diſtant Sounds from the City and along the Water; Boatmen calling "Yo, heave ho," and ſinging Snatches of Boat-ſongs; the Water trembling and murmuring among the Arches, and the Evening Air feeling ſoft and reviving.

While I was thus ſitting, all alone ſave for *Dolly* in the Kitchen, and Maſter *Blower* on the firſt Story,

Story, *Mark* comes in and gives me a Poſy, ſaying, "*Violet* ſends you "theſe Flowers:" and then remained, with his Hand reſting on the Back of my Chair.

I know not how long we thus remained, quite ſilent, and I conſcious of great Pleaſure in his Preſence; till at laſt, for want of Anything more important to ſay, I obſerved, "How pleaſant the Evening "Air is coming over the Water!"

"Very," ſaid he, without ſeeming to be thinking much about it: and again we were both quiet.

"Couſin," ſaid he at length, in a very gentle Voice,—which was not his uſual Way of addreſſing me, for in common, he called me *Cherry*.—

—"Dear Couſin, I have ſome-"thing to ſay to you"—and ſtopped.

"What

"What is it, *Mark?*" ſaid I, ſoftly.

"We have lived long together," began he again, faintly laughing, "and I never felt afraid of ſpeaking "to you, before—How odd it is "that I ſhould feel ſo, now!"

"What have you to be afraid "about?" ſaid I, looking up at him: on which he coloured and looked away; and I did the ſame, without knowing why.

"You have always been my "Friend," reſumed he, taking Courage, "you will not be angry "with me?"

"Why ſhould I?" ſaid I. "Is "there Anything to be angry "about?"

"Perhaps you may think ſo," ſaid he, "when you come to know "all. Dear *Cherry*, I'm in Love!" And laughed, and then was ſilent.

I never

I never felt ſo perplexed what to ſay next. "I don't ſee that is any "Matter of mine," ſaid I at length.

"Don't you, though? But that "depends upon whom I'm in Love "with!" ſaid he, ſmiling. "If it "were with Anybody a hundred "Miles off, that you had never ſeen "or heard of, you might ſay it was "no Matter of yours; but, *Cherry*, "ſhe's not one Mile off! She's the "prettieſt Girl on the Bridge!"

"Then," ſaid I, turning ſcarlet as I ſpoke, "it muſt certainly be "*Violet Armytage!*"

"It is!" cried he rapturouſly, "What a Gueſſer you are!—Dear "*Cherry!*"

Oh! what a Bound my Heart gave; and then ſeemed to ſtop! For,—I'm only ſpeaking to myſelf; to myſelf I may own the Truth—I had not thought he meant *Violet!*

"Ah,"

"Ah," ſaid he, after a long Silence, which I was as unable as he was diſinclined to break, "I dare "ſay you've ſeen it all along—I "may have told you no News—you "are ſuch a good Secret-keeper, "*Cherry!*"

I could not yet ſay a Word—He had taken my Hand and wrung it; and I gently preſſed his in Sign of Sympathy; it was all I could do, but it was quite enough.

"How kind you are!" ſaid he. "What do you think my Uncle "will ſay?"

"What do you think her Father "will ſay?" ſaid I faintly.

"We are not going to tell him "juſt yet," returned he, "nor yet "her Mother."

"That ſounds bad, *Mark*—"

"Nay, *Cherry*, you know how "crazy the old Lady is to have

"*Braidfoot*

" *Braidfoot* for her Son-in-law;
" ſhe'll find in Time he won't
" come forward, and *Violet* will
" take care he ſhall not, for
" ſhe will give him no Encourage-
" ment; but, till her Mother finds
" it won't do, there's no Uſe in
" my ſpeaking, for you know
" I have nothing to marry upon,
" yet."

" When ſhall you have?" ſaid I.

" *When?*" repeated he, looking a little annoyed, " why, *ſome of theſe* " *Days*, as the Saying is. You " know I am thorough Maſter of " my Buſineſs now, have ſerved my " time, receive good Wages, and am " very uſeful to your Father. Who " knows but that, as Time goes on, " he'll take me for a Partner, and " finally retire from Buſineſs?"

" Ah, *Mark*, ſo little comes in now, " that he will have nothing to retire " upon.

"upon. We can but juſt go on as "we do."

"Well," ſaid he laughing, with a little Embarraſſment, "perhaps "Miſtreſs *Gloſſop* will take me into "Partnerſhip. I'm a Favourite in "that Quarter."

"Miſtreſs *Gloſſop!* Oh, *Mark!*"

"Nay, *Cherry*, don't you ſee, if "old Maſter *Armytage* takes a "Fancy to me, he may make it "worth her while to do ſo, for the "Sake of his 'ſweet *Wi-let*'?"

"Ah, *Mark*, Maſter *Armytage* is "himſelf in a very ſmall Way of "Buſineſs—nothing at all to com- "pare with Miſtreſs *Gloſſop's*. *We* "love and eſteem them for old "Acquaintance ſake, but ſhe looks "quite down upon them. There "are ſo many ſmall Haberdaſhers "on the Bridge!"

"Well, the ſmaller he is, the leſs

"Reaſon

" Reaſon he will have to look down
" upon me. I ſuppoſe you don't
" mean to ſay, *Cherry*, that no
" young Man thinks of Marriage
" unleſs he is better off than I
" am?"

" So far from it, *Mark*, that I
" cannot ſee what Right the *Army-*
" *tages* have to expect a better
" Match for their Daughter; and
" therefore I think it a Pity there
" ſhould be any Concealment."

" Marry come up!" cries he, " I
" would rather draw a Double-tooth
" for a fiery Dragon than tell
" Maſter *Armytage* I was Suitor for
" his ſweet *Wi-let!*"

" Why, you will have to tell him
" ſooner or later," ſaid I.

" Not . . not if we wait till he
" dies," ſaid *Mark*.

" *Dies!* oh, *Mark!*"—

" It's ill, reckoning on dead
" Men's

"Men's Shoes, I own," ſaid he, looking rather aſhamed.

"It's unfeeling and indelicate in the higheſt Degree," ſaid I. "Why "ſhould not *Violet* tell her Father?"

"Ah, *Cherry*, ſhe will not; and "what's more, ſhe has made me "ſolemnly promiſe that *I* will not, "at preſent; ſo you ſee there's no "more to be ſaid. We muſt juſt "go on, hoping and waiting, as "many young Couples have done "before us; knowing that we love "one another—and is not that, for "a While at leaſt, enough?"

I faintly ſaid, "Yes."

"You don't ſpeak ſo heartily, though, as I thought you would," ſaid he. "Don't you ſympathize "with us, *Cherry?*"

I looked up at him with a Smile, though my Lip quivered, and ſaid fervently, "Oh, yes!"

"That's

"That's right!" ſaid he gladly. "Now I ſhall feel that whether "Things go rough or ſmooth with "me, you take cordial Part in them. "God bleſs you, *Cherry!* And if "ever I'm in any little Difficulty "with *Violet*, I ſhall come to you "for Advice and Help, rely upon "it!—Hark, there is your Mother's "Bell."

I ran off, glad to leave him; and found my Mother coughing, and in want of ſome Water. When ſhe had recovered herſelf, and compoſed herſelf again to Sleep, I ſat by her Caſement, looking out on the ſame Scene I had been gazing on an Hour before; but oh! with what different Feelings!

The Trouble of my Soul taught me how much I had cared for him, what Expectations I had nourished of him, what Diſappointment I felt in

in him. All was changed, all was ſhivered: never to be built up again! And yet no one knew what Hopes were wrecked within me. — The World was going on juſt the ſame!

I thought how kind my Father and Mother had been to him, and how likely it was they had hoped he would marry me, and how certainly, in that caſe, my Father would have ſhared his Buſineſs with him.

I thought how dull and forlorn a Place the World would now ſeem to me, but reſolved they ſhould never know it. I would go on, in all Reſpects, juſt the ſame.

Large Tears were flowing unreſtrained down my Cheeks, when Maſter *Blower's* Bell, having been once rung already, was now pulled again with ſome Impatience; and as *Dolly* had ſtepped out, I anſwered it

it myſelf, and found he wanted his Supper, which he took at no particular Time, but juſt whenever he was inclined to lay aſide his Reading or Writing. I might have ſpread the Table for him nineteen Times out of twenty, without his ever looking at me; however, on this Occaſion he happened to have nothing better to do, and obſerved I was in trouble.

"Child," ſaid he, "is thy Mother worſe?"

"No, Sir, I humbly thank you."

"Then," ſays he, "Something "elſe has happened to grieve thee, "for thine Eyes are red with "weeping. What is it?"

But I could not tell him.

"Well," ſaid he, after a Pauſe, "young Girls may have their Griefs "that they don't care to tell about. "—Man is born to Trouble, as the "Sparks

" Sparks fly upward. And ſome-
" times thoſe Griefs we ſhow leaſt,
" we feel moſt. But remember,
" my good Girl, (for a good Girl,
" *Cherry*, thou art!) that there is
" One to whom we may always
" carry our Burthens; One who
" can eaſe them, too, either by
" giving us Strength to bear them,
" or by removing them altogether
" — Go pray, my Child, go
" pray!"

And I did as he bade me, and found Balm for a bleeding Heart. He was a good and wiſe Man, was Maſter *Blower*.

When my Mother awoke, ſhe ſaid, " *Cherry*, I don't know what
" has come over me, but I feel a
" Peace and a Quiet paſt expreſſing
" . . I ſhould not wonder if you
" have been praying for me, my
" Child."

I preſſed

I preſſed her Hand and ſaid, "Yes, Mother, I have . . . and for "myſelf too."

"This Illneſs of mine may be "a Bleſſing in Diſguiſe to us "both," ſaid ſhe after a Pauſe— "it has taught me your Value, "*Cherry*."

"What a funny Story," reſumed ſhe preſently, quietly ſmiling, "might be written by a clever "Hand about a Perſon who always "fancied herſelf undervalued! '*The* "*Undervalued Woman!*'—There are "a good many ſuch in the World, "I fancy; poor Things, it ſeems "no Joke to *them*. People who "have that Impreſſion of themſelves "generally take ſuch ſilly Methods "to prevent their being over- "looked! They had better make "themſelves of real Importance, "by being uſeful and thoughtful

"for

" for others. They had better take " Pattern by *you, Cherry!*"

How dear, a Mother's Praiſe! Eſpecially when ſo ſeldom beſtowed!

CHAP. IV.

Chelſea Buns.

VIOLET ſeemed afraid (and yet why ſhould ſhe be?) to come near me, after *Mark's* Communication; and, as my dear Mother could ill ſpare me, I kept cloſe Houſe. We now felt the Bleſſing of having a diſcreet and godly Miniſter for our Inmate; for Maſter *Blower* read and prayed much with my Mother, and comforted her greatly by his Diſcourſings. I likewiſe derived Benefit from the good Seed he ſcattered, which fell, as it were, into Ground much ſoftened by heavy Rain.

When

When I was able and inclined to ſtep acroſs to *Violet*, I found only Maſter *Armytage* in the Shop; who ſaid to me with ſome ſhortneſs, "You will find my Daughters "within,—I wiſh your Father "would find Something more "profitable for your Couſin to do, "than to be always in our Parlour, "a hindering of Buſineſs."

I knew *Mark* was not there juſt then, at any Rate, having left him at Home; and, ſtepping into Maſter *Armytage's* Back-room, I only found there a pale, gentle-looking Girl, with large, brown Eyes, diligently putting Shop-marks to a Box of new Ribbons. I knew her for *Kitty*, though her return Home was News to me; and, having not much to ſay to a Stranger, I aſked her how ſhe liked the *Bridge*. She ſaid, "Not at all; I have been uſed "to

" to look upon Trees and Fields, " and miſs the Green; the Noiſes " make my Head ache, and my " Mother keeps me ſo cloſe to my " Work, that I pine for freſh Air."

I ſaid, " Sure there is enough of " it blowing through that open " Window from the River!"

" Do you call it freſh?" ſaid ſhe, rather contemptuouſly, " I do not, " I can tell you! Inſtead of being " ſcented with Cows' Breath and " new-mown Hay, it comes from " Tan-yards and Butchers' Shops."

When *Violet* came in, ſhe bluſhed very red, but we only ſpoke of indifferent Subjects: and, ſtrange as it was of two ſuch cloſe Intimates, we never, from that Time forward, had any cloſer Communication. Perhaps it was her Fault, perhaps it was mine: or perhaps, no Fault of either, but a juſt and becoming Senſe

Senſe of what was beſt for two modeſt Girls in our new Relation. For, though it needed not to be ſuppoſed that ſhe knew Anything of what was paſſing in my Mind, I am perſuaded that ſhe did.

And thus the Families fell apart; and *Mark* never renewed his Confidences to me after that firſt Evening; and, if he had Moments of keen Pleaſure now and then, I am perſuaded he had Hours of Pain he had never known before. For *Violet* was capricious and coquettiſh, and ſometimes would vex him by being unreaſonable and hard to pleaſe: at other Times, by laying herſelf out to pleaſe others, as Maſter *Braidfoot*, and their Lodger Maſter *Clarke*. And though ſhe gave out to *Mark* that this was only for a Feint, to draw off the Attention of her Father and Mother from himſelf,

himſelf, yet ſometimes it was certainly with no other Purpoſe than to plague him, and at other Times, I fear, with no better Purpoſe than to pleaſe herſelf; and I know it coſt him many a Tear.

Poor *Mark!* how my Heart ached for him, and ſwelled againſt her, when I found him one Evening with his Arms on the Table, and his Head on his Arms, and ſaw, when he looked up, that he had been crying. He roſe, and looked out of Window, and ſaid, "Has it "done raining yet? I think I have "been aſleep!" But I knew he had not.

All his Money now went in fine Clothes for himſelf, and Preſents for her; ſo that if he needed a little Purſe againſt his Marriage Day, he was not going the Way to fill it.

There

There was great Talk among the young People, about this Time, of an Excurſion up the River, to eat Buns and drink Whey at *Chelſea*. I was invited to join them, but declined, on account of my Mother: but *Mark* was to go, and could think of Nothing elſe. I waſhed and ſtarched his Collar and Bands myſelf, and ſewed a new Lace on his Hat. He wore a plain ſilver-grey Cloth Suit, which was ſober, but very becoming, for he never affected ſtrong Contraſts, like my Father. Knowing he was fond of a Flower in his Button-hole, but was preſſed for Time to get one, I gave a little Girl a Penny to run down to the Market for the beſt Moſs-roſe ſhe could buy, and gave it him myſelf. He thanked me moſt pleaſantly for it, and looked ſo comely and cheerful, that when he went

went forth, I could not help ſtanding juſt behind the Window-blind, to look after him, and to ſee the gay Party ſet out from Maſter *Armytage's*. Firſt, a Boy was ſent forward, with a great Baſket full of Veal-pies and other Dainties; then came out Maſter *Armytage*, with Miſtreſs *Gloſſop*, who had condeſcended to join the Party, and wore a peach-bloſſom Silk, with pea-green Ribbons. Then, Miſtreſs *Armytage*, with a little Baſket covered up, no Doubt containing Something very precious; and *Hugh Braidfoot* by himſelf, with his Hands in his Pockets, as if he expected to be aſked to carry it, and did not mean to offer, walking a little in Advance of her; then *Violet*, looking ſweet! between *Mark* and Maſter *Clarke*— (I know ſhe liked having two better than one, whatever might be her

Value for either,) and then *Kitty*, who by Rights ſhould have had one or other of them, ſlowly following with Maſter and Miſtreſs *Benſkin*. I obſerved her to be a very little lame, but Nothing to ſpeak of.

Well! the Day was fine, the Water looked lovely, there was Nothing to prevent their having a moſt charming Party of Pleaſure, unleſs it were their own Fault. I thought of them many Times, as I ſat quietly weaving Hair at my Mother's Bedſide; and fancied them floating on the River, landing under tall Trees, rambling among Meadows, ſitting on the Graſs, eating and drinking in the Shade, and ſcattering in ſmall Parties. I fancied what I ſhould do and feel if I were *Violet*, and how *Mark* would comport himſelf, and what he would ſay: but, when I looked on my Mother's

Mother's pain-worn Face, I did not wiſh to change Places.

They did not come Home till very late; much too late. I had perſuaded my Father to go to Bed, and let me ſit up for *Mark*, for Fear of diſturbing my Mother. He ſaid *Dolly* might as well ſit up too; however, ſhe proved heavy to ſleep, ſo I ſent her to Bed.

Then I ſat at my Window, which was over Maſter *Blower's* Sitting-room, and looked out on the *Bridge*. The Harveſt-moon, brightly ſhining, made our Side of the Way as light as Day, but Maſter *Armytage's* Side was in deep Shade. I heard *St. Magnus's* Clock, and *St. Paul's*, and *St. Mary Overy's*, ſtrike Eleven. Then I ſaw ſome dark Figures coming along in the Shade, and ſtop at Maſter *Armytage's* Door, and knock up the Maid, who, after long

long Delay, came ſleepily to the Door with a Candle. Then the others, who had been talking, but not much, like People who were very tired after too long a Day's Pleaſure, ſaid "Good-night;" and I ſaw *Hugh Braidfoot* ſhake Hands with the Girl on his Arm, and ſtep acroſs to his own Door in the broad Moonſhine. Maſter and Miſtreſs *Benſkin* had gone Home before, and let themſelves in with the Houſe-key. I counted thoſe that entered Maſter *Armytage's*, and only made out his own Family. *Mark* had doubtleſs ſeen Miſtreſs *Gloſſop* to her own Door, as was right and fitting. For him, then, I muſt expect to wait a good While longer: and I *did* wait a good While; till all the Clocks ſtruck Twelve. Juſt as they had done ſtriking, I heard and knew his Step, and opened the Door without

without his knocking. "Have you "had a pleaſant Day?" ſaid I.

I looked at him as I ſpoke, and ſhall never forget his Face!

—"Good Night," ſaid he ſhortly, "we'll talk it over to-morrow."

And impatiently took from my Hands his Candle, which I was trying to light for him at mine. But it had been ſnuffed too ſhort, and would not light as readily as he wiſhed; which made him curſe it in a low, deep Voice. I had never heard him ſwear before.

"*Mark*," ſaid I, looking anxiouſly at him, "you are ill."

"No, I'm not," ſaid he abruptly, "good Night. Thank you for "ſitting up for me."

"I'm not at all tired," ſaid I, "and there's ſome Supper for you "in the Kitchen. Let us go there, "and have a little Chat over the

"Pleaſures

"Pleaſures of the Day—you don't "look ſleepy."

From white he turned to deep red.

"The Day has not been ſo "pleaſant as you ſuppoſe," ſaid he huſkily; "you have been better and "happier at your Mother's Bedſide. "I wiſh there were more ſuch as "you in the World. Good Night, "dear, good *Cherry!*"

—And ſprang Up-ſtairs without another Word, taking two Steps at a Time. I went to Bed, but not to ſleep; I could not get his ſtrange Look and Manner out of my Head.

The next Morning, at Breakfaſt-time, *Mark* did not appear. *Dolly* ſaid he had gone out early. My Father was angry, and ſent acroſs the Way for him, knowing he was but too often at Maſter *Armytage's*. But *Dolly* brought back Word they had

had ſeen Nothing of him. Then we concluded he had gone for an early Walk, as was often his Cuſtom, and had outſtayed his Time. However, we breakfaſted without him at length, and ſtill he did not come back.

"Confound that Boy," ſaid my patient Father at laſt—(thus, the Fault of one Party provoked the Sin of another,)—"it's plaguy tire-"ſome of him to be playing Truant "this Morning, of all Days in the "Year, for I have preſſing Buſineſs "in *Eaſtcheap*."

"Leave me in Charge of the "Shop, *Father*," ſaid I,—"my "Mother's Cough is quiet, now ſhe "is dozing; and I ſhall hear her "Bell."

"Well, I ſuppoſe I muſt," ſaid he very reluctantly; "but I ſhall "trounce Maſter *Mark* well for "his

" his Conduct when I ſee him next,
" he may rely upon it!"

So he left me in Charge; and my loved Mother being in a Kind of lethargic Slumber, which often laſted many Hours, I left the Doors open between us, and ſat in the Shop. As Fate would have it, not a ſingle Cuſtomer looked in the whole Time my Father was away; which was lucky, though we did not feel very thankful, in uſual, for this Falling-off in Buſineſs. Before he returned, *Mark* came in, and beckoned me into the Parlour.

" What is the Matter?" ſaid I, with a violently beating Heart.

" I've done it!" ſaid he breathleſſly.

" Done what?" ſaid I.

" Married!" ſaid he: and hid his Face in his Hands.

" Dear *Mark*, how imprudent!" I exclaimed

I exclaimed affectionately, "what "*will* the *Armytages* ſay?"

"What will they, *indeed!*" repeated he, "*Violet* eſpecially! She "drove me to it!"

"*Violet?* *Drove* you to marry "her?" I cried.—It ſounded ſo ſtrange!

"Oh, *Cherry!* what *will* you "ſay? It makes me ſhudder to tell "you!" he rapidly ſaid; "Nothing "but that Girl's incorrigible Coquetry "could have made me break with "her as I did; and then Reproaches "led to Taunts, and Taunts to "Threatenings, till bad led to "worſe, and ſhe twitted me with "my Poverty, and I told her I "could be a richer Man in twenty-"four Hours than her Father, and "look down upon them all, and "ſhe dared me to it, and ſaid a "better Man than me was waiting "for

" for her, and ſo—Temptation to " be revenged on her came in my " Way, and—I've married Miſtreſs " *Gloſſop!*"

" Oh, *Mark!*"

—" Nay, *Cherry*, don't give way " ſo," ſaid he, beginning to ſhed Tears himſelf when he ſaw me weeping bitterly,—" Love is not a " Man's whole Life, and what I've " taſted of it has n't made me very " happy—I've ſtepped into a famous " Buſineſs, and I ſhall have a quiet " Fire-ſide, and a capital Table, and " kind Looks if not pretty ones, and " —a done Thing can't be undone: " ſo there's an End on 't!"

Then, fancying he heard my Father's Step, though 'twas only Maſter *Blower's*, he haſtily exclaimed, " You muſt tell my Uncle " —Good-bye, *Cherry!*" and hurried out of the Houſe.

When

When he was gone, I ſat in a Kind of Stupor. . *Married?* and to ſuch a Wife!—How *could* he?—how could *ſhe?* . . and this increaſed my Amazement, for he had been beſide himſelf with Anger and Jealouſy, and hardly knew what he was doing,—but that ſhe, cool, collected, and at her Time of Life, could have cloſed with his Propoſals without the Delay of a ſingle Day!—how diſguſting!—Ah, ſhe was afraid of loſing him!

—Immerſed in theſe ſad Thoughts, with my Hands claſped on my Lap, I was unaware of my Father's Return till he ſtood before me. I ſtarted.

"Has *Mark* returned?" cried he.

"He came back, and is again "gone," ſaid I.

"The young Raſcal!" exclaimed my Father very paſſionately, "what "does

" does he mean by this outrageous " Conduct? I've a great Mind to " lock the Door againſt him when " he comes back!"

" *Father*, he will never come " back!—He is married! . . married " to Miſtreſs *Gloſſop*."

And, trying to ſpeak compoſedly, all would not do; the Tears rained from my Eyes.

My Father remained perfectly mute. I could underſtand his Amazement, his Vexation, by my own; accompanied, as I knew it muſt be in his Caſe, by great Anger. I expected every Moment to hear ſome violent Expreſſion of Indignation: he had been ſo unuſually diſpleaſed with him already for what was comparatively a Trifle.

All at once, I found myſelf folded in his Arms. He did not ſay a Word;

Word; but the longer he held me, the more and more I felt that his Hopes for me had been ruined as well as mine, that his Schemes and Viſions of the Future were all diſperſed and overclouded, that he knew Something of what was paſſing within me, and felt Sympathy without having the Power of expreſſing it.

"Well,—" ſaid he, releaſing me at laſt,—and I ſaw that his Eyes were wet, "Man propoſes, but God "diſpoſes. We've had an Eſcape "from this young Man. Un- "grateful young Fellow! And "blind to his own Intereſt, too, "for I could have done better for "him, *Cherry*, than he knows of. "But—he deſerves his Fate. A "miſerable one it will be! He'll "never proſper!"

"Oh, *Father!* don't propheſy "againſt

"againſt him! We need not wiſh "him ill."

"I don't wiſh him ill," returned he, "but he'll come to no Good. "He has done for himſelf in this "Marriage. And ſo, *Cherry*, you'll "ſee!"

CHAP. V.

A Shadow on the Houſe.

Oh! how dreary now ſeemed the Houſe! Its Light and its Life were gone. The unſeen Preſence of Love no longer gladdened it, and the Shadow of Death was ſlowly creeping on.

Violet came to pour out her Wretchedneſs and her Self-reproaches to me as ſoon as ſhe heard what had happened. She declared ſhe could never be happy again—ſhe could never ceaſe thinking of him. I told her it would be very wicked of her now, to think of him in

in the Way ſhe meant, any more. For ſaying which, I ſuppoſe ſhe was offended at me; for ſhe did not come near me again for a good While.

I don't ſuppoſe Tears are often ſhed over thick Slices of Bride-cake, with Sugar and Almonds an Inch deep, ſuch as *Violet* and I received (tied up with ſuch vulgar white Satin Knots!) from Miſtreſs *Gloſſop*, now, alas! Miſtreſs *Blenkinſop*. When I took it up to my Mother, ſhe turned away her Head, and ſaid with her gentle Smile, "You may give my Share to *Dolly*, "—perhaps ſhe will like it to dream "upon."

I ſaid, "I don't believe *Dolly* "will touch it;" however, there I was miſtaken. She ſaid, "Law, "Miſtreſs *Cherry*, I'm ſure Miſtreſs "is very good. . . I grudge the "eating

"eating of it, too; for 'tis an un-
"ſeemly Match, I calls it; but,
"there,—one don't get ſuch Cake
"as this every Day!"

When I repeated this Saying to my Mother, ſhe ſaid, "She belongs "to the *Gloſſop* School, *Cherry*, that "*never can forbear*."

Miſtreſs *Blenkinſop* would have been glad, I fancy, to ſhew off her young Huſband on the *Bridge*; but ſhe received no Encouragement; and as for *Mark*, who had certainly intended to pique *Violet*, he was now as wretched as herſelf, to judge from his Looks, as reported to us by one or two who had ſeen Something of what was going on. Happy or unhappy, he never came near us, on Buſineſs or Pleaſure; and as my Father dropped the Connexion, which was more to his Loſs than Miſtreſs *Blenkinſop's*, we now ſaw

Nothing of one another. For I ſcarce went out at all; but now and then Miſtreſs *Benſkin* would let fall how ſhe had met the *Blenkinſops* going to ſuch and ſuch a Place of Public Reſort; he looking aſhamed and tired of his Companion; and ſhe as fine as the Rainbow. For ſhe would not only ſee *Funamble Turk*, and pay her Shilling to ride round *Hyde Park*, but intrude herſelf among the Quality in *Mulberry Garden*, I warrant her!

About this Time Maſter *Armytage* died. Thereby his Family ſuſtained great Loſs, not only of a kind Huſband and Father, but of worldly Goods; for the Widow only got a Third of the Worth of the Buſineſs, and the Son, who was married and not very friendly with her, chooſing to live on the Premises and carry on the Concern, ſhe and her Daughters

Daughters preſently went into an exceeding ſmall Houſe in the *Borough*, where they opened a little Shop that did not anſwer very well. After a While, *Violet*, unuſed to ſuch ſcant Living, was glad to come back as Shopwoman to her Brother, whoſe Wife had no Turn for Buſineſs; but it went ſore againſt her to be Second in the Houſe where ſhe had hitherto been always treated like Firſt; and alſo it was a Grievance to her to live among a Family of young Children. Theſe Trials fretted her till they impaired her Beauty, making her grow peeviſh and thin.

Meantime, her younger Siſter took Plain-work when ſhe could get it; and the *Benſkins* and *Hugh Braidfoot* ſupplied her with what they could, which ſhe accepted gratefully; though, in her Father's Life-time,

Life-time, it would have quite affronted Miſtreſs *Armytage* that her Girls ſhould ſet a Stitch for either of them. But Times were altered now; ſhe was unable even to keep a Servant; and, one Day, when I looked in upon her, I noticed ſo many little Symptoms of Poverty, that, on repeating them to my Mother, ſhe made me put up a Variety of little Preſents for her, and take them to her with her old Neighbour's Love.

When I reached her Houſe, I found her on her Knees, ſcouring the Door-ſtep with ſuch Zeal and Noiſe, that I could not at firſt make her hear my Voice, or become ſenſible of my Preſence. When ſhe did, ſhe did not appear particularly glad to ſee me, but pulled her Pail out of my Way, and ſaid, "Oh!—You'll find "*Kitty* within—*Kitty! Kitty!*"

And

And juſt within the Door, ſure enough, was *Kitty* ſtanding with her back to me, before Maſter *Braidfoot*, who was ſeated, with a fringed Glove in his Hand, and holding forth to her very earneſtly. He had ſent her a Box of Gloves to fringe, and I ſuppoſe ſhe had not trimmed them to his Mind, for ſhe was hanging her Head, and looking very uncomfortable. As ſoon as he ſaw me, he brought his Diſcourſe to a Finiſh by ſaying, "Of which, "more anon;" and nodding a Good-bye to me, ſtepped over Miſtreſs *Armytage's* Pail, and walked off. Miſtreſs *Armytage* now came in, taking off her Apron in a great Buſtle; and ſeemingly much more glad to ſee me than ſhe had been juſt before. And ſhe received my Mother's Preſents in mighty good Part, eſpecially the Brandy-cherries, which

which had been put in quite as an After-thought, ſaying they would make a pretty little Diſh for Supper. I thought ſhe and *Kitty* had been more in the Way of Bread-and-Cheeſe Suppers now, but made no Comment. Some People would as ſoon die as not try to be thought genteel.

When I had nearly reached Home, I ſaw *Mark* coming along the Bridge, in a heſitating, reluctant Sort of Way. When he ſaw me, he ſtepped out more briſkly, and came up, holding out his Hand.

"*Cherry*," ſaid he, lowering his Voice, "my old Lady and I had "almoſt a Tiff this Morning, "becauſe ſhe wanted you and my "Uncle to come and eat ſome of "the firſt green Peas of the Seaſon "with us, and I told her I did not "think you would. But, will you?"

"Thank you kindly," ſaid I, "but "my

" my Mother is ſo ill, we have no " Heart to go anywhere now."

" I knew it was ſo," ſaid he, looking relieved, " but you will not " think me unfeeling, I hope, for " putting the Queſtion?"

" Oh no, I think it very kind of " you," ſaid I, " I take it as I know " it was meant. Won't you come " in? We have ſeen nothing of " you for a long Time."

" Thank you, not juſt now," ſaid he, " good-bye." And walked off as if he were in a great Hurry.

When I returned to my dear Mother, ſhe ſaid, "*Cherry*, I'm ſure " you will be amuſed when I tell " you what I have been dreaming " about, — I dreamed you were " married!"

I ſaid, " Dear Mother, if you " take to dreaming, and my " Father to preſaging, there 'll " be

"be Nothing left to be ſurpriſed "about!"

"Ah, well," ſaid ſhe, gently ſmiling, "but this was a very "pretty, pleaſant Dream—You were "married to a Perſon a good Deal "older than yourſelf, but very much "to your own Mind, notwith-"ſtanding, and were living like a "Lady, with Every-thing genteel "and comfortable about you."

I ſmiled to cover a Sigh; and kiſſing her thin Hand, ſaid, "May "you live, dear Mother, to ſee "it."

"No," ſaid ſhe, "I know I ſhall "not do that—my Time is growing "very ſhort now; but yet I ſhall "leave you in Peace, *Cherry*,—I "am ſo certain of your doing well. "I don't mean becauſe of this fooliſh "Dream."

"As for doing well," ſaid I, "God's

"God's Bleſſing generally reſts on "the Child of many Prayers, . . "but if by doing well, you mean "marrying well, do you think that "is the only Way I can be "happy?"

"No," ſaid ſhe after a Pauſe, "I do not. I think there is no "other Happineſs equal to it, where "the Parties are well aſſorted, and "are good to the Core; but much "depends upon each other, and "much upon themſelves; ſo much, "that it had often been better for "them they had never met."

"And as ſo few *are* good to the "Core," ſaid I, "perhaps the "Balance of Happineſs may not lie "on the Side you think."

"Perhaps not," ſaid ſhe, "but "every one hopes to be the Excep- "tion.—However," ſhe added, after another Pauſe, "theſe Things are "not

" not of our ordering; and what-
" ever be the happier Lot, it is
" certain we cannot ſecure it unless
" it be appointed us, whether for
" ourſelves or for thoſe we dearly
" love. It may be GOD's Will that
" you ſhall be *Cherry Curling* all
" your Days, in Spite of my Dream,
" and in Spite of your being fitted
" for Happineſs in another State;
" but that it is his Purpoſe to make
" you happy *in yourſelf*, whatever
" you are, I feel as ſure of as that
" I ſee you now."

When I told her what Satiſfaction the Brandy-cherries had given, ſhe ſmiled quietly, and ſaid, " The ſame Woman, ſtill!—You " ſhall take her ſome potted Salmon " to-morrow."

I did ſo; but did not, this Time, find the Widow cleaning her Door-ſtep. She had gone to Market; the

the Shop was empty, and I walked through it into the little Parlour beyond. Here I again came upon *Kitty* and *Hugh Braidfoot:* ſhe was ſitting this Time, and he ſtanding, and, the Moment ſhe ſaw me, ſhe ſnatched away her Hand from him, which he was holding, and ran up Stairs. I felt very awkward, and was retreating without a Word; but he, turning about upon me with a Sort of homely, manly Dignity, a Mixture of Placid and Reſolute in his Manner that I never ſaw before, and which became him very well, held out his Hand to me, and ſaid, "You ſee, *Cherry*, how it is to be. "There'll ſoon be a Wedding in "this Houſe. The old Lady has "meant there ſhould be, all along; "but what though? Shall a Man "that knows his own Mind be "ſtayed from it for Fear of playing

"into

" into a managing Woman's Hands?
" Had the Widow been leſs eager,
" the Thing might have been ſooner
" brought about; however, you and
" I have known her longer than
" Yeſterday—ſhe's *Kitty's* Mother;
" and enough's ſaid!"

I wiſhed him Joy, and ſaid I thought he and *Kitty* would be very happy together. Then, ſetting down my Mother's little Gift on the Table, I turned to go away. " What's that?" ſaid he. " Only a " little potted Salmon for Miſtreſs " *Armytage*," ſaid I. " I'll call " *Kitty* down," ſaid he; and going to the Stair-foot, he called " *Kitty!* " *Kitty!*" but ſhe did not anſwer; and giving me a knowing Smile, he ſaid, " I don't think ſhe'll come " down while we are both here"— " I'm going," ſaid I, " but here " comes Miſtreſs *Armytage* from " Market."

" Market." " Oh, then, I'm going " too!" cried he, laughing and catching up his Hat, " I've no Mind " to break the News to the Widow, " ſo come your Ways, *Cherry*, we'll " walk to the *Bridge* together; don't " look behind you." . . " 'Tis Pity " o' my Life," continued he ſmiling, when we had walked a little Way together, " that reſpect her I cannot; " for you ſee, *Cherry*, a Man can " never reſpect a Woman whom he " ſees trying to draw him in! He " may walk into her Trap with his " Eyes open, and let her ſave him " ſome Trouble, but reſpect her or " truſt her, is out of his Power. " Firſt, ſhe wanted to have me for " *Violet:* that would not do—then, " *Kitty* was kept out of Sight till " ſhe found I would not have the " other; but as ſoon as ſhe found " I liked the youngeſt Siſter beſt, " poor

" poor *Violet* was put in the Shade, " and *Kitty's* Turn came. 'Tis ill " to ſpeak this Way of one's Mother- " in-Law elect; I hope ſhe'll breed " no Trouble between us when " ſhe's Mother-in-Law in earneſt; I " ſhould like to penſion the old " Gentlewoman off, but that can't " well be; ſo we muſt let her have " the Run of the Houſe, and try to " make her comfortable as long as " ſhe lets us be ſo."

Then, turning to a more agreeable Subject, he ſang *Kitty's* Praiſes; and, reaching his own Door, hoped ſhe and I ſhould be good Neighbours. " Your Father and you " muſt come to the Wedding- " Dinner," ſaid he, " we may not " have as many good Things as the " *Blenkinſops* had, but I fancy 'twill " be a cheerfuller Dinner."

When I told my Mother the News,

News, ſhe took it very compoſedly, but I obſerved her Eyelids give one little, involuntary Movement, that betrayed more Surpriſe than ſhe was willing to ſhew. "Ah, "my dear Mother," thought I, "another of your little Caſtles in "the Air for me has been thrown "down, I fear. This was, no "Doubt, the Hero of the Dream, "who was to make me ſo comfort-"able! What a lucky Thing that "I care not a Ruſh for him." However, we never ſaid a Word to one another on the Subject.

So the Wedding took place, and my Father and I were at the Dinner, which conſiſted of every Nicety that Money could procure; for Miſtreſs *Armytage* ſaid that *Hugh Braidfoot* ſhould have all his favourite Diſhes, and ſhe took Care to have her own, whether they correſponded or not.

So

So there was roaſt Pig, and pickled Salmon, Calf's Head and green Gooſe, Lobſter Salad and Marrow-bones, and more Sweets than I ever ſaw out of a Paſtry-cook's Shop. As ſome Things were in Seaſon and others were not, the latter, though ſweet in the Mouth, were bitter in Digeſtion; I mean, to Maſter *Braidfoot* when he came to pay the Bills. And then Miſtreſs *Armytage*, aſhamed of having exceeded becoming Limits, went about to ſeveral of the Tradeſmen, who were *Hugh Braidfoot's* perſonal Friends, and who already were diſpleaſed enough at not having been invited to the Feaſt; and ſhe incenſed them the more by trying to get them to lower their Bills, which they thought and called exceſſive mean. Thereby, Miſtreſs *Armytage* got into bad Odour, and *Kitty* came in for

for her Share, and ſhed her firſt Tears after Marriage upon it, which I wiſh had been her laſt. However, Maſter *Braidfoot* laughed the Matter off, in a jovial, careleſs Sort of a Way; and went round himſelf and paid every one in full, and made Friends with them with a few merry Sayings; ſo Peace was reſtored, that Time.

CHAP. VI.

Metaloia.

When I ſee what a little Way the Solemnization of Matrimony in the Common Prayer Book lies from the Burial-ſervice for the Dead, (only ſeparated by the Order for the Viſitation of the Sick,) it makes me think how ſometimes in actual Life Marriages and Funerals ſeem to tread upon the Heels of one another. Scarce were the Bills for Maſter *Braidfoot's* Wedding-dinner paid, when my dear Mother, who had been faſt but gently ſinking, departed this Life without a Sigh. I had

had left her much as uſual the Night before; but in the Morning was aware of a grey Shadow over her Face, unlike Anything I had yet ſeen, and impoſſible to deſcribe, that made me ſenſible of the Preſence of Death. My Father ſupported her in his Arms, Maſter *Blower* prayed aloud beſide her, I bathed her Face with Vinegar, and *Dolly* ran for the Doctor, but juſt as he croſſed our Threſhold, ſhe gently breathed her laſt.

How empty the Houſe ſeemed! For, though a Perſon may take no active Part in its Buſineſs, yet a Senſe of their *Nearneſs* is accompanied by a conſtant Feeling of Companionſhip, ſuch as I think we might feel with regard to our HEAVENLY FATHER if we would look into the Fact of his being conſtantly about us a little more narrowly.

narrowly. Excellent Maſter *Blower* was a Tower of Strength to us under this Bereavement; knowing how to comfort a Man better than I could, and poſſeſſed of more Calmneſs and Compoſedneſs than I could be expected to have, though he ſaid his Heart bled for us all the while. But he ſet before us the Bleſſedneſs of my Mother in her glorified State ſo ſtrongly, that it was impoſſible not to feel that our Loſs was her Gain.

While the Houſe was yet darkened, I heard a huſhed Voice that had become ſtrange to my Ears of late, ſaying to my Father in the next Room, "I am ſure, Uncle, if "you would look upon it as a Mark "of Reſpect." . . and my Father, in Tears, made Anſwer to him, "I "ſhould, *Mark*, I ſhould! I ſhall "be glad for you to accompany us "to

"to the Grave; for, indeed, my "Boy, ſhe was very kindly affec- "tioned towards you."

And then cried again; and, I think, *Mark* cried too. It was Balm to my Heart to think he was going to the Funeral. An ill-adviſed Deed had in the firſt Inſtance baniſhed him from us, and, in Time, he had not only become reconciled to his Baniſhment, but, from what I made out of the Report of others, had learnt to rejoice in it. The firſt Signal of a better Frame was his *returning* to us, which coſt him an Effort, and then *repaid itſelf*. Maſter *Blower* called it *Metaloia*, whatever that meant.

Violet was very kind to me. All her old Affection for me now returned; and ſhe would bring her Work and ſit with me for Hours. Alſo the *Benſkins* and *Braidfoots* were

were kind in their Way, though after a homely Faſhion. But one that better underſtood comforting was nearer at Hand. One Evening, I heard Maſter *Blower*, as he met my Father on the Stairs, ſay, "Why, old Friend, we have lived "many a Year under the ſame Roof, "and have never broken Bread "together yet! Bring *Cherry* with "you, and ſup with me to-night!"

My diſconſolate Father, being taken by Surpriſe, had no Power to refuſe the Honour; *Dolly* was ſent for a Crab, and we ſpent a very peaceful and pleaſant Evening together, not ended without Prayer. As we left, the kind Man ſaid, "Well, Friend, ſince you won't "aſk me, I'll aſk myſelf to ſup to-"morrow Night with *you*." And ſo he did; and many a rich and learned Man might have envied us the

the diſcreet and pleaſant Gueſt that honoured our poor Table. From that Time, we thus ſpent two Evenings together every Week.

By this Time my Friend *Kitty* had taken upon her all the Importance of a well-to-do Tradesman's Wife, which fitted her as well as one of her Huſband's beſt Pair of Gloves. Inſtead of Stuff and Dimity, flowered Chintz and even Silk was now the Wear! looped well up, too, to ſhew the graſs-green quilted Petticoat and clocked Stockings. Nothing, Maſter *Braidfoot* thought, was too good for her. And inſtead of its being "good Huſband," "honoured Maſter *Braidfoot*," ſo baſhfully ſpoken, as at firſt, now it was, "dear *Hugh*," "ſweet *Hugh*," or "*Hugh*" by itſelf alone. And happy, without a Cloud, would the Lives of this worthy Couple have been

been but for the Hinderances of Miſtreſs *Armytage*. Now it was her Parſimony in Something her Son-in-Law could well afford and deſired to have; now her Expenſiveneſs in Something for which ſhe dared not give him the Bill; and then he would find it out, and rate her, half in Sport, and then ſhe would take Offence in right Earneſt. Then *Kitty* would cry, and then her Mother would ſay ſhe knew ſhe was only in the Way, and would go off for a While to her old Quarters. When ſhe got there, her Tongue lay not ſtill, like a good Houſe-dog in its Kennel, but muſt needs yap, yap, like a little Terrier, that flies at every Comer; and, to every Neighbour along the *Borough* it was, "Oh, you know not what a "*Turk* . . !"—"My poor, poor "Daughter!"—"Temper of an "Angel!"

" Angel!"—" Will wear her out at " laſt!"—" Never know a Man " before he's married!"—" Peace " and Poverty for my Money" . . . and ſuch-like.

Meanwhile, *Hugh* and *Kitty* were as merry as Crickets in their own Chimney-corner, little gueſſing or caring what an ill Report of their Fireſide was ſpreading all along *Southwark:* and if *Hugh* met e'er a Neighbour's Wife that gave him a dark Look, as much as to ſay, " Ah! for all your blythe Face, I " know what I know!"—all he did was to cry, " Neighbour, how do " you do?" in a jovial Voice that rang along the Street. Thus the Huſband and Wife would go on, mighty comfortable by themſelves, till ſome favourite Diſh, perhaps, of Miſtreſs *Armytage's* would be ſet on Table, and *Kitty*, with a Tear in

in her Eye, would ſay, "Poor, dear "Mother is ſo fond of a roaſt "Pig." "Set it down before the "Fire again, then," ſays *Hugh*, "while I run and fetch the old "Gentlewoman. . I'll be back in "five Minutes."—And, in about a Quarter of an Hour, ſure enough, he would return with the Widow on his Arm, and there would be a little kiſſing and crying, and then all would ſit down in high Good-humour with one another, and Things would go on quietly till *Hugh* and his Mother-in-Law quarrelled again.

About this Time, dear, good Maſter *Blower*, who had hitherto led a removed Life among us, hidden and yet known, miniſtering and being miniſtered unto by many of his old Flock on the Sly, did by ſome Indiſcretion or Miſadventure provoke

provoke the Notice of the Powers then riding paramount, and, coming Home to us in great Perturbation one Day, told us he muſt at once take Ship to *Holland* in a Veſſel going down the River the next Morning. This was greatly to the Sorrow of my Father and myſelf; and ſome Tears of mine fell on his little Packet of clean Linen as I made it up for him; and I thought it no Wrong to ſlip into the eaſy Slippers I knew he would not fail to take out at the Journey's End, a little Purſe with ſeven Gold *Caroluſes* in it, that I had long been hoarding for ſome good Uſe. The Wind was light, but yet fair: there was a Remedy againſt Sea-ſickneſs in my Father's Shop-window that I had not much Faith in, it had lain ſo long in the Sun, even ſuppoſing there ever were any Virtue in it; however,

however, I thought there could be no Harm in juſt ſewing it in the Lining of his Coat, according to the Directions printed . . at leaſt, ſo I thought at the Time, but afterwards I obſerved I had made a Miſtake, but it did no Harm, if no Good. And Father gave him a Bottle of *Cognac* Brandy, which really *had* ſome Virtue in it, ſo we did for him what we could, one Way or another. And he packed up what few Papers he could carry, and burned others, and locked up the reſt, leaving them and his Books in my Charge, with his Bleſſing. And ſo the good Man went.

Often afterwards, when I was ſetting his Rooms in Order, and duſting his Books, I would ſtand, with my Duſter in my Hand, looking at the Table at which he uſed to write, and the old Arm-chair

chair in which he uſed to ſit, and fall into a Kind of Muſe, till I almoſt ſeemed to ſee his large, quiet, brown Eyes, that were ſet ſo far under the Shadow of his Brows, and ſeemed lighted up, ſomehow, from within, looking up at me, and his pleaſant Face ſmiling at me, (he had a very ſweet Smile, had Maſter *Blower*,) and his pleaſant Voice ſaying, "Well, *Cherry*, is it Eating-"time again, already?"

Now and then I would open one or other of his Books, and, if I chanced upon Anything I underſtood and that intereſted me, would ſtand reading on and on, till I was ſtartled by hearing my Father call for me. At length, he knew where to look for me; and took to laughing at me for taking ſuch a Turn for Study; but one Day he fell to reading one of Maſter *Blower's* Books himſelf,

himſelf, and liked it ſo well, that, we being but quiet Companions for one another, now there was ſo little to ſay, we ſpent many an Hour, ſitting over-againſt each other, each with our Book.

One Day, as I ſat ſewing in the Parlour, and my Father was cutting a Man's Hair, I heard his Cuſtomer ſay, "My *Lord Protector*'s very ill, "and like to die."

"Don't believe it," ſaid my Father, "*he'll* never die in his Bed." Which, for once, was a Preſage that did not come true.

"Well, he ſeems to think ſo "too," ſaid the other; "at all "Events he's having Thanks put "up for his Recovery, while yet "he's as bad as can be; which "looks premature."

"That's the Faith of *Aſſurance*, "I call it," ſaid my Father dryly.

"Well,

"Well, now, what may be the "Matter with his Grace?—a Pain "in his Heart, or his Head, or "what?"

"A tertian Fever, they ſay," returned his Companion; "you know "his favourite Daughter died ſcarce "a Month back, and, in her laſt "Moments, ſhe told him many a "Thing that no one had had "Courage to tell him before, and "expoſtulated with him on his "Ways, and charged him with "ſlaying the LORD's Anointed; "which, 'tis thought, he took ſo "much to Heart as that his troubled "Mind invited if it did not occaſion "this Illneſs."

"Well," ſaid my Father, "I'd "rather be the dead King than the "dying Protector. What has be-"come now of all his Truſt in the "LORD, and inward Aſſurance? "Does

" Does the Grandeur he has earned " with ſo much Guilt, ſmooth his " ſick Pillow? Is the Death he ſo " boldly confronted on the Battle- " field quite ſo eaſy to face, now he " lies quiet and watchful all Night, " with his Silk Curtains drawn " about him? Does he feel as " ſecure of being one of the Elect, " unable to fall into final Reproba- " tion, as when he was fighting his " Way up to a dead Man's Chair? " Ah, Sir, we may aſk one another " theſe Queſtions, but our own " Hearts muſt give their only " Anſwer."

In Fact, *Oliver Cromwell* preſently breathed his laſt, amidſt a Tempeſt of Wind and Rain, that ſeemed a Type of his own tempeſtuous Character. And in his Place was ſet up one that did not fill it: his quiet and peaceable Son, *Richard*, who

who had gone on his Knees to his Father to pray that the *King's* Head might not be cut off. He was gentle, generous, and humane; but thoſe were no Recommendations in the Eyes of the Army or Parliament, ſo he was preſently ſet aſide. Whereon enſued ſuch Squabblings and Heart-burnings, I was glad I was not a Man.

One Day, *Mark* came in, all fluſhed and eager, looking like his old ſelf; and "Uncle!" ſays he, "there's a brave Time coming again "for Hairdreſſers! It's my Fancy, "Wigs will preſently be in, (for "Cavalier Curls won't grow in a "Night!) and then you'll have a "Market for that Lot of Hair that "you and I put ſo carefully aſide."

"How ſo, *Mark?*" ſays my Father.

"Why," ſays *Mark*, "*honeſt George* "*Monk*, as the Soldiers call him, is

" marching up to *London*, and you " have always ſaid he was a Royaliſt " in his Heart."

" Heaven defend us from Siege " and civil War," ſays Father, " we've had too much of them " already. Better one Maſter than " many, even ſuch a Maſter as old " *Noll;* and if General *Monk* is " coming up to ſeat himſelf in his " Place, 'twill be better for us than " theſe City Tumults, wherein a " Parcel of young 'Prentices that " deſerve a good Threſhing, get " together and clamour for Things " they know not, till grown Men " are forced to put them down with " a ſtrong Hand. *Where there's* " *Order, there's Liberty;* and No- " where elſe."

Mark's News proved true; the diſaffected Regiments were ſent out of *London*, and General *Monk* with his

his Army entered *Weſtminſter*. He was a right-judging as well as right-meaning Man on the whole, to my Mind, prudent and moderate, though he ſided firſt with one Party, then with the other, then back to the firſt again. One of the evil Conſequences of our evil Times was, ſo many conſcientious Men were ſet down for obſtinate and pig-headed, or elſe Turncoats. My Father, to repreſent the Humour of the Time, had removed the obnoxious Cavalier and Puritan from his Window, and ſet up in their ſtead a Head that united half of both, which, revolving ſlowly when he pulled a String, ſhewed now one Side, now the other, and, as he obſerved, never looked ſo bad as when you ſaw a little of both. But as ſoon as *Monk*, throwing off his late Shew of Moderation, marched into the City, removed

removed the Poſts and Chains acroſs the Streets, ſeized on obnoxious Perſons, and broke down our Gates and Portculliſes, my Father became ſure that a great Change was at Hand, and the *King* would enjoy his own again. Whereon, he commenced beautifying and renewing the waxen Cavalier, which had got a little fly-ſpitten, and privately ſmuggled into the Houſe a moſt beautiful female Counterpart for it, extremely like *Queen Henrietta Maria*, whom I immediately ſet about dreſſing in the favourite Style of her Majeſty, that is to ſay, in a rich velvet Boddice, with a falling Collar of Cut-work, Vandyked at the Edge, relieved by a blue Breaſt-knot. My Father dreſſed her Hair in long, drooping, dark Curls, with a few pearl Pins; and, abiding the right Time with Calmneſs and Confidence,

Confidence, ſhut up the comely Pair in a dark Cloſet till the happy Moment for their burſting upon the World ſhould arrive.

CHAP. VII.

Signs in the Air.

And now the glorious Reſtoration at length arrived, and 'tis incredible what a Spur it was to Trade, and how the Mercers and Drapers could hardly ſupply their Cuſtomers faſt enough with expenſive Goods; and how the Tailors and Sempſtreſſes worked all Night, and Hairdreſſers ſold their Ell-wigs, and Hatters their Hats, and Horſe-dealers their Horſes good and bad. For every one was for pouring out of *London*, acroſs our Bridge, at leaſt as far as *Black-heath*. Oh! what a buſy, what a joyous

joyous Sight it was! All the Streets from the *Bridge* to *Whitehall* were hung with Tapeſtry, and the Windows filled with Ladies. The *Lord Mayor's* Cooks ſet up a gay Tent in *St. George's* Fields, to prepare a Refection for his Majeſty. The Livery Companies in their various rich Dreſſes of Crimſon, Violet, Purple, and Scarlet, lined the Streets on one Side, and the Trained Bands on the other: Burſts of gay Muſic were intermingled with Cheers and Laughter; Every-body ſeemed in tip-top Spirits that the *King* was coming. We let our Windows for a good Premium to ſome of the Grandees; but had a good View ourſelves of what was going on, from the Leads—now there would come along a Troop of two or three Hundred or more, in Cloth of Silver Doublets; then four or

or five Times as many in Velvet Coats, with Attendants in Purple; then another Party in Buff Coats with Cloth of Silver Sleeves and green Scarfs, others in pale Blue and Silver, others in Scarlet: by and by, ſix Hundred of the Livery on Horſeback, in black Velvet with Gold Chains, then the Trumpeters, Waits, City Officers, Sheriffs, and *Lord Mayor* . . in ſhort, there was no End to the Splendour and Glory of that Day; for we had hardly reſted ourſelves after ſeeing them all go forth, when they began to come back, with the *King* in the midſt. Oh! what Shouts! what Cheers! what Burſts of Muſic! And he, bowing this Side and that, ſo ſmiling and gracious! "It "ſeemed," he ſaid, "as if it muſt "have been his own Fault he "came not ſooner back, Every-"one

"one appeared ſo glad to ſee "him!"

But the Ladies' Dreſſes!—Oh, how grieved I was!—Sure, they were reſolved to make up for the Dulneſs and Decorum they had been reſtricted to during the Protectorate; for indeed, they ſeemed to think Decorum and Dulneſs went together, and ſhould now be thrown overboard in Company. The *Henrietta Maria* Dreſs I had ſo complacently made up for our Wax Doll, was now twenty Years behind the Faſhion! fit only to laugh at!—and what had taken its Place, I thought fit only to bluſh at.

For a Moment, when the Party that had hired our firſt-floor Window had thrown off their Clokes, I felt a dreadful Preſentiment that their Characters could not

not be over-good; or elſe, thought I, they never could dreſs in ſuch a Manner. Only, knowing who they were, I thought again, *that* can never be—dear Heart! what can they be thinking of? we ſhall have Stones and Mud thrown up at the Window. "Sure, Madam," ſaid I to the youngeſt and prettieſt, "you will catch Cold at the open "Window . . the Wind blows in "very freſh from the River—will "you juſt have this Scarf a little "over your Shoulders?" "No, "thank you," ſays ſhe, ſhaking back quite a Buſh of fair Hair, and looking up at me with her Eyes half ſhut, as if ſhe were ſleepy already. "Forſooth," thought I, "thoſe Curls are equal to a Fur "Tippet"—And, looking acroſs at our Neighbours' Windows, I ſaw we need not fear pelting, for that all

all the other Ladies were dreſſed juſt the ſame. Then thought I, Oh, this is the *Reſtoration*, is it? If you, fair Ladies, provoke ill Thoughts of you, you muſt not feel aggrieved if People think not of you very well.

I diſliked this Symptom of the Reſtoration from the very firſt—not that it had, naturally, any Connexion with it.—The *King* had lived long abroad, had become fond of foreign Faſhions; but were the modeſt Ladies of *England*, therefore, to give in to them? Then, what the upper Claſſes affect, the lower Claſſes ſoon ape: I knew we ſhould pteſently have Miſtreſs *Blenkinſop* and *Violet* trying which could wear the longeſt Curls and ſhorteſt Petticoats, and look the moſt languiſhing. The only Difference would be, that the one would become the Faſhion, and

and the other make it ridiculous. Perhaps, thought I, I am growing prudiſh and old-maidiſh, I am Eight and Twenty; but ſo is *Violet*.

I have often thought, that if the Ladies of *England* had at this Time been what they ought, a good Deal of Folly and Sin that preſently ſtained this Reign would never have happened. What! could the merry Glance and free Word of a light young Monarch break down Barriers that were not tottering already? What had Mothers and Teachers been about? Where were the Lady *Fanſhawes* and *Lucy Hutchinſons?* There muſt have been Something wrong in the Bringing-up—I can never believe all theſe fair young Ladies were ſo good one Day and ſo bad the next.

But the joyfulleſt Event, to our-

ſelves,

ſelves, on that glorious Twenty-ninth of *May*, was the Reſtoration to his Country and Home of our excellent Friend and Lodger, Maſter *Blower*. He ſeemed to be rejuvenized by the general Spirit of Hilariouſneſs; for I proteſt it ſeemed as though ten Years were taken off his Shoulders. And he talked of being ſoon replaced in his Curacy; but, inſtead of that, his Friends preſently got him a Living in the City, which took him away from us, as there was a Parſonage Houſe. But we went to his Church on *Sundays*; and, as he was not one of thoſe who forget old Friends or humble ones, he would make my Father and me ſup with him about once a Quarter, and come to us of his own Accord about as often, and talk over the Times, which in ſome Reſpects, as far as Sabbath-keeping and

and general Morality went, we could not ſay were bettered.

And now a ſhocking Sight was to be ſeen at the *Bridge* Gate,—the Heads, namely, of thoſe Traitors who brought about the Death of the late King, and who richly deſerved their bad End. There they have remained for many a Year, a Terror to all Evil-doers.

It was in the Spring following the Reſtoration, in the Month of *March*, that we and the *Braidfoots* were taking our Supper together on the Leads, the Weather being very warm for the Seaſon, when our Attention was attracted by the uncommon Appearance of the Clouds, which, as will often be the Caſe after much Rain, were exceeding gorgeous and groteſque. Maſter *Braidfoot* was the firſt of us who noticed them, and cried, "See, ſee, "Neighbours!

"Neighbours! Cannot you now "credit how Lovers of the Marvel- "lous have oft-times ſet Tales afloat "of Armies ſeen fighting in the "Air? Do not thoſe two Battalions "of Clouds, impelled by oppoſite "Currents, look like two great "Armies with Spears and Banners, "about to encounter each other? "Now they meet, now they fall "together, now one vaniſhes away! "Now, they both are gone!"

"And ſee, dear *Hugh*," cries *Kitty*, "there's another that looks "like a Cathedral; and another "like an exceeding big Mountain, "with a Rent in its Side; and out "of the Rent comes Something "that looks like a Crocodile, with "its Jaws wide open; no! now it "is liker to a Bull, or rather to a "Lion."

"Very like a Whale!" ſaid a Man,

Man, as if to himſelf, on the Top of the next Houſe. It was Maſter *Benſkin's* Lodger, who wrote for the Bookſellers.

Kitty ſtarted, and lowered her Voice; for we were not on ſpeaking Terms with him; however, ſhe ſqueezed my Arm and ſaid ſoftly, "It really *is* becoming Something "like a Whale now, though!" On which, Maſter *Braidfoot* burſt into one of his ringing Laughs, and cried, "Why, *Kitty*, you give it as many "Faces as the Moon! What will "you fancy it next?"

"I wonder what it means," ſays ſhe, very gravely.

"Means?" ſaid her Huſband, ſtill laughing, "why, it means we ſhall "have ſome more wet Weather. So "we'll put off our Pleaſure Party. "See what a red Flame the ſetting "Sun caſts all along the City!"

About

About a Week after this, our Neighbour, Maſter *Benſkin*, gave my Father a little Pamphlet of four Leaves, writ by his Lodger; the Title of which was truly tremendous. It was this,—

" Strange News from the West! being a true " and perfect Account of several Miracu- " lous Sights seen in the Air westward, " on Thursday last, by divers Persons of " Credit, standing on London Bridge be- " tween Seven and Eight of the Clock. " Two great Armies marching forth of two " Clouds, and encountering each other; but, " after a sharp Dispute, they suddenly " vanished. Also, some remarkable Sights " that were seen to issue forth of a Cloud " that seemed like a Mountain, in the " Shapes of a Bull, a Bear, a Lyon, and " an Elephant with a Castle on his Back; " and the Manner how they all van- " ished."

" Well," ſaid my Father, turning the Leaf, " is it dedicated to " Miſtreſs *Braidfoot?* Here ſeems

" to be much Ado about Nothing,
" I think."

" Nothing or Something," ſaid Maſter *Benſkin* laughing, and jingling his Pockets, " it has enabled " my Lodger to pay up ſeven " Weeks' Arrears; ſo it's an ill " Wind that blows Nobody any " Good. The Trifle has had a " Run, Sir!"

" So this is the Way Books are " made, and Stories are vamped " up," ſaid my Father. " Truly, it " makes one ſerious."

But, a little Time after, a Rumour was repeated in the Shop that did indeed make one ſerious, to wit, that the Plague was in *Holland*, and would very likely come acroſs to us. However, though the following Year it did indeed rage very badly in *Amſterdam* and *Rotterdam*, yet it croſſed not the Water for

for another twelve Months or more; and as we had no ſuch Things as printed Newſpapers in thoſe Days, ſuch as I have lived to ſee ſince, Reports did not inſtantly ſpread over the whole Nation as they do now.

Howbeit, at the latter End of *November*, 1664, there really were two Caſes of Plague in *Long Acre*, which frightened People a good deal. A third Man afterwards died of the ſame Diſtemper in the ſame Houſe, which kept alive our Uneaſineſs; but after that, nothing was heard of it for ſix Weeks or more, when it broke out beyond Concealment.

At this Time, Maſter *Benſkin's* Shop-window was full of ſmall Books with awakening Titles, ſuch as "*Britain's* Remembrancer,"—"Come out of her, my People,"—"Give

"Give Ear, ye careleſs Daughters," and ſuch-like, many of them emanating from the Pen of his Lodger in the Attick; and with theſe and *Lilly's* Almanacks, he drove a thriving Trade.

Violet was ſitting with me one Morning, when *Mark* ſuddenly entered, and ſeeing her with me, loſt his Preſence of Mind directly, and forgot what he had to ſay. She on her Part, being juſt then in Mourning for one of her Brother's Children, for whom I am bold to ſay ſhe had ſcarce ſhed a Tear, (he being a humourſome Child, particularly diſagreeable to her,) fetches a deep Sigh, and with a pretty, penſive Air takes up her Work, riſes, mutely curtſies to him, and retires. On which he, after a Minute's Silence, ſays ſadly, "*Violet* "is as beautiful, I ſee, as ever,"—

and

and I was grieved to find he ſtill thought ſo much about her.

Juſt then, my Father enters; and *Mark* of a ſudden recollecting his Buſineſs, exclaimed, "Oh, Uncle, "here is a capital Opening for you. "'Tis an ill Wind, ſure enough, "that blows nobody any Good,—I "don't know why you ſhould not "do a good Turn of Buſineſs as "well as ourſelves by being Agent "for the Sale of theſe patent "Noſtrums" . . . and thereon pulled out a Parcel of Bills, headed "Infallible Preventive-pills againſt "the Plague." . . "Never-failing "Preſervatives againſt Infection." . . "Sovereign Cordials againſt the "Corruption of the Air." . . "The "Royal Antidote—" and ſo forth.

—"No, Boy, no," ſaid my Father, putting them by, one after another, as he looked over them, "Time "was

" was when I ſhould have thought
" it as innocent to laugh in my
" Sleeve at other People's Credulity
" and turn a Penny by their Delu-
" ſions as yourſelf, and many others
" that are counted honeſt Men; but
" I'm older and ſadder now. To
" the beſt of my Belief, every and
" all of theſe Remedies are Counter-
" feits, that will not only rob People
" of their Money, but peradventure
" of their Lives, by inducing them
" to truſt in what they have bought
" inſtead of going to the Expenſe
" of proper Medicines. A ſolemn
" Time is coming; my own Time
" may be ſhort; and whether I be
" taken or whether I be left, GOD
" forbid I ſhould carry a Lie in my
" right Hand, or ſet it in my Shop-
" window."

A Cuſtomer here ſummoned him away; and *Mark*, inſtead of departing,

parting, ſat down beſide me and ſaid, "What think you, *Cherry*, of "this approaching Viſitation? Are "you very much affrighted?"

"Awe-ſtricken, rather," I made Anſwer, "I only fear for myſelf "along with the reſt, and I fear "moſt for my Father, who will be "more expoſed to it than I ſhall; "but I feel I can leave the Matter "in GOD's Hand."

"I wiſh I could," ſaid poor *Mark*, ſighing. "I own to you, *Cherry*, "I am horribly diſmayed. I have "a Preſentiment that I ſhall not "eſcape. My *Wife*," continued he, with great Bitterneſs in his Tone .. he commonly ſpoke of her with aſſumed Reckleſſneſs as "his old "Lady" ... "my Wife has no "Senſe of the Danger—mocks at "it, defies it; refuſes to leave her "Houſe and her Buſineſs, come "what

" what may, and tells me with a " Scoff I ſhall frighten myſelf to " Death, and that *Ralph Denzel* " ſhall be her Third.—Don't you " hate, *Cherry*, to hear Huſbands " and Wives, even in Sport, making " light of each other's Deaths?"

Her Groſſneſs was offenſive to me, and I ſaid in a low Voice, " I do."

" And if I die, as die I very " likely ſhall," purſued he, hurriedly, " you may do me a Kind- " neſs, *Cherry*, by telling *Violet* that " I never—"

This was inſupportable to me. " Dear *Mark*," I cried, " why yield " to this Notion of Evil which may " be its own Fulfilment? God " watches over all. With proper " Precaution, and with his Bleſſing, " we may eſcape. No one knows " his Hour: the brittle Cup oft " laſts

" laſts the longeſt.—Many a Caſu-
" alty may cut us off before the
" Day of general Viſitation."

" Aye," he replied, with a ſick-
ened Look, " but I had a Dream
" laſt Night . . . and, juſt now, as
" I came through *Biſhopgate* Church-
" yard, a Crowd of People were
" watching a Ghoſt among the
" Tombs, that was ſigning to Houſes
" that ſhould be ſtricken, and to yet
" undug Graves."

" *Watching* it?" ſaid I. " Did
" you ſee it?"

" Well, I rather think I did,"
ſaid *Mark*, " but am not quite
" aſſured—the Preſs was very great.
" At any rate, I ſaw thoſe who
" evidently *did* ſee it. My Wife
" has had her Fortune told, and the
" Fortune-teller avouched to her
" ſhe ſhould eſcape; ſo there's the
" Ground of *her* Comfort. To
" make

" make doubly ſure, ſhe wears a " Charm. For me, I am neither " for Charm nor Fortune-telling,— " if I die, I die, and what then! " I've often felt Life ſcarce worth " keeping; only one don't know " what comes after!"

And, with a faint Laugh, he roſe to go away. I ſaid, " *Mark!* " *Mark!*"

" What is it?" he ſaid, and ſtopped. I ſaid, " Don't go away " with that light Saying in your " Mouth—"

He ſaid, " Oh!" and ſmiling, opened the Door. I ſaid, looking full at him, " Faith in God is the " beſt Amulet."

" It is," he ſaid more gravely; and went out.

Preſently my Father came in to Supper; and ſat down, while it was making ready, near the Window, looking

looking out on the River quite calmly. Our large white Cat ſat purring beſide him. Stroking her kindly, he ſaid, "Puſſy, you muſt "keep cloſe, or your Days will be "few . . . they've given Orders, "now, to kill all the Dogs and "Cats. I believe, *Cherry*, we are "as ſafe here as we ſhould be in "the privateſt Retreat in the King-"dom, for Infection never harbours "on the *Bridge*, the Current of "Air always blows it away, one "Way or the other. But, my dear, "we may be called away at any "Hour, and I never Sleep worſe of "a Night for bearing in Mind I "may not ſee another Morning. "But I reſt all the peacefuller, "*Cherry*, for knowing you will "never be in want, though this "poor Buſineſs ſhould dwindle away "to nothing. Maſter *Benſkin* and

"*Hugh*

"*Hugh Braidfoot* know all about "my little Hoard, and will manage "it well for you, my Daughter. "And now, let's ſee what is under "this bright little Cover. Pettitoes, "as ſure as *London Bridge* is built "on Wool-packs!"

And he ate his frugal Meal cheerfully, I thinking in my Mind, as I had ſo often done before, that the firmeſt Heart is oft found in the littleſt Body.

CHAP. VIII.

The Plague.

As Spring advanced, the Plague came on amain. Houſes were ſhut up, ſome empty, ſome with infected People in them under Guard, ne'er to be let out, ſave in perfect Health or to be caſt into the Dead-cart. Swarms of People hurried out of Town, ſome in Health, ſome already infected: never was ſuch a Blockade of Carts, Coaches, and Horſemen on the *Bridge;* and I was told, on the northern and weſtern Roads 'twas ſtill worſe. Every Horſe, good and bad, was in requeſt, at enormous

enormous Hire: as ſoon as they had done Duty for one Party, they came back for another, ſo that the poor Things had an ill Time o't. The Court ſet the Example of running away; the Nobility and Gentry followed it; the Soldiers were all ſent to Country Quarters, the *Tower* was left under the Guard of a few Beef-eaters, all the Courts of Law were cloſed, and even the middle and lower Ranks that could not well afford to leave their Shops and Houſes, thought it a good Matter to eſcape for bare Life, and live about the Country in removed Places, camping in the Fields, and under Hedges.

Thus the City, which had previouſly been ſo over-filled as to provoke the comparing of it with *Jeruſalem* before the laſt Paſſover, was in a Manner ſo depopulated, that

that though vaſt Numbers remained in its By-ſtreets and Lanes, whole Rows of Houſes ſtood empty. Thoſe that walked abroad kept the Middle of the Streets for Fear of Infection; Graſs began to grow between the Paving-ſtones; the Sound of Wheels was ſcarce heard, for People were afraid of uſing the Hackney-coaches; Beggars, and Street-ſingers, and Hawkers, had altogether diſappeared; ſo that there was nothing to break the awful Stillneſs ſave the Shrieks of dying Perſons in lone Houſes, or the Rumbling of the Dead-cart.

Meanwhile, though the Diſtemper was raging on both Sides of us and all about us, it came not on the Bridge. Crowded Aſſemblages of Buyers and Sellers at Markets, &c., being much to be avoided, we laid in as much Stock as our ſmall Premiſes

Premiſes would hold and our ſmall Family require, of Soap, Candles, Groceries, Cheeſe, Bacon, ſalt Butter, and ſuch-like. And whereas the Plague raged worſe than Anywhere among the Butchers' Stalls and low Fiſhmongers, we made a Merit of Neceſſity, and faſted from both Fiſh and freſh Meat, as well for our Health as our Sins, which, if ſundry others had done in a proper Frame and Temper, 'tis likely they might have been ſpared.

Thus we kept cloſe and went Abroad little, except to Public Prayers; reading and meditating much at Home, and conſidering, as *Noah* and his Family probably did in the Ark, that if our Confinement were irkſome, 'twas a cheap Price to pay for Safety. Of the *Blenkinſops* we ſaw nothing after the regular Outburſt of the Calamity; but

but we knew that Miſtreſs *Blenkinſop* was not only reſolved not to ſtir, but that ſhe would not ſo much as lay in Stores for daily Conſumption; perverſely and cruelly perſiſting in ſending her Servants into the Danger, ſhe feared not for herſelf to purchaſe Pennyworths of Things ſhe might have bought wholeſale.

Meantime, though our *Bridge*, by reaſon of its being one of the great Thoroughfares of *London*, could not well be ſhut up, yet the Bridge-wardens took all the Care of us they could, keeping the Gates with much Jealouſy, and burning large Fires of reſinous and ſtrong-ſmelling Subſtances. Early in the Seaſon, there was one Perſon who took a mighty Panic at her own Danger, which was Miſtreſs *Armytage*. She had left her Lodgings, oſtenſibly to be with *Kitty* during her Confine-

ment,

ment, but in Reality, as the Event proved, to be out of the Reach of Infection. However, the News of each Day, which ſhe greedily gathered, becoming diſmaller, and the Crowds of People pouring out of Town exciting her Deſire to be among them, ſhe wearied *Hugh Braidfoot* with Entreaties that he would promiſe to go into the Country as ſoon as *Kitty* got about again; and, one Night, a Coffin leaping into her Lap out of the Fire, her Fears for herſelf could no longer be allayed, but ſhe declared ſhe muſt go the next Morning, come what would. I heard much ſobbing and loud talking through the Wall overnight; and the next Morning at Day-break, ſaw the Widow departing with a ſmall Bundle in her Hand, and a young Lad carrying her heavy Box. However,

ever, the End, which was impreſſive, was this. She over-heated herſelf in her ſelfiſh Flight, ſlept in a damp Bed the next Night, and took a Hurt which ended her Life before the Year was out, though not by the Plague.

Soon after, *Kitty* gave Birth to twin Daughters, the ſweeteſt little Dears that ever were ſeen, whom ſhe very prettily inſiſted on naming *Violet* and *Cherry*. But now, the Plague being more and more talked of, and ſhe being unable to nurſe both, it became a momentous Queſtion with her whether to bring one up by Hand or ſend it to a Foſter-nurſe in the Country. At length, the latter was decided upon; and little *Violet* was put out to nurſe at *Lewiſham*.

And now the Judgment of God fell very heavy on us; inſomuch that

that amid the general Viſitation and Bereavement, it would have been ſtrange indeed if even the unafflicted could have been ſo unfeeling as to hold back from the general Mourning. The Cry from every Pulpit and every Altar was, "Spare, "O LORD, ſpare thy People, "whom thou haſt redeemed with "thy precious Blood;" and the Churches were open all Day long and crowded with Penitents, till it was found that Contagion was thereby augmented; whereon all but the bold fell to exchanging public for private Devotion.

About this Time, poor *Kitty Braidfoot* fell into much Danger. She was nurſing her little *Cherry* one Morning, and ſaying to me how her Heart yearned for a Sight of its Twin-ſiſter, when, as if in Anſwer to her Wiſh, in comes the Foſter-

Foſter-nurſe, looking defiant and heated, with the Infant in her Arms, whom without more Ado ſhe ſets upon the Table, and then retreats to the Door.

"There's your Babby, Miſtreſs," ſays ſhe bluntly, "and you owes "me one and twenty Shillings for "the laſt ſix Weeks' nurſing, at "Three and Sixpence a Week . . . "it's taken the Plague, and I can't "have my own Babby infected, ſo "I declines the farther Charge of "it—'tis a puny little Thing, and "I doeſn't think would anyhow ha' "lived long."

"Puny!" cries *Kitty*, with Eyes darting Fire, "why, you've ſtarved "it for the Sake of your own Baby! "'Twas as fine a Child as this, and "now a downright Skeleton!"

The Woman had an Anſwer on her Lips, but Something in *Kitty's* Eye

Eye and in her own Heart ſuddenly abaſhed her; and with a "Marry "come up!" ſhe haſtily turned about and quitted the Houſe, without ſo much as aſking again for her one and twenty Shillings. Poor *Kitty* exclaimed, "Oh, you little "Starveling!" and burſting into Tears, put *Cherry* into my Arms, and began to unfaſten her own Dreſs. I ſaid, "Remember, you cannot "nurſe both—." She ſaid, "I "muſt commit the other to you to "bring up by Hand and keep out "of the Infection—I cannot let this "little Thing periſh," and ſhowered on it Kiſſes and Tears, quite thoughtleſs of her own Safety.

Juſt then, *Hugh* came in, and ſtood amazed when he ſaw *Kitty* fondling the famiſhed little Infant. She, thoughtful of him alſo before herſelf, cried, "Don't come near me, "*Hugh!*

"*Hugh!* Baby has the Plague. I'm "thankful the Woman brought it "Home; God forbid a Child of "mine ſhould endanger a Child of "hers!" And preſſed her little one yet cloſer to her, and kiſſed its little, meagre Hands. Poor *Hugh* ſtood aghaſt at the News, regarding her from where he firſt ſtood with a Mixture of Wonder, Admiration, and Fear; at length exclaiming, "God be your Bleſſing, *Kitty!*"— he bruſhed off a Tear and turned away. Again ſaw I that the ſtrongeſt Heart is not always in the biggeſt Body. As for *Kitty*, I thought ſhe had never looked ſo beautiful as that Moment. She was now eagerly ſeeking for ſome Token of the Diſeaſe about her Child, but could find none. "What "and if 'twere a falſe Alarm?" cries ſhe,—"Heaven grant it!—But "now,

" now, dear *Cherry*, take your little
" Charge out of Harm's Reach—and
" bid *Nell* tend dear *Hugh* all ſhe can
" —I've Everything I want here,
" and they can ſet down my Meals
" at the Door without coming in."

I looked back at her as I cloſed the Door, and ſaw her ſmiling ſo over her Baby that it really ſeemed as if ſhe felt ſhe had in it Everything ſhe wanted. And when I lay down by my little *Cherry* at Night, and felt its little Mites of Hands ſtraying over my Face, I felt drawn towards it with a Love I had never experienced for a Child before, and wondered not how *Kitty*, who might call it Part and Parcel of herſelf, could ſo cheerfully riſk her own Life for that of her Child.

Next Morning, both our Heads were thruſt ſimultaneouſly out of our Bedroom Windows. " *Violet* is

" doing

"doing purely," cries ſhe, "there's "no Plague-ſpot—How is *Cherry?*" We exchanged Congratulations and heartfelt Bleſſings.

In ſhort, it proved a falſe Alarm; but as *Cherry* was ſo miraculouſly contented under my Care, her Mother would not have her back till every Fear of Danger was over, by which Time the pretty Creature was well weaned. If *Hugh* had loved his Wife before this, he now abſolutely adored her: he ſaid he had learned the Value of his Treaſures too dearly to run any farther Riſk of loſing them, come what might to his Buſineſs. So he ſhut up Shop, left an old Woman in Charge, bought a Tent, Horſe, and Cart, and Everything elſe he wanted or could take; and, one fair Morning, he mounted *Kitty* all ſmiling under the Tilt, with a Darling on each

each Arm, and Bags, Baſkets, and Crockery-ware all about her; and ſhouldering his Carter's Whip, ſtarted off with his Family for *Kent*, like a blythe, honeſt Patriarch.

CHAP. IX.

Foreſhadows.

Ah! with that little Gipſey-party went all the Smiles I was to ſee for many a Day, though I knew it not.

My Father about this Time ſeemed dull and ſorry of Cheer. I aſked him if aught ailed him in Body or Mind, or had gone wrong in his Affairs. He ſaid, no—that he was ſenſible of a Heavineſs on his Spirits, but could no Ways account for it. And, with that Stoutneſs of Heart which had become a ſecond Nature, he buſtled about and tried to

to caſt it off. Still I watched him narrowly, but could detect no Signs of Diſorder. I lay awake at Night, thinking of him; and amid the Stillneſs all about, could faintly hear the diſtant Wail of that poor diſtracted Madman, who inceſſantly ran about the Streets of the City, crying, "Oh! the great and dreadful "GOD!"

After Breakfaſt, my Father ſaid to me, "*Cherry*, I ſhall be abſent "for an Hour or two, but you may "expect me punctually at Dinner."

I ſaid, "Oh, Father! why muſt "you go forth? is there any preſſing "Occaſion?"

"Why, yes, there is," ſaid he, "for a Man who owes me Money "is going to make the Plague a "Pretext for leaving the Country, "and has ſucceeded, I underſtand, "in getting a clean Bill of Health."

I ſaid,

I ſaid, "Let it be, if it be no "great Matter."

"Nay," he ſaid gently, "it *is* a "great Matter to People in our "Condition, with whom Trade is "at a Stand-ſtill. I have not yet "held aloof from any neceſſary "Affairs, but I give you my Word "I will run no needleſs Riſks."

And ſo was going forth, when I ſaid, "There is a little white on "your ſhoulder," and bruſhed it off with my Apron. When I had done it, he turned about and kiſſed me.

We were to have Bacon and Eggs that Day. I had a Preſentiment he would be after his Time, in ſpite of what he had ſaid, and told *Dolly* not to fry them till he came in. Hour after Hour paſſed, long after Dinner-time, and ſtill he came not. Then I grew troubled, and kept looking along the *Bridge*.

At

At laſt, when it was growing duſk, I put on my Hood and went to the Bridge Gate. I ſaid to the Gate-keeper, "Did you ſee my "Father paſs the Gate this Morn-"ing, Maſter *Princeps?*"

"Yes, Miſtreſs *Cherry*, I did," returned he, "more by Token he "ſaid he was going either through "or to *Lime Street*, I forget "which."

I ſaid, "I can't think why he "don't come back."

"Oh!" ſays he, "he'll be back "preſently," which, though ſpoken entirely at random, yet being uttered in a cheerful Tone, ſomewhat heartened me, and I returned Home.

Maſter *Benſkin* was putting up his Shop Shutters. I ſaid, "I can't "think what has become of my "Father, Maſter *Benſkin*." He ſaid, "Has not he come Home?

"Oh,

"Oh, Something unforeſeen muſt "have delayed him. You know "that might happen to any of us." And put the Screw in his laſt Shutter.

I ſaid, "What ſhould you do if "you were me?" He ſaid, "Well, "I'm ſure I can't tell what I ſhould "do—I don't ſee I could do Any-"thing—He'll come Home pre-"ſently, I dare ſay . . don't be "uneaſy." And went in. I thought, "*Job's* Comforters are ye all."

About ten o' the Clock at Night, I went down to the Bridge Gate again. They were ſhutting it up for the Night, and making up the great Bonfire in the Middle of the Street. This Time I could hardly ſpeak for crying; I ſaid, "Maſter "*Princeps*, I can't think *why* my "Father doeſn't come back! I think "Something muſt have happened!"

"Nay,"

"Nay," ſays he, "what can have "happened? Very likely he has "been unexpectedly detained, and "thinks he ſhall not be back before "the Gate is ſhut, and is too "neighbourly to wiſh to knock me "up. So he takes a Bed with the "Friend he is with.—Now we've "got it all clear, depend upon it!"

"But," ſaid I, "there's no Friend "he can be with, that I know of."

"Why, in *Lime Street!*" ſays he with all the Confidence imaginable.

"*Lime Street?* Dear Maſter "*Princeps*, my Father knows no-"body in *Lime Street*."

—"Don't he though?" ſays he doubtfully. "Well, I'm ſure I think "he ſaid he was going through or "to *Lime Street*, I can't juſtly re-"member which."

I turned away in deep Diſappointment and Trouble. As I paſſed

paſſed under the deep Shade of the Houſes, ſome one coming cloſe up to me, ſaid, "*Cherry!* pretty *Cherry!* "is that you?" But it was not my Father's Voice, and I paſſed on in Diſguſt. I would not faſten the Houſe-door, and ſat juſt within it all Night, a Candle ſet in the Window. I opened my Bible at random, in Hope of Something to hearten and comfort—The Words I lighted on were, "I ſought him, "but could not find him; I called "him, but he gave me no Anſwer." And the Page was wet with my Tears.

As ſoon as Day broke, I was again at the Door. People going to Market early looked at me ſtrangely as they paſſed. It ſtruck me my Appearance was not very tidy, ſo I went in, waſhed and redreſſed myſelf, which refreſhed me a little,

a little, drank a Cup of Milk, and then put on my Hood and went down to the Gate. I ſaid, "Maſter "*Princeps*, I can't think what's "come to my Father."

"Bleſs my Soul!" cries he, "what, has he not been Home all "Night? Then you ſee, he *muſt* "be ſleeping out, and will not have "riſen yet, to diſturb his Friend's "Family. So, go your Ways back, "Miſtreſs *Cherry*, and don't be "fretting; rely on it he will return "as ſoon as he has breakfaſted, "which he cannot have done yet."

So I turned away, ſad at my Heart; and as I paſſed *John Armytage's* Shop, I looked up at *Violet's* Window, and ſaw her dreſſed, and juſt putting back her white Curtains. She looked down on me, and nodded, and ſmiled, but I ſhook my Head ſorrowfully, and turned my

my Face away. Before I reached my own Door, I felt ſome one twitching my Cloak behind, and ſhe comes up to me all panting.

"*Cherry!* dear *Cherry!*" ſays ſhe breathleſſly, "what's the Matter?"

"I've loſt my Father," ſaid I, with filling Eyes.

"Dead!" cries ſhe, looking affrighted.

"He may be," ſaid I, burſting into Tears, "for he has not come "Home all Night."

"Oh, if that's all," ſays ſhe, putting her Arm round me and drawing me into the Houſe, "all "may yet be well.—How many "Women might cry, *Cherry*, if "they thought their Huſbands and "Fathers were dead, every Time "they ſtayed out all Night! "Come, tell me all about it—." And ſhe entered with ſuch Concern into

into my Grief that its Bitterneſs was allayed.

"Come," ſhe ſaid, "let us give "him till Dinner-time—he may "drop in any Minute, you know, "and if you go looking for him, "you know not where, you may "miſs him. So give him till "Dinner-time, and after that, if he "comes not, go and knock at every "Door in *Lime Street*, if you "will."

And ſhe ſtayed, wiling the ſlow Time as long as ſhe could with talking of this and that. At length, Dinner-time came; I could ſcarce await it, and directly the Clock ſtruck, I ſtarted forth. It occurred to me I would go to *Mark*.

As I approached the Gate, I heard Maſter *Princeps* ſay to the ſecond Gate-keeper, "I'll lay you "a Wager this Girl is coming again "to

" to aſk me why ſhe can't find her " Father."

Inſtead of which, I only ſaid as I came up to him, " I'm going to " look for my Father, Maſter " *Princeps*."

" Well," ſays he, " I wiſh you " may find him with all my Heart, " but it ſeems like looking for a " Pin in a Hayfield—Perhaps he'll " return while you are away . . take " Care where you go, the Streets " and Lanes are dangerous—"

There were People paying Toll; and while I was waiting to paſs, I heard one Man aſk another if he had ſeen the great Plague-pit dug in *Aldgate*, forty Feet long, and twenty Feet deep; adding, he believed many People that were picked up in the Streets were caſt into it before it was well known if they were dead or alive.

I darted

I darted through the Toll-gate the Moment it was clear, and made for *Cheapſide*. Oh! how awful the Change, during a few Weeks! Not a Creature ſtirring, where lately all had been alive—At the Turn of a Lane I met a Man wheeling a dead Perſon in a Hand-barrow, and turning his own Head aſide. Houſes were deſerted or ſilent, marked with the fatal red Croſs. Within one, I heard much wailing and ſobbing. At length I reached *Mark's* Houſe. 'Twas all ſhut up!—and a Watchman ſat ſmoking on the Door-ſtep. He ſaid, "Young Woman, what "do you want?" I ſaid, "I want "to ſpeak to *Mark Blenkinſop*." . . He ſaid, "Nobody muſt go out or "in—the Houſe is under Viſita-"tion."—My Heart ſank when I remembered *Mark's* Forebodings of himſelf, and I ſaid, "Is he dead?" "I know

"I know not whether he be dead "or no," replied the Watchman, "a Maid-ſervant was put into the "Cart the Night before laſt, and "a 'Prentice the Night before that "—Since then, they've kept mighty "quiet, and aſked for Nothing, "though I've rung the Houſe-bell "two or three Times. But the "Night-watch told me that a "Woman put her Head out of "Window during the Night, and "called out, 'Oh! Death, Death, "Death!' three ſeveral Times."

I ſaid, "Ring the Bell again!"

He did ſo, and pulled it ſo violently this Time, that the Wire broke. We gave each other a blank Look.

"See!" ſaid I, "there's a "Window open on the Second "Story—"

"'Tis where the Woman put out "her

" her Head and ſcreeched, during " the Night," ſaid he.

" Could not you get a Ladder," ſaid I, " and look in?"

" Well," ſaid he, " I will, if you " will ſtay here and ſee that no one " comes out while I'm gone."

So I ſaid I would, but I ſhould have been a ſorry Guard had any one indeed ruſhed forth, ſo weak was I and trembling. I thought of *Mark* lying within, perhaps ſtiff and cold.

Preſently the Watchman returned with a Ladder, but it was too ſhort, ſo then he had to go for another. This Time he was much longer gone, ſo that I was almoſt beſide myſelf with waiting. All this Time not a Creature paſſed. At length a Man came along the Middle of the Street, holding a red Rod before him. He cried, " What do you " there?"

"there?" I ſaid, "We know not "whether the Family be dead or "have deſerted the Houſe — a "Watchman has gone for a Ladder "to look through the open "Window." He ſaid, "I will "ſend ſome one to look to it," and paſſed on.

Then the Watchman and another Man appeared, carrying a long Ladder between them. They ſet it againſt the Window, and the Watchman went up. When he had looked in, he cried out in a fearful Voice, "There's a Woman "in white, lying all along on the "Floor, ſeemingly dead, with a "Caſket of Jewels in her Hand— "Shall I go in?"—"Aye, do," I exclaimed. The other Man, hearing talk of Jewels, cried, "Here, come "you down, if you be afraid, and "I'll go in," and gave the Ladder a little

a little Shake; which, however, only made the Watchman at once jump through the Window. Then up came two Men, ſaying, "We "are from my *Lord Mayor*, em- "powered to ſeal up any Property "that may be left, if the Family "indeed be dead."—So they went up the Ladder too, and the other Man had no Mind to go now; and preſently the Watchman comes out of the Houſe-door, looking very pale, and ſays he, "Beſides the "Lady on the Floor, with all her "Jewels about her, there's not a "Soul alive nor dead in the Houſe, "the others muſt have eſcaped over "the back Walls and Out-houſes."

Then my Heart gave a great Beat, for I concluded *Mark* had eſcaped, leaving his Wife to die alone; and now all my Thoughts returned to my Father. I haſtened

to

to one or two Acquaintances of his, who, it was juſt poſſible, might have ſeen him; but their Houſes were one and all ſhut up, and, lying ſome Way apart from each other, this took up much Time. I now became bewildered and almoſt wild, not knowing where to look for him; and catching like a drowning Man at a Straw, I went to *Lime Street*. Here I went all up one Side and all down the other, knocking at every Door that was not padlocked. At firſt I made my Inquiries coherently enough, and explained my Diſtreſs and got a civil Anſwer; but, as I went on and ſtill did not find him, my Wits ſeemed to unſettle, and, when any one came to the Door, which was often not till after much knocking and waiting, I had got nothing to ſay to them but, "Have you ſeen "my

"my Father?" and when they ſtared and ſaid, "Who is your "Father?" I could not rightly bring his Name to Mind. This gave me ſome Sign of Wildneſs, I ſuppoſe, for after a While, the People did not ſo much look ſtrange as pitying, and ſaid, "Who is your "Father, poor Girl?" and waited patiently for me to anſwer. All except one rough Man, who cried fiercely, "In the Dead-pit in *Ald-* "*gate*, very likely, where my only "Child will be to-night." Then I loſt Senſe altogether, and ſhrieked, "Oh! he's in the Pit! *Father!* "*Father!*" and went running through the Streets, a-wringing my Hands. At length a Voice far off anſwered, "Daughter! Daughter! "here I am!" and I ruſhed towards it, crying, "Oh, where? I'm coming! "I'm coming!" And ſo got nearer and

and nearer till it was only juſt at the Turn of the next Street; but when I gained it, I came upon a Party of diſorderly young Men. One of them cries, "Here I am, "Daughter!" and burſt out laughing. But I ſaid, "Oh, you "are not he," and brake away from him.

"Stay, I know all about him," cries another, "was he tall or "ſhort?" Oh, wicked, wicked Men, thought I, 'tis ſuch as you that break Fathers' Hearts!

How I got back to the *Bridge*, I know not. I was put to Bed in a raging Fever. In my Deliration I ſeemed to ſee my Father talking earneſtly with another Man whoſe Face I knew not, and who appeared to hear him with Impatience, and want to leave him, but my Father laid his Hand upon his Arm. Then the

the other, methought, plucked a heavy Bag from under his Cloke, and caſt it towards my Father, crying, "Plague take it and you "too!" Then methought my Father took it up and walked off with it into the Street, but as he went, he changed Colour, ſtopped ſhort, ſtaggered, and fell. Preſently I ſeemed to hear a Bell, and a diſmal Voice crying, "Bring out your "Dead!"—and a Cart came rumbling along, and a Man held a Lanthorn to my Father's Face, and without more Ado, took him up and caſt him into the Cart. Then methought, a Man in the Cart turned the Horſe about, and drove away without waiting to call anywhere elſe, to a diſmal lone Field, lying all in the Blackneſs of Darkneſs, where the Cart turned about, and ſhot a Heap of ſenſeleſs Bodies into

into a great, yawning Pit . . them that a few Hours back had been ſtrong, hearty Men, beautiful Women, ſmiling Children.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

A Friend in Need.

When I returned to my Reaſon, it was with an inexpreſſible Senſe of Weakneſs and Wearineſs. The firſt Thing I ſaw was dear *Violet's* Face cloſe to mine, her large, dark Eyes fixed full upon me; and as ſoon as ſhe ſaw that I knew her, ſhe exclaims, "*Cherry*, dear *Cherry!* "I thought I had no more Tears "left to ſhed, but I muſt cry again "with Pleaſure now—" and wept over me.

I ſaid, "Is he come back yet?" She

She ſaid, "You muſt only think of "getting well now."

"Ah," I ſaid, "I know he is "not;" and turned my Head away. And ſtill felt her warm Tears dropping over me. They ſeemed to heal where they fell; and preſently, I ſhed Tears too, which cleared my Head, and ſomewhat relieved me; but oh! the Weakneſs!—

I was very ſlow getting well. All the While, dear *Violet* kept with me, read to me, cheered me, cheriſhed me . . oh, what a Friend! How Trouble brings out the real Good in People's Characters, if there be any!

Before I was well able to ſit up, Maſter *Benſkin* ſent in Word he had Something important to ſay to me as ſoon as I was equal to hearing it. I thought he might have got ſome Clue to my Father, and ſaid I was

I was quite equal to hearing Anything he had to tell. Then he came in, treading on Tip-toe, and looking very awe-ſtricken; and, ſays he, "Miſtreſs *Cherry*,"—taking a Chair as he ſpoke, a good Way off from me,—"the lamented Event "which we may now conſider to "have taken place . . "

"No, Maſter *Benſkin*, no," interrupted I, faintly; "I ſtill hope "there has been *no* lamented "Event—"

"Makes it my Duty," continued he, without minding me, "to tell "you that you need be under no "Uneaſineſs about pecuniary Cir-"cumſtances."

"I am not, I aſſure you," ſaid I. "Oh that I had nothing worſe "to be uneaſy about!"

"This Houſe," continued he, "was your Father's for ninety-nine "Years,

" Years, and is now yours; and he " moreover had ſaved six hundred " Pounds, three hundred of which " he lent me, and three hundred " *Hugh Braidfoot*, we paying him " five per Cent., which we will " continue to pay you, or hand over " to you the Principal, whichever " you like."

" Thank you, Maſter *Benſkin*," ſaid I, " I ſhould wiſh Everything " to continue juſt as it is . . I am " ſure my Father's Money can't be " in better Hands; and I ſhall re- " commence inquiring for him " directly I am ſtrong enough, " which I almoſt am already."

" Ah," ſaid he, with a ſorrowful Smile and a Shake of the Head, " how ſlow Women are to give up " Hope! . . Sure enough, 'tis one " of the cardinal Virtues; but they " practiſe it as if 'twere their " Nature,

" Nature, without making a Merit
" of it. I wiſh you well from my
" Heart, Miſs *Cherry*."

All this While I was fretting to ſee Maſter *Blower*. I ſaid often to *Violet*, "I wiſh Maſter *Blower* would " look in to ſee me, and talk to me " and pray with me as he uſed to " do with my Mother. Sure, I'm " ſick enow! and he might, for as " long as he has known me, count " me the ſame as one of his own " Congregation."

And *Violet* would make Anſwer, " Indeed, *Cherry*, if you conſider " how the good Man is wearing " himſelf out among his own Flock, " going hither and thither without " ſetting his Life at a Pin's Purchaſe, " ſpending all his Time in Viſita- " tion that is not taken up with the " Services of the Church, you need " not be ſurpriſed he comes not ſo

" far

" far as this, eſpecially as he knows " not of your Affliction nor your " Illneſs."

" How do you, that are not a " Churchwoman, know he does all " you ſay?" ſaid I.

" I had it from the old Woman " that brings the Curds and Whey," returned *Violet*; " ſhe, you know, " is one of his Pariſhioners; and, " from what ſhe ſays of him, it " appears he could not do more if " he were a Diſſenter."

" A Diſſenter, indeed! I admire " that!" ſaid I. " If he were a " ſlothful, timid, ſelf-indulgent " Perſon, you would beſtow all his " Faults on his Church; but be- " cauſe his Light ſhines before " Men, ſo that they cannot help " glorifying his Father which is in " Heaven, you ſay he could hardly " do more if he were a Diſſenter!

" —I ſhall

"—I ſhall go to him as ſoon as "ever I get well."

And ſo I did; while, indeed, I was hardly ſtrong enough for ſo long a Walk; for I had a Notion he would tell me where to find my Father; or comfort me, maybe, if he thought he could not be found. It was now late in *September*.—His Pariſh was one of the worſt in *Whitechapel*,—he lived in a roomy, gloomy old Parſonage-houſe, too large for a ſingle Man, in a Street that was now deſerted and graſs-grown. The firſt Thing I ſaw was a Watchman aſleep on the Steps, which gave me a Pang; for, having heard Maſter *Blower* was ſo active in his Pariſh, I ſomehow had never reckoned on his being among the Sick, though that was a very just Reaſon why he ſhould be. I had thought ſo good a Man would lead a charmed

a charmed Life, forgetful that in this World there is often one Event to the Righteous and to the Wicked, and that if the Good always eſcaped, no Harm would have befallen my Father. However, this ſudden Shock, for ſuch it was, brought Tears into my Eyes, and I began to be at my Wit's End, who ſhould tell me now where to find my Father, and to lament over the Illneſs of my good and dear Friend, Maſter *Blower*. Then I bethought me,—Perhaps he is not in the Houſe, but may have left it in Charge of ſome Woman, who is ill,—if I waken the Watchman, he certainly will not let me in; the Key is graſped firmly in his Hand, ſo firmly that I dare not try to take it, but yet I muſt and will get in.—

Then I obſerved that, in careleſſly

leſſly locking the Door, the Lock had overſhot it, ſo that in Fact, the Door, inſtead of being locked, would not even ſhut. So I ſtept lightly paſt the Watchman and into the Houſe; and the firſt Thing within the Threſhold was a Can of Milk, turned quite ſour, which ſhewed how long it muſt have ſtood without any Body's being able to fetch it. I cloſed the Door ſoftly after me, and went into all the ground-floor Rooms; they were empty and cloſe ſhuttered: the Motes dancing in the Sunbeams that came through the round Holes in the Shutters. Then I went ſoftly up Stairs, and looked timidly into one or two Chambers, not knowing what ghaſtly Sight I might chance upon; but they were tenantleſs. As I ſtood at pauſe in the Midſt of one of them, which was a Sitting-room,

room, and had one or two Chairs out of their Places, as if it had been never ſet to rights ſince it was laſt in Occupation, I was ſtartled by hearing a Man in the Room beyond giving a loud, prolonged Yawn, as though he were ſaying, "Ho, ho, "ho, ho, hum!" Then all was ſilent again: I thought it muſt be Maſter *Blower*, and went forward, but pauſed, with my Hand on the Lock. Then I thought I heard a murmuring Voice within; and, ſoftly opening the Door and looking in, perceived a great four-poſt Bed with dark green Curtains drawn cloſe all round it, ſtanding in the Midſt of a dark oaken Floor that had not been bees-waxed recently enough to be ſlippery. Two or three tall, ſtrait-backed Chairs ſtood about; a Hat upon one, a Boot upon another, quite in the Style of Maſter *Blower*;

Blower; and cloſe to the Bed was a Table with Jugs, Cups, and Phials, and a Night-lamp ſtill burning, though 'twas broad Day. The Shutters alſo were partially ſhut, admitting only one long Stream of ſlanting Light over-againſt the Bed; but whether any one were in the Bed, I could not at firſt make out, for all was as ſtill as Death. Preſently, however, from within the Curtains came a somewhat thick Voice, exclaiming, "Oh LORD, my "Heart is ready, my Heart is ready! "I will ſing and give Praiſe with the "beſt Member that I have! Awake, "Lute and Harp! I myſelf will "awake right early!"

Here the dear good Man fell a coughing, as if Something ſtuck in his Throat; and I tip-toeing up to the Bed-ſide, withdrew the Curtains and ſoftly ſaid, "Maſter *Blower!*"

Never

Never ſhall I forget my firſt Sight of him! There he lay on his Back, with Everything quite clean and freſh about him, not routed and tumbled as moſt Men's would have been, but as ſmooth as if juſt mangled:—his Head, without e'er a Nightcap, lying ſtraight on his Pillow, his Face the Mirror of Compoſedneſs and Peaceification, and his great, brown Eyes, glowing with ſome ſteady, not feveriſh Light, turned ſlowly round upon me, as if freſh from beholding ſome beatific, ſolemnifying Sight.

"Why, *Cherry*," ſays he, looking much pleaſed, "are you come "to look on me before I die? "I thought I had taken my "laſt Sight of all below,"—and reaching out his Hand to me from under the Bedclothes, I was ſhocked to perceive how it was waſted:

waſted: every Knuckle a perfect Knob.

"Don't touch me!" cries he, plucking it away again, and burying it out of Sight,—"I forgot you "hadn't had the Plague.—What a "ſelfiſh Fellow I am!—How's your "dear Father, *Cherry?*"

I could not withhold myſelf from weeping, and was unable to anſwer.

"Ah, I ſee how it is," ſays he kindly, "poor *Cherry!* poor *Cherry!* "'the Righteous periſh and no "Man layeth it to Heart,'—I heard "a Voice ſay, 'Write: Bleſſed are "the Dead which die in the LORD. "Yea, ſaith the Spirit, for they reſt "from their Labours.' . . I ſhall "ſee him before you will, *Cherry*. "Go Home, Child, go Home, . . "this Air is fraught with Danger."

I ſaid, "I am not afraid of it, "Sir,—

" Sir,—I would rather ſtay a While " with you."

" Well, then," ſaid he, " juſt " give me a Drink of Water, or " Anything liquid you can find; " for I have had Nothing but what " I could help myſelf to, theſe " twenty-four Hours. My Throat " is ſo bad, I cannot ſwallow Any- " thing ſolid . . Oh! Oh!—" And as he held back his Throat to drink, I noticed the Plague Swellings.

" That will do nicely, now," ſighed he, when I had ſmoothed his Pillow, " and now go, I prithee, " dear *Cherry*, and look after poor " *Dorcas*, who, I fear, muſt be " dead or dying ſomewhere about " the Houſe."

So I did as he bade me; and, as I knew ſhe was not on the Floor below, I went in queſt of her up Stairs. *Dorcas* had lived with Maſter

Maſter *Blower* ever ſince he commenced Houſekeeping; and had had the Help of a younger Maid, who now, it ſeemed, had left, or died. She was a Widow-woman in her third ſcore, eccentric, like her Maſter, in ſome Matters; but withal, of the ſweeteſt, pleaſanteſt Countenance! and of pleaſant Conditions too, ſo that they were well matched. She preferred being called Miſtreſs *Peach;* but Maſter *Blower* liked calling her *Dorcas*, and carried his Point.

I found her in the upper Story, lying all acroſs her Bed, dreſſed, but more dead than alive. "Alas! "young Woman," ſays ſhe . . . "What! is it Miſtreſs *Cherry?* "Heaven be praiſed! How is my "Maſter? Doth he live yet?"

I ſaid, Yes, and I hoped was going on well.

"Ah,"

"Ah," ſays ſhe, "I left him at "Death's Door, but could no lon- "ger keep about myſelf; ſo, ſet him "ſtraight as well as I could, and "then crawled up here, thinking to "bundle my Mattreſs down Stairs, "and at all events die within hearing "of him. But 'twas quite beyond "my Strength . . I fell all along, "and here I've been ever ſince."

Then ſhe began to groan terribly, but I made her as comfortable as I could, dreſſed her Throat, perſuaded her to ſwallow a little cooling Drink, and looſened her Clothes; all which ſhe took very thankfully, but then became reſtleſs about her Maſter, and prayed me to go down to him, for he wanted me more than ſhe did.

So I returned to Maſter *Blower*, whom I now found a good deal more ſuffering and feveriſh than when

when I left him, and beginning to toſs about. I quite gave up all Intention of leaving the Houſe, yet thought *Violet* might be uneaſy about me; therefore I ſtepped down to beg the Watchman to ſend a Meſſage to her; but found the Houſe-door locked.

On my rapping againſt it and calling, he unlocked it and looked in. "Hallo, young Woman," ſays he, "how came you here?"

"I ſtepped in while you were "aſleep," ſaid I, "the Door being "ajar."

"Aſleep? that's a pretty Tale to "tell of me," quoth he, "I wonder "if *you* wouldn't feel ſleepy ſome-"times, ſitting from Morn to Night "on a Door-ſtep, full in the Sun!"

"I want to tell no Tales," ſaid I, "but only desire to ſend Word to "my Friends on the *Bridge* that I "cannot

" cannot return to them at preſent,
" being wanted here."

" Return? of courſe you cannot," ſays he, " why, do you ſuppoſe " Perſons are to be allowed to walk " in and out of Houſes under Viſita- " tion at their Will? 'Tis clear " againſt my *Lord Mayor's* Orders."

This had eſcaped me; however, it made no Difference; and he engaged to let *Violet* know the Cauſe of my Detention. Then I returned to my Charges, and, to my great Surpriſe, found *Dorcas* had crawled nearly all down the Flight of Stairs between her and Maſter *Blower*, and was now lying all along. She ſaid, " I thought I " muſt ſee how Maſter was . . if " you will but tumble the Mattreſs " down, Miſtreſs *Cherry*, I'll lie " juſt within his Door,—then you " won't have to run up and down

"Stairs ſo often." It did, indeed, make it eaſier for me to attend to them both; and truly I never had ſuch a Night before nor ſince; for though my dear Mother's Sufferings had been long drawn out and very ſad to witneſs, they had never amounted to acute Agony. The Fever of both ran very high all Night, and it ſeemed to me that Maſter *Blower* in his Deliration went through the whole Book of *Job* in his Head, from the diſjointed Fragments he uttered here and there. Alſo he ſeemed much argufying with an impenitent Sinner in his Flock, his Reaſonings and tender Perſuaſives with whom were enough to have melted a Stone. As to Miſtreſs *Peach*, I muſt ſay her Thoughts ran moſtly on her Jams, . . . ſhe conceited herſelf opening Pot after Pot and finding every

every one fermented; and kept exclaiming in a doleful Voice, "Oh dear, here's another Biſhop's "Wig!" So that, what with being ready to laugh at her, and to cry over him, I was quite carried out of myſelf, and away from my own Troubles. Towards Day-dawn they both became quiet; I fumigated the Room, bathed their Temples with Vinegar, moiſtened their Mouths, and then knelt down in a Corner to pray; after which, I dozed a little. I had heard the Death-cart going its melancholy Round during the Night; and had felt thankful we had no Dead to be carried out.

In the Morning, both my Patients ſeemed bettering. *Dorcas*, with my Help, got to her Maſter's Bedſide, and looked in on him. "Dear Sir," ſays ſhe, "how are you now?"

"Somewhat

"Somewhat eaſier, but very "thirſty, Miſtreſs *Peach*," ſays he.

"Oh dear, Sir," ſays ſhe, "don't "call me Miſtreſs *Peach*, or I ſhall "think you're going to die. I like "*Dorcas* beſt now. What a Mercy "it was, Sir, Miſtreſs *Cherry* came "in as ſhe did, for we were both "at Death's Door. I dare ſay, Sir, "you miſſed me?"

"How ſhould I do otherwiſe?" ſaid he, ſpeaking very thick, and with evident Pain. . . "I've got a "Waſp's Neſt in my Throat, I "think. . . How ſhould I do other- "wiſe, I ſay, when no one came "near me for twenty-four Hours?"

"Ah, Sir," ſays ſhe, "I'm ſure "I beg your Pardon for behaving "ſo ill,—for *being* ſo ill, that is; "but indeed I could not help it. "I thought," continues ſhe, turning to me, "I wouldn't die, as 'twere, "juſt

"juſt under his Noſe, ſo crawled "out of Sight; but put Everything "near him that he could want "before I took the Liberty of "leaving him; and did the beſt "Thing I could for him at parting, "by putting a fine drawing Plaſter "round his Throat. . . Pray, Sir, "did it draw?"

"Draw?" cries he, with the firſt indignant Flaſh I ever ſaw from his pleaſant Eyes . . . and 'twas half humourous, too,—"Like a Cart-"horſe! I ſhould have been dead "Hours ago, you Woman, had I "kept it on!"

Sorrowful as I was, I could not help burſting out a-laughing, and he did ſo too, when ſuddenly ſtopping ſhort and looking very odd,—"I don't know whatever has "given way in my Throat," ſays he, "but verily I think that Laugh "has

" has ſaved me! Here! give me " ſome Water, or Milk, or Any- " thing to drink, for I can ſwallow " now."

So I gave him ſome Water, and ran down Stairs for ſome Milk, the Night-watchman having promiſed to ſet ſome within the Door. When I got back, there was quite another Expreſſion on his Face; compoſed and thankful. *Dorcas* was ſhedding Tears as ſhe tended him, quite thoughtleſs of herſelf.

" Now, *Cherry*," ſays he, " do " perſuade this dear Woman to lie " down and take Care of herſelf, " for ſhe has had Faith enough in " her famous Plaſters to have put " one about her own Throat, and " I know what ſhe muſt be ſuffer- " ing, or will have to ſuffer."

So I gently led her back to her Mattreſs, and then, ſitting down by Maſter

Maſter *Blower*, fed him with ſome Sponge-cake that was none the worſe for being ſtale when ſopped in Milk, warm from the Cow. He took it with great Satisfaction, and ſaid he hoped I ſhould not think him greedy when I remembered how long he had faſted. Then he would not be peaceified till I went down Stairs and breakfaſted by myſelf: telling me his Mind to him a Kingdom was, or ſomewhat to that Effect, which I could thoroughly believe. When I came back, *Dorcas* ſeemed ſleeping ſoundly, though not very eaſily. Maſter *Blower* had got the ſame heavenly Look as when I firſt ſaw him. I aſked him if there were Anything I could do for him. He ſaid, Yes, I could read him the fortieth Pſalm. When I had done ſo, he ſaid, "And now you can read

"me

"me the hundred and ſixteenth." That, he ſaid, would do to reflect upon, and I might go my Ways now; he ſhould want Nothing more for a good While. So I ſat down in a great Arm-chair with a tall Back, wherein, the Chair being mighty comfortable, and I ſomewhat o'erwearied with watching, (not being very ſtrong yet,) or ever I was aware I fell aſleep, which certainly was not very good Nurſing nor good Manners.

When I woke up, which may perhaps have been not ſo ſoon as it ſeemed to me, "Well, Miſtreſs "*Cherry*," ſays Maſter *Blower*, ſomewhat ironically, "I hope you "have had a good Nap. A Penny "for your Dream."

I ſaid it had been a wonderful pleaſant one . . . too wonderful, I feared, to come true.

"Well

"Well, let's have it, nevertheleſs," ſays he; "I like hearing wonderful "Dreams ſometimes, when I've "Nothing better to do. So, now "for it."

—When I came to think it over, however, it ſeemed ſo different, waking and ſleeping, that I deſpaired of making it ſeem to him Anything like what it had ſeemed to me.

"Come," ſaid he, "you're making "a new one."

"Oh, no, Sir!" ſaid I, "I would "not do ſuch a Thing on any "Account.—My Dream was this; "—only I fear you'll call it a "comical one. . . Methought I was "walking with you, Sir, (I beg "your Pardon for dreaming of you, "which I ſhould not have done if "I had not been nurſing of you, "I dare ſay)—"

"Pardon's

"Pardon's granted," ſays he. "Go on."

"I thought, Sir, I was walking "with you in a Garden all full of "Roſes, Pinks, Crownations, Co- "lumbines, Jolly-flowers, Hearts- "eaſe, and—and . ."

"A Kiſs behind the Garden "Gate," ſays he.

I was quite thrown out; and ſaid, I did not believe there was ſuch a Flower.

"Oh yes, there is," ſays he,— "Well, but the reſt of your "Dream—"

"That's all, Sir."

"*All?*" cries he.

"Yes, Sir; only that we went "on walking and walking, and the "Garden was ſo mighty pleaſant."

"Why, you told me there was "Something wonderful in it!" ſays he.

I ſaid

I ſaid it *had* ſeemed wonderful at the Time—

"That there was *not* a Kiſs be-
"hind the Garden-gate," ſays he laughing. "O fie, *Cherry!*"

I felt quite aſhamed; and ſaid it was very ſilly to tell Dreams, or to believe in them.

"Why, yes," ſaid he ſeriouſly,
"it *is* fooliſh to believe in the diſ-
"jointed Images thrown together
"by a diſtempered Fancy; though
"aforetime it oft pleaſed our
"HEAVENLY FATHER to commu-
"nicate his Will to his Servants
"through the Avenues of their
"ſleeping Senſes. How ſhould you
"and I be walking in a Garden
"together? There are no Gardens
"in *Whitechapel, Cherry.* In *Berk-*
"*ſhire,* indeed, my Brother the
"Squire has a Garden ſomething
"like what you deſcribe, full of
"Roſes,

"Roſes, Pinks, and Gilly-flowers,
"with great, flouriſhed iron Gates,
"and broad, turfen Walks, and
"Arbours, like green Wigs, and
"clipped Hedges full of Snails, and
"Ponds full of Fiſh. If I go
"down there to get well, *Cherry*,
"as peradventure I may, for I ſhall
"want ſetting up again before I'm
"fit for Work—(I've fallen away
"till I'm as thin as *Don Quixote!*)
"I'll aſk his Wife to invite you
"down, *Cherry*, to ſee the Garden;
"and then we'll look up all thoſe
"Flowers we were talking about."

"Thank you kindly, Sir," ſaid I, ſorrowfully, "but I don't think "I can go . . I muſt be looking for "my Father."

"Your Father!" cries he, in Amaze. "Why, dear *Cherry*, I "thought you told me he was "dead!"

I tried

I tried to anſwer him, but could not, and fell a-ſobbing.

"Come," ſays he, quite moved, "I want to hear all this ſad Story."

When I was compoſed enough to tell it him, he liſtened with deep Attention, and I ſaw a Tear ſteal down his Cheek.

"*Cherry*," ſays he at length, "you muſt give over hoping he "will return, my Dear. There is "not a Likelihood of it. Conſider "how long a Time has elapſed "ſince he went forth; and how "many, as dear to their Families as "your Father to you, have been "cut off in the Streets at a "Moment's Notice, and carried off "to the Dead-pits before they "were recogniſed. For ſuch awful "Caſualties the Good are not un-"prepared. Inſtead of carrying "back Infection and Deſolation to "his

"his Home, and lingering for "Hours and Days in unſpeakable "Agonies, the good Man was "doubtleſs carried at once to the "Boſom of his GOD."

Then he ſpake Words that killed Hope, and yet brought Healing; and after weeping long and plentifully, I began to ſee Things as he did, and to feel convinced I ſhould ſee my Father's Face no more: which, indeed, I never did.

CHAP. XI.

Diſtinction between would & ſhould.

Dorcas, who continued very ill all this Day, began thereafter to amend, and was able to take the ſole Night-watch. But the Watchman would not let me go forth, though he would ſend my Meſſages to *Violet*, and give me the Packages of Clothing and ſo forth that *Violet* ſent me. However, one Day a Doctor called, and gave as his Reaſon for not coming before, that he had been ill himſelf. And he ſaid both my Patients were in ſuch a fair Way of Recovery, that he thought

thought in another Week I might leave the Houſe without Danger to myſelf or others, only attending to the proper Fumigations.

Maſter *Blower* now ſat up in his eaſy Chair, half wakeful, half dozing, for he was too weak to read much. But he liked me to read to him, which I did for Hours together; and the Subject-matter of the Book often gave Riſe to much pleaſant Talk, inſomuch that I began to be ſecretly and ſelfiſhly ſorry that the Time was ſo near at Hand when he would be well enough to do without me.

At other Times I got him to talk to me about the Country-houſe of his Brother, the Squire, wherein he himſelf had been born, and had ſpent all his boyiſh Days. And when I heard him tell about the little ivy-covered Church, and the pretty

pretty Churchyard planted with Flowers, and the ruſtic Congregation in their red Cloaks and white Frocks, and the Village Choir with their Pipes and Rebecks, it ſeemed to me I would rather, a thouſand Times, be Vicar or even Curate of ſuch a Place as that than have ever ſuch a large, grand Living in *Whitechapel*. And ſo I told him.

At other Times I ſat ſewing quite ſilent by the Window, leaving him to doze if he could; and ſometimes I could ſee without looking up, that his Eye would reſt on me for a good While at a Time. I did not care a Pin about it, and made as though I took no Notice.

"*Cherry*," ſays he, after one of theſe Ruminations, "what have the "Men been about, that you have "never got married?"

I plucked up my Spirit on this; and, "Sir," ſaid I, "if you can tell "me of any ſuitable Anſwer I can "poſſibly make to ſuch a Queſtion "as that, I'll be much obliged to you "for it, and will make Uſe of it!"

"Well!" ſays he, "it *was* a "queer Queſtion . . . only, the "Thing ſeems ſo wonderful to "me! Such a pretty Girl as "you were when I firſt knew "you!"

"Ah, that was a long While "ago, Sir," ſaid I, threading my Needle.

"It was!" ſaid he, decidedly; and then looking at me in an amuſed Kind of Way, to ſee how I took it. "A long While ago, "as you ſay, *Cherry!* And, do "you know, I think exactly the "ſame of you now, that I did "then!"

"I am

"I am very much obliged to "you, Sir," ſaid I; and went to make him a Bread-pudding.

Another Time, we fell to talking about the Awfulneſs of the Viſitation, which, he ſaid, he feared would make no laſting Impreſſion on the People. And he ſpoke much about individual Sins helping to bring down national Chaſtiſements; and individual Interceſſions and Supplications inviting Forgiveneſs of general Tranſgreſſions; quoting *Daniel*, and *Abraham*, and *Jeremiah*, "Run ye to and fro "through the Streets of *Jeruſalem*, "and ſee now and know, and ſeek "in the broad Places thereof, if ye "can find a Man that executeth "Judgment, that ſeeketh the Truth; "and I will pardon it."

Another Time, feeling weaker than common, he began to deſpond about

about getting down to his Brother the Squire's. I ſaid, "Dear Sir, if "you are not equal to ſo long a "Journey, you can come, for "Change of Air, to your old "Quarters on the Bridge."

"Ah, *Cherry*," ſaid he, faintly ſmiling, "what would Folks ſay if "I did that?"

"Why, what *ſhould* they ſay, "Sir?" ſaid I.

"I'm not conſidering what they "*ſhould* ſay," ſaid he; "what they "*would* ſay, *Cherry*, would probably "be, that I meant to marry you; "or ought to mean it."

I ſaid I did not ſuppoſe they would or could ſay any ſuch Thing; I being ſo long known on the Bridge,—and he of his Years—"

"Humph!" ſaid he, "I am but "forty-four! To hear you talk, "one

"one might think I was a—" . . . I forget what Sort of an Arian he called himſelf,—"Do "you know what that means, "*Cherry?*"

I ſaid, I believed it was ſome Sort of a Diſſenter. On which he laughed outright; and ſaid it meant ſixty or ſeventy Years of Age, I forget which.

"And I'm not quite ſuch an old "Codger as that," ſaid he, "ſo I "won't accept your kind Invitation, "though I thank you heartily for "it. But we muſt not let our "Good be evil ſpoken of."

All this was ſpoken in ſuch a ſimple, genial, attaching Sort of a Way,—for his Manners were always gentle and well-nurtured,—that it only went to make me like him more and more, and think what a Privilege it was to be thus in hourly

hourly Communion with Maſter *Blower*.

Parting Time came at laſt. It was my own Fault if I left not that Houſe a wiſer, better, and happier Woman. *Dorcas* and I ſaw him ſtart off for *Berkſhire;* and there was a Tear in my Eye, when he took my Hand to bid me Farewell.

"*Cherry*," ſaid he, ſtill holding my Hand, and looking at me with great Goodneſs and Sweetneſs, "I "ſhall never forget that to you, "under Heaven, I owe my Life. "And, by the Way, there is Some-"thing I have often thought of "naming to you, only that it never "occurred to me at the proper "Time . . a very odd Circumſtance. "—When I eſcaped to *Holland*, "and, as ſome People thought, was "in Want of Money, I found ſeven gold

" gold Pieces in the Inſide of one
" of my Slippers! Who could have
" put them there, do you think?
" Ah, *Cherry!*—There! God bleſs
" you!"

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Camping out in Epping Foreſt.

When I returned Home, my Neighbours looked ſtrangely on me, as though I were one riſen from the Dead, after nurſing two People through the Plague without Hurt. I ſaid not much, however, to any of them except to *Violet*.

When I had told her all I had to tell, ſhe ſaid, "Well, I think the "Tale ends rather flatly: you and "Maſter *Blower* might as well have "made a Match of it."

"Truly, *Violet*," ſaid I, "I think "Women of our Age may be "capable

"capable of a diſintereſted Action,
"without Queſtion of Match-
"making."

"As to Women of *our* Age," retorted ſhe, "ſpeak for yourſelf,
"if you pleaſe! You may make
"out yourſelf to be as old as you
"will; but I mean to ſtick at
"Twenty-eight!"

I ſaid not another Word, but ſecretly wondered how ſtrangely tender ſome People are on the Subject of Age. Even Maſter *Blower*, who had owned to Forty-four, did not like me to reckon him at Fifty.

It was now quite the latter End of *October*, the Diſtemper was abating, and People were beginning to venture back to their Homes, and a few Shops were re-opened. *Hugh Braidfoot* and his Family returned among the reſt. But too heedleſs

heedleſs an Expoſure to the Infection yet lingering among us cauſed the Diſtemper to rage again with great Fury before it abated for good.

I now kept myſelf cloſe, and ſpent the Chief of the Day at my Needle or Book, working much for the Poor, who were like enough to be deſtitute in the Winter. Firſt, however, I put on Mourning for my poor, dear Father, whom I could not bear to deny this Mark of Remembrance, though the Mortality being ſo great, People had quite left off wearing Black for their Friends. Much he dwelt in my ſad, ſolitary Thoughts; and when they ran not on him, they chiefly ſettled on Maſter *Blower*. The more I conſidered their Characters, the more Beauty I found in them.

I never opened the Shop-ſhutters now,

now, except for a little Light. Trade was utterly ſtagnant; and my Father's Buſineſs had dropped with him. The little I might have done in the Perfumery Line, had the Town not been empty, would not have been worth ſpeaking of: it was a Mercy, therefore, that my dear Father had left me well provided.

One Evening, when it was getting too duſk to work or read, and I was falling into a Muſe, a tall Shadow darkened the Door, which happened to be ajar, and the next Moment a Man whom I did not immediately recogniſe, entered the Parlour and ſtepped up to me.

"*Cherry!* dear *Cherry!*" he ſaid in a ſtifled Voice, and took me in his Arms with a Brother's Affection. It was poor *Mark*.

"Dear *Mark!*" I ſaid, "where

"*have*

"*have* you been? Oh, how often "have I thought of you!"

"Aye, *Cherry*, well you might, "and pray for me, too," ſaid he, ſomewhat wildly. "Oh, what a "Tale I have to tell you!—You will either hate or deſpiſe me."

"You are ill, very ill," ſaid I, looking fearfully at his haggard Face; "let me give you Something "before you ſay another Word."

"Wine, then," ſaid he; and drank with avidity the Glaſs I poured out, and then filled it again himſelf. "Thanks, dear *Cherry!*— "will my Uncle be coming in?"

I looked at him and at my Dreſs, and could not ſpeak; but there was no need—"Ah!"—ſaid he; and wrung my Hand, and then dropped it.

"*Cherry*," ſaid he, after a Moment's Pauſe, "you know how "afraid

" afraid I was of the Plague, and
" how my Wife taunted me for it,
" and for taking the commoneſt
" Precautions. She herſelf braved
" it, defied it; ſecure in her Amulet
" and Fortune-telling. What was
" worſe, ſhe cruelly expoſed her
" Servants to it, for the mereſt
" Trifles. We had Words about it
" often: bitter Words, at laſt—She
" accuſed me, utterly without Foun-
" dation, of caring more for the
" Servant-girl than for her, reviled
" me for tempting my own Fate by
" Fear; finally, ſaid I ſhould be no
" great Loſs, for I had never cared
" much for her, nor ſhe for me.
" All this embittered me againſt
" her. Well, the poor Maid caught
" the Plague at the Butchers' Stalls,
" and, the next Night, was in the
" dead Cart. The following Day,
" our youngeſt 'Prentice died. The
" other

" other decamped in the Night. I " now became nearly Mad with " Fear and Anger; and, finding my " Wife would not ſtir, or at leaſt, " as ſhe ſaid, ' not yet,' I conſidered " that Self-preſervation was the firſt " Law of Nature; and, taking a " good Supply of Money with me, " I left the Houſe in the Night. " Fear of being driven back was " my ſole Feeling till I got clear " out of *London;* then, I began to " have an Impreſſion I had done " wrong. But 'twas Death, 'twas " Madneſs to think of turning back. " On I went . . .

" It had been my Impreſſion, " *Cherry*, that, with plenty of " Money in my Pocket, I could " make my Way wherever I would; " but now, in whatever Direction I " went, I came upon a Watchman, " who, becauſe I had no Clean Bill

" of

" of Health to ſhow, would not let
" me paſs. At length, after run-
" ning hither and thither, through-
" out the Night, I came upon a
" couple of Men, with a ſmall Cart
" and Horſe. They ſeemed to be
" in the ſame Strait as myſelf, and
" talked of fetching a Compaſs to
" *Bow*. I aſked them to let me
" join them, and they conſented.
" They were a rough Sort of
" Fellows; one it ſeemed had de-
" ſerted his Mother, the other his
" Wife. Their Conduct, and their
" brutal Way of talking of it, only
" made mine ſeem more ugly.

" On *Bow Bridge* the Watch
" would have queſtioned us, but we
" croſſed the Road into a narrow
" Way leading to *Old Ford*. After-
" wards we got on to *Homerton* and
" *Hackney*, and at length into the
" northern Road. Here we went
" on

" on till we ſaw ſome Men running
" towards us; then we ſtruck into
" a Lane, halted at a Barn, and had
" ſome Bread and Cheeſe. The
" Food was theirs, but I paid for
" my Share; and I saw them curi-
" ouſly eying my Money. After-
" wards they aſked one or two
" Queſtions about my Reſources,
" which I did not much like.

" Well, we kept on till we were
" many Miles from *London*, occa-
" ſionally dodging Villages and
" Conſtables. At Nightfall we
" reached the Skirt of a Wood.
" Here my Companions propoſed
" to ſleep; but as ſoon as they were
" fairly off, I ſtole away. I wan-
" dered a long Way from them in
" the Wood; at length took re-
" fuge in a Cow-ſhed. I thought
" I heard Voices, not far off,
" which made me uneaſy; how-
" ever,

"ever, I was ſo tired that I fell
"aſleep.

"As ſoon as Day dawned, I made
"off; and, not knowing which
"Track to take, went on at Random,
"till I came to a large old Barn.
"To my Surpriſe, I heard ſome
"one praying within. I looked in,
"and ſaw, not one, but a dozen
"Men, and two or three Women
"and Children. I ſtood reverently
"aſide till the old Man had done,
"and heard him pray that they
"might all continue to be ſpared
"from the awful Viſitation. When
"they uncovered their Faces, I
"ſtept forward, on which there
"was a loud Cry, and they warned
"me off. It was to no Uſe
"ſpeaking, they would not hear
"me as I had no Paſſport. Diſ-
"pirited and hungry, I ſtrayed
"away till I came to the Skirt of

" the Wood, in Sight of a Cluſter
" of Houſes. I was about to make
" for them, when three Men, with
" a Pitchfork, Bludgeon, and Horſe-
" whip ruſhed upon me and collared
" me, ſaying, ' Here's one of them!'
" —I ſtruggled, and ſaid, ' One of
" whom? I belong to no Party,
" and am a healthy, innocent Man.'
" ' That ſounds well,' ſaid one of
" them, ' but we gueſs you are
" one of a Gang that, after threat-
" ening and intimidating our Town
" yeſterday, broke into a lone Farm-
" houſe laſt Night; ſo we'll take
" you before a Magiſtrate.' ' Do
" ſo,' ſaid I, ' for it will be better
" than ſtarving in the Wood, and
" I ſhall be able to clear myſelf.'
" So, after a Time, finding I made
" no Reſiſtance, they gave over
" dragging me, and let me walk by
" myſelf, only keeping cloſe about
" me,

" me, with an ugly Bull-dog at my
" Heels. However, I did not feel
" over-ſure, *Cherry*, that my Story
" would ſatisfy the Magiſtrate, ſo
" when we reached a ſmall Public-
" houſe where we found a Conſtable,
" I privately ſlipped a Half-crown
" into his Hand, and he, after a
" little Parley, gave it as his Opinion
" that I was an honeſt Man, whereon
" the others deſiſted from giving
" me in Charge. But they would
" by no Means admit me into the
" Houſe, only brought out ſome
" Bread and Beer and ſet them at
" a Diſtance, and then went away
" while I ate and drank.

" There ſeemed Nothing to do
" but to turn again into the Wood;
" and as I was without Object,
" foot-ſore, and ſpiritleſs, I pauſed
" at the firſt inviting Spot I came
" to, and caſt myſelf along under a
" Tree.

" Tree. Here I ſuppoſe I ſlept a
" good While: when I awoke, it
" was with a ſtrange Senſe of De-
" preſſion, and it occurred to me
" I might be plague-ſtricken after
" all. As if I could fly yet from
" the Diſtemper, if that were the
" Caſe, I reſolved to be moving;
" for I had no Mind to die like a
" Rat in a Hole. Juſt then I heard
" Voices cloſe on the other Side
" the Tree; and, eyeing the Speakers
" between the Branches, could make
" out a numerous Band of Men and
" a few Women, who were eating
" and drinking. I did not like their
" Appearance much, and thought
" of retreating, when one of them,
" ſeeing me ſtir, cries,—'A Spy!'
" and drags me into the Midſt. I
" was pretty roughly handled till
" they ſettled it to their Minds I
" was a harmleſs Sort of a Fellow;
" and

" and then they told me they would
" let me join the Crew if I would
" caſt my Lot among them, and
" put whatever I had about me into
" the common Stock. I was no
" Ways minded to do this; however,
" I gave them a few Shillings,
" which, after a little Demur, they
" took, and I then was free of the
" Company. I ſoon had Reaſon to
" apprehend they were the Band
" who had affrighted the Townſmen
" the Day before, and plundered
" the Farm in the Night; and it
" ſeemed as if a ſelect Council of
" them were concerting Something
" of the Sort again, though they
" did not invite me to participate.
" As this was not the Sort of Com-
" pany I had any Mind to aſſociate
" with, I dragged through the
" Afternoon and Evening as well
" as I could, moſtly apart. They
" then

" then began to put up Booths and
" Tents for the Night, at which I
" was glad to aſſiſt, rather than do
" Nothing; but I lay a little Way
" off, under a Tree. In the Night
" I felt ſome one lugging at the
" little Parcel of Clothing I laid
" my Head upon.—I hit a Blow at
" Random, which made whoever it
" was move off without a Word;
" and then I thought it was Time
" for me to move off too. I got
" away unperceived, and could not
" ſettle again all Night. When
" Day broke, I was in a Part of
" the Foreſt that was new to me. .
" The Sun was ſhining on ſome
" gnarled old Oaks, and along green
" Glades; there were Birds ſinging,
" Hares running acroſs the Graſs,
" and Wild-flowers overhanging a
" little Brook of clear Water. Oh,
" *Cherry!* how I ſhould have en-
" joyed

"joyed idling in ſuch a Place if I
"had had a quiet Mind!

"I drank ſome Water, and waſhed
"my Face; and juſt then I ſaw
"ſome Women paſſing through the
"Trees, carrying large, country
"Loaves, and tin Cans of Milk.
"They did not ſee me, but ſet
"down their Burthens near a large
"Stone. Then they retreated and
"ſtood a little Way off, and pre-
"ſently, two pretty-looking Girls
"came tripping out of the Wood,
"took up the Loaves, emptied the
"Milk into brown Pitchers of their
"own, put ſome Silver on the
"Stone, and cried, 'Here's your
"Money, good People!'

"Then they returned into the
"Wood, and I followed them. I
"ſaid, 'Shall I carry one of your
"Pitchers?' they looked affrighted,
"and cried, 'Pray, Sir, keep off . .
"how

" how do we know that you may " not have the Plague?' I ſaid, 'I " aſſure you, it was to eſcape from " the Plague that I came into the " Wood, and here I ſeem likely to " ſtarve, though I have Plenty of " Money.' They looked at one " another, and ſaid, 'If it be true, " his Caſe is hard,—let us tell my " Father.' They went away, and by " and by an elderly Man came to me " from among the Trees. He queſ- " tioned me very narrowly, and ſatiſ- " fying himſelf at length that I was " both ſound and reſpectable, he " admitted me to their little En- " campment, which conſiſted of five " or ſix little Huts, a Family in " each; beſides a few Cabins the " ſingle Men had ſet up for them- " ſelves. I did the like, added my " Stock to theirs, and continued " with them all the Time their

" Encampment

" Encampment laſted, which was
" till Yeſterday, when, the Weather
" turning cold, and the News of
" the Abatement of the Diſtemper
" having reached us, we reſolved to
" return to our Homes.—I could
" make you quite in Love with our
" Camp Life, *Cherry*, if I choſe to
" enlarge upon ſome Things, and
" leave others out of Sight,—in
" ſhort, make it appear the Thing
" it was not. But, honeſtly ſpeak-
" ing, though we were very thankful
" to buy our Safety at the Price
" of much Inconvenience, all the
" Romance of our Situation ſoon
" faded away, and we were right
" glad to ſet our Faces homewards
" again, even without being fully
" certified we could do ſo with
" Impunity.

" But, to what a Home did I
" return! The Houſe was pad-

" locked

"locked up, and Everything in "the Poſſeſſion of the *Lord Mayor*. "And, from a Watchman out "of Employ, who was taking "Care of a Houſe over the "Way, and who did not know "me, I heard the Circumſtances "of my Wife's frightful Death. "Oh, *Cherry!* we did not care "for each other much; but I fear "it was cowardly and cruel of me "to forſake her!"

—And *Mark* laid his Head on his Arms and wept. Preſently he ſaid, "What to do, I know not. "I ſhall be able, by Application "to the *Lord Mayor* to-morrow, "to get back my Houſe and "Property; but—to tell you the "Truth—I have no great Fancy "to go back there; at any Rate, "till the Houſe has been well "fumigated. So that . . . will you "take

" take Compaſſion on me, and let " me return awhile to my old " Quarters, *Cherry?*"

Of courſe I ſaid I would.

CHAP. XIII.

Ghoſts.

It was now Supper-time; and *Mark*, having leſſened the Senſe of his Troubles by telling of them, although he began by thinking he could not eat a Mouthful, ended by making a very hearty Supper. Indeed, he ſo much commended the one or two ſimple Diſhes ſet upon Table, and ſpoke ſo ſtrongly, though briefly, on the Subject of good and bad Cookery, that, as it had been his Diſpoſition to be contented with Anything that was ſet before him in his unmarried Days,

I ſet

I ſet it all down to the Diſcomfort of his late Life in the Foreſt. Afterwards I was diſpoſed to change my Mind about this, and to decide that Miſtreſs *Blenkinſop*, who in their early married Days had pampered and petted him amazingly, (whereby his good Looks had ſuffered no little,) had really deſtroyed the ſimple Taſtes which were once ſo becoming in him, and had made him Something of an Epicure.

After the Table was cleared, he drew near me again, and with real Concern in his Manner, preſſed me to tell him about my Father. I did ſo from firſt to laſt, with many Tears; adding thereunto my nurſing of Maſter *Blower*. He ſighed a good many Times as I went on, and after I had done; exclaiming at laſt, "What a Difference between "you and me!"

"All

"All People have not the ſame "Qualifications," ſaid I.

"No," ſaid he, and ſeemed to think I had now hit the right Nail on the Head.

"And *Violet*—" ſaid he, after a Pauſe, and colouring deeply. "Is "ſhe quite well, *Cherry?*"

"Quite," I ſaid; and could think of Nothing more to ſay.

"I wonder," ſaid he in a low Voice, as if he were almoſt afraid to hear the Echo of his own Thoughts, "whether ſhe would "now have Anything to ſay to "me?"

I ſaid, looking away from him, "Such Queſtions as that ſhould "only be put to the Parties con-"cerned."

"You are right," ſaid he; and ſat a long While ſilent, leaning his Head upon his Hand. At length, he

he ſaid, "I am rich now, and ſhe "is poor, *Cherry*."

I ſaid, "Riches and Poverty "don't make much Difference, "*Mark*, when People really love "one another."

"As I have loved—" ſaid he.

I ſaid, "It is Bed-time now, "and here is *Dolly* coming in to "Prayers."

The next Morning, he ſaid he muſt go to the *Lord Mayor* about his Houſe. For the abandoned Effects of ſuch Families as were entirely ſwept away and left no known Heirs, went to the *King*, who made them over to the *Lord Mayor* and *Aldermen*, to be applied to the Uſe of the Poor; and *Mark's* Abſence had made it appear that his Property was in that Caſe.

Soon after he was gone, the uncommon, and, I may almoſt ſay, unparalleled

unparalleled Event occurred to me of receiving a Letter; I was ſo ſurpriſed at the Circumſtance, that for the Moment, I thought it muſt be *from my Father;* or, at leaſt, to tell me he was alive. But no, it was from Maſter *Blower;* and this was what he put in it.

"*Bucklands Hall, Berks.*
"*Oct.* 27, 1665.

"Dear Miſtreſs *Cherry*,

"On firſt coming "down here, I was ſo ill at Eaſe "and out of Sorts, as to require "much Care and Nurſing. Heaven "be praiſed, I am now well, and "I hope you are the ſame. Though "the Pinks and Gilly-flowers are "pretty well over, there are ſtill "ſome gay Autumn Flowers in the "old Garden with the Iron Gate; "and my Brother, the Squire, and "his

"his good Wife want to ſee the "brave Miſtreſs *Cherry* who nurſed "me through the Plague. So come "down to us, dear *Cherry*, to-"morrow, if you can. *John*, the "Coachman, (a ſteady Man,) will "be at your Door, with a white "Horſe and a Pillion at Seven o' "the Clock. And be ſo good, if "it will not be inconvenient to "you, as to bring my Siſter-in-Law "a little Mace and green Ginger; "and alſo (on my Account) one of "thoſe Saffron-cakes they uſed to "be ſo famous for at the Bridge-"foot.

"Your faithful and obliged Friend,

"NATHANAEL BLOWER.

"If you don't come, you muſt "write."

Here was an Event! An Invitation to the Country was a ſtill more ſtartling

ſtartling Occurrence than the Receipt of a Letter. Many of the Circumſtances connected with it were delightful; but then, it ſeemed ſo ſtrange, ſo awful, to go to ſtay with People I had never ſeen, . . . ſuch grand People, too! I that was ſo unuſed to fine Company, and did not know how to behave!—And Maſter *Blower* knew all this, knew exactly what I was, and yet had prevailed with them to ſay they ſhould be happy to ſee me!—Oh, his Goodneſs of Heart had this Time carried him too far! They had ſaid ſo juſt to pleaſe him, without expecting I ſhould go!—And yet, if the Lady were *very* much put to it for Mace and green Ginger. . . And if Maſter *Blower's* Heart were very much ſet upon giving her the Saffron-cake. . . I ſuppoſed I had better go. If I found

found myſelf very much out of Place, I could come away the next Day.

Then I thought I would go and conſult *Violet;* for, in Fact, I wanted a little perſuading to do what I very much liked. So I ſtepped acroſs the Bridge. The Shop was open, but nobody was in it; ſo I went to the Parlour Door, and opened it.

Directly I had done ſo, I ſaw *Violet* and *Mark*, ſitting cloſe together, their Backs to me, and his Arm round her Waiſt. I cloſed the Door ſo ſoftly that they did not know it had been opened, and went Home. A Pang ſhot through my Heart. It was entirely on their own Accounts, for I had ceaſed, for Years, to have Anything but a moſt ſiſterly Concern in him; and his Character, compared with thoſe of the

the People I had moſt loved, failed to ſtand the Teſt: but I thought this was too quick, too ſudden, to be quite comely or decent; there was too much Paſſion, too little Self-reſpect.

I now made up my Mind without any more Heſitation, that I would go into the Country. I gave my parting Directions to *Dolly*, and deſired her to let *Mark* have Things comfortable. Then I made up my little Travelling-equipage, not forgetting my Commiſſions. Being in freſh, well-made Mourning, there was no Trouble or Anxiety about Dreſs. I quite enjoyed the pleaſing Buſtle of Preparation, though I did not expect to be abſent longer than a Week.

Mark was not very punctual to the Supper-hour; and as he ſaid Nothing of his Viſit over the Way, I was

I was to conclude him all Day at my *Lord Mayor's* or in *Cheapſide*. But the deep Carmine of his Cheek and the burning Light of his Eye, told Tales. I aſked him if he had dined. He careleſſly replied yes, with a Friend. I aſked him if he had ſeen the *Lord Mayor*. He ſaid yes, it had been a more troubleſome Buſineſs than he expected: they had aſked him ſo many ſearching Queſtions, and had got the whole Story out of him. He feared he had cut a ſorry Figure. At any Rate, he had in his own Sight. Then I aſked him whether he had got back his Houſe. He ſaid yes, and had put an old Woman into it, who had undertaken to fumigate it. Everything ſeemed ſealed up, but he could not help fearing many Things were gone. The old Place looked ſo diſmal, he came away as ſoon as he could.

After

After a Pauſe, he ſaid, "*Cherry*, "I feel a ſtrong Inclination to get "rid of that Concern altogether. "The Situation is capital, and I "ſhall get Something for the Buſi- "neſs; but I have a great Mind "to ſet up ſomewhere elſe; and "though your Father's was a much "ſmaller Buſineſs than ours, yet "my happieſt Hours have been "paſſed under this Roof; and if "you like to give up the Shop to "me, I will give for it whatever "I get for my own. And you can "ſtill live with us. . . I mean, we "can ſtill live here together. What "ſay you, *Cherry?*"

I ſaid, "Dear *Mark*, I have no "Wiſh to receive for theſe Premiſes "what you get for your own. The "Shop you are welcome to; the "Buſineſs you will have to remake "for yourſelf, for it has dwindled "quite

" quite away; I ſhall be very glad
" to continue to live with you as
" long as you like to have me."

" We . . I ſhall *always* like to
" have you, *Cherry*," ſaid he, " for
" there is only one Perſon dearer to
" me in the whole World."

" My Father has left me ſo com-
" fortably provided," ſaid I, " that
" I ſhall never need to be a Burthen
" on any one."

" I am glad of it for your own
" Sake," returned he; " but, as to
" my taking up the Buſineſs without
" paying for it, that is not to be
" thought of. Whatever I get for
" mine, you ſhall have for yours."

" So let it ſtand at preſent, at
" at any Rate," ſaid I. " Hence-
" forth, the Shop is yours. And,
" *Mark*, you will have the whole
" Houſe to yourſelf to-morrow, for
" I am going into the Country."

" Where?"

"Where?" ſaid he, opening his Eyes very wide.

"To *Bucklands Hall*, in *Berkſhire;* "to ſtay with Maſter . . . with "Squire and Miſtreſs *Blower*."

A broad Smile ſpread over his Face. "I am very glad indeed "to hear of it, *Cherry*," ſaid he.— "*Very* glad of it."

Afterwards, as we ſat chatting over our Supper, we got on the Subject of Ghoſts. He aſked me if I believed in them. I ſaid no.

"Well, I do," ſaid he ſighing. And told me of a Story he had had from the Servant of Sir *Richard Hart*, who, travelling with his Maſter, had been ſummoned by him early one Morning, and charged to ride Home with all Speed, a Diſtance of ſeventeen Miles, and ſee how fared his Daughter, whom he conceited to have ſeen in the Night

Night, ſtanding at his Bed-foot, with her Hand preſſed to her Head. The Man rode back as he was told; and returned with the News that the young Lady had indeed been taken ill about four o'Clock that Morning, but had had a Doctor with her, and was now pretty well again. However, in the Courſe of the Day ſhe died.

I ſaid, "Her Father, in a Dream, "may have had ſo ſtrong an Im- "preſſion he was waking, that to "him it had all the Effect of being "awake."

"But ſuch a Dream as ſhould "ſo raiſe the Dead, or pre-figure "their Death, *Cherry*," ſaid *Mark*, "would be as bad as if they *were* "raiſed—to *us*. . . I think I, for "one, could not ſtand it." And I ſaw then why he was afraid to return to his own Houſe.

We

We talked the Matter quietly over for ſome Time; and I aſked him why, if the Courſe taken by Divine Providence in the Adminiſtration of human Affairs ever admitted of the Re-appearance of the Dead, the recorded Caſes of ſuch ſuppoſed Appearances ſhould only be to frighten ſome timid Perſon, reſtore a Bag of Gold, or acquaint ſome one with what they would otherwiſe know a few Hours after. This appeared to ſtrike him; but he ſaid it might be for the Sake of Warning. I ſaid, If for Warning, why not for Comfort? How glad ſhould I have been, for Inſtance, to be informed ſupernaturally that all was well with my Father? He ſaid, not *that* Way, ſurely. I replied yes, that Way or any Way that it had pleaſed the ALMIGHTY to vouchſafe me ſuch Knowledge.

Knowledge. I ſhould not be afraid (and there was an Intenſity of Earneſtneſs in me as I ſaid it) to ſee either him or my Mother, either in or out of the Body.

"Well," muttered he, half under his Breath, "I wiſh I could feel as "much with regard to my Wife." And, regarding me with ſome Earneſtneſs, added, "You're a bold "little Thing, *Cherry!*"

As I wiſhed him good Night, he ſtayed me for a Moment, and ſaid, with all his old Frankneſs and Truſt, "*Violet* and I have "made Things out between us, "*Cherry*."

I ſaid fervently, "Then, may "you both be happy. My Belief "is, that ſhe is likelier to make "you happy now, than ſhe was "before."

"Not quite ſo pretty, though," ſaid

ſaid he, rather regretfully. "How-
"ever, I don't mind that. —
"For, you ſee, *Cherry*, *I love*
"*her!*"

CHAP. XIV.

Riding a Pillion.

DOLLY and I had ſpent great Part of the Afternoon in bruſhing up and cleaning an old black riding Skirt of my Mother's, which it was a Wonder I had not cut up into Garments for the Poor. When we had cleaned it with Hollands, and ironed it nicely, it looked very well; for our Houſe was ſo airy, that our Clothes never had the Moth.

Preciſely at the Hour named, an old Man in purple Livery rode up to the Door, on a grey Horſe with a Pillion. *Mark*, who was very lively

lively this Morning, told me he thought the Horſe looked like a Bolter; but I knew he was only laughing at me. Then he aſked me how I meant to mount; I said, with a Chair, to be ſure. He ſaid, "Nonſenſe!" and lifted me up in a Moment, and arranged my Riding-ſkirt as nicely as if he had been a Lady's Groom. Then he told the old Man to be careful of me; but the old Coachman proved to be both dull and deaf, by reaſon of great Age; ſo *Mark* whiſpered me that he was not afraid of his running away with me, if the Horſe did not; finiſhing with "Good bye, "*Miſtreſs Blower*."

I gave him an indignant Look, and ſaid, "For ſhame, *Mark!* I "have not deſerved that!"

"Well," ſaid he, "*I* think you "*have*." And juſt then the old Man

Man jerked the Rein of the old Horſe, which moved off ſo ſuddenly, that I was fain to catch hold of the old Man's Coat; and the last Glance I had of *Mark* was a merry one.

At firſt I felt a little bit frightened; but ſoon got uſed to my new Position; eſpecially as the Horſe walked till we were off the Stones. Still we ſeemed a long while getting out of *London;* and we met a great many People returning to it, in Carts, Waggons, and Coaches.

At length we got quite out of Town, and between green Hedges, with Trees beyond them that were turning all manner of Colours; with only a Houſe here and there, or a Wayſide Inn. At one of the latter we ſtopped in the middle of the Day, to reſt the Horſe, and take ſome Refreſhment. Then we continued

tinued our Journey, which laſted till Sunſet, and the latter Part of which was mighty pleaſant and delightſome; only I was beginning to be a little weary with ſo much shaking. But, when I ſaw how charming a Place the Country was, I wondered how People could live in Towns . . . unleſs on a Bridge.

At length we turned off the Highway into a Bye-road, ſhaded with tall Trees, which, after a Mile or two, brought us to a ſtraggling Village; and, ſays the Coachman, "Miſtreſs, now we's in *Bucklands*." Preſently we paſſed the abſoluteſt curioſity of a little old Church! . . it ſeemed hardly bigger than a Nutmeg-grater!—and hard by it, the old Parsonage, with three Stone Peaks in front, and a great Pear-Tree before the Door.

Then we came to a Village Green,

Green, with a Clump of large Trees in the Midſt, that had Seats round them, whereon ſat old Men, while young Men played Cricket, and little Boys were ſetting a Puppy to bark at ſome white Geeſe. Here we came to a great Iron Gate, at which ſtood a hale, hearty-looking Gentleman about fifty; ſquare-built, and not over-tall; with a good-humoured, red, mottled Face. And, ſays he, coming up to me, as we ſtopped, "Miſtreſs *Cherry*, I'm "Squire *Blower*. I can gueſs who "you are, though my Brother did "not tell me you were ſuch a pretty "Girl.—Oh, the Sinner!" And lifted me off the Horſe.

"Well," ſays he, "you don't "look quite ſure that I's I . . . I *am*, "though! Certainly, not much "like *Nat*, who was always the "Beauty of the Family. Ah! now

" you laugh, which was juſt what " I wanted. My Brother ſaid your " ſilver Laugh ſaved his Life;—do " you know what he meant by " that?"

We were now walking up a ſtrait gravel Walk, between clipped Hedges, to an old red-brick Houſe, with ſtone Facings. " I ſuppoſe, " Sir," ſaid I, after thinking a little, " he meant that my laughing was " as good as Silver to him, becauſe " it ſaved him the Doctor."

" That was it, no doubt," returns he, " juſt ſuch an Anſwer, Miſtreſs " *Cherry*, as I expected. I ſee we " ſhall get on very well together, " though *Nat* is not here to help " the Acquaintance.—He has gone " to ſee his old Foſter-mother, who " is dying. People *will* die, you " know, when they get to eighty or " ninety."

We

We were now going up a Flight of ſhallow Steps, with Stone Balluſters, which led us into a Hall, paved with great Diamonds of black and white Marble, and hung about with Guns, Fiſhing-rods, and Stag's Horns. An Almanack and King *Charles's* golden Rules were paſted againſt the Wall; and a ſtuffed Otter in a Glaſs Caſe hung over the great Fire-place, where a Wood-fire burned on the Hearth.

Before this Wood-fire was ſpread a ſmall *Turkey* Carpet; and on the Carpet ſtood a Table and four heavy Chairs; in one of which ſat an old Lady knitting. The Squire bluntly accoſted her with "Mother, "here's Miſtreſs *Cherry;*" on which ſhe ſaid, "Ho!"—laid down her Knitting, and looked hard at me; firſt over, and then through her Spectacles.

"Hum!"

"Hum!" ſays ſhe, "Miſtreſs "*Cherry*, you are welcome. A "good Day to you. Pray make "yourſelf at Home, and be ſeated."

So I ſat down over againſt her, and we looked at each other very ſtiff. She was ſhort and fat, with round blue Eyes, and a roſy Complexion; and had a ſharper, ſhrewder Look than the Squire.

"I dare ſay ſhe's hungry, "Mother," ſays the Squire; "give "her a Piece of Gingerbread or "Something.—How ſoon ſhall we "have Supper?"

"You are always in ſuch a Hurry, "Father, to be eating;" ſays his Lady. "Forſooth, are we not to "wait for your Brother?"

And without waiting for his Anſwer, ſhe took a bunch of Keys from her Apron-ſtring, and unlocked a little Corner-cupboard, from

from which ſhe brought me a Slice of rich Seed-cake, and a large Glaſs of Wine.

"Thank you, Madam; I am not "hungry," ſaid I.

"Pooh! Child, you muſt be;" returns ſhe, rather authoritatively. "Never be afraid of eating and "drinking before Company, as if "it were a Crime!"

So, thus admoniſhed, I ate and drank: though I would as lief have waited a little.

"Are you ſtiff with your Ride?" ſays ſhe.

"A little, Madam," ſaid I; "for "I was ne'er on a Horſe before."

"Is it poſſible?" cries ſhe, burſting out a-laughing. "Father, did "you hear that?"

"Famous!" ſaid he; and they eyed me as if I were a Curioſity.

"Do you know, now," ſays the Squire's

Squire's Lady to me, after a while, "I never was in *Lunnon!*"

"That ſeems as ſtrange to me, "Madam," ſaid I, "as it ſeems to "you that I ſhould never have been "on Horſeback."

"It *is* ſtrange," ſays ſhe. "Both "are ſtrange."

"And now *I'll* tell you Some-"thing that is ſtrange," ſays the Squire, "ſince we all ſeem ſur-"priſing one another. Do you "know, Miſtreſs *Cherry*," ſtepping up behind his Wife, and laying a Hand on each of her Shoulders, while he ſpoke to me over her Head; "that this little round-about "Woman was once as pretty a Girl "as you are?"

"Stuff! Squire," ſays his Lady.

"Fact!" perſiſted he. "Nay, "prettier!"

"Not a Word of Truth in it," ſays

ſays ſhe, ſhaking him off. "I was "all very well,—nothing more. "Come, Father, here's *Gatty* going "to ſpread the Cloth for Supper, "which you'll be glad of. But, "*Gatty*, in the firſt Place ſhew "Miſtreſs *Cherry* to her Chamber, ". . ſhe will perhaps like to dreſs a "little. You'll excuſe my attending "you, my Dear; the Stairs try my "Breath."

I followed *Gatty* up-ſtairs to the prettieſt Room that ever was! When I came down, the Cloth was ſpread, and the Squire's Lady ſigned me to the Chair over againſt her, and was juſt going to ſay Something, when, croſſing between me and the Sun, I ſaw the Shadow of a Man againſt the Wall, and knew it for Maſter *Blower's*. Ah! what came over me at that Moment, to make me ſo ſtupid, I know not.—

Perhaps

Perhaps that ſaucy Saying of *Mark's* . . but whatever it was, inſtead of my going up to Maſter *Blower*, when he came in, which he did the next Moment, and aſking him, ſimply and ſtraitforwardly how he was, I muſt needs colour all over like a Gooſe, and wait till he came quite up to me, without having a Word to ſay for myſelf.

"Ah, *Cherry!*" ſays he, taking my Hand quite frankly, "how glad "I am to ſee you! Are you quite "well?"

And, the Moment I heard his pleaſant Voice, I was quite comfortable again, and felt myſelf at Home for the firſt Time.

"Quite, thank you, Sir," ſaid I, "and I hope you are better than "you were."

"Well, now that civil Things "have paſſed on both Sides," ſaid the

the Squire, who had already ſeated himſelf, "come and ſay Grace, "*Nat*, for here's a Couple of "beautiful Fowls getting cold."

—Well, the Supper was as pleaſant as could be, and it was growing quite duſk before the Table was cleared, yet the Squire would not hear of having Candles; ſo then his Lady deſired *Gatty* to carry Lights into the green Parlour, "Where," ſays ſhe, "I and this "young Perſon will retire, and be "good enough Company for each "other, I dare ſay."

Oh, I'm a young Perſon, am I? thought I. So I followed her into the green Parlour, where ſhe ſettled herſelf in an eaſy Chair, with her Feet on a Footſtool, and made me ſit facing her. "Now," ſays ſhe, "the Men can proſe by themſelves, "and we'll have a Coze by *our-* "ſelves.

"ſelves. Pray, Child, how was it "you came to think of nurſing my "Brother?"

So I began to tell her how I went to him in Hope of his telling me how to find my Father; but then, ſhe wanted to know how my Father came to be miſſing, ſo I had to go further back. And then I could not help putting in by the Way how good and excellent a Man he was, how tender a Father, how loving a Huſband, which brought in my Mother. But I checked myſelf, and begged the Lady's Pardon for entering on that, which I knew could no Ways intereſt her.—"Nay, let me hear it "all," ſays ſhe, "I ſhall like to "hear Something about your "Mother." So then I told her of her holy Life, and ſaintlike End; and of Maſter *Blower's* invaluable Miniſtrations,

Miniſtrations, which of courſe intereſted her a good deal; and indeed I ſaw a Tear ſteal down her Cheek, while I kept mine down as well as I could. Then I went on to the Plague, and my Father's Heavineſs of Spirits; and his going forth and never coming back, and my going in queſt of him, and all the Events of that terrible Day, which I could not go over without crying very heartily. She wept too; yet cried, "Go on, go on!" So then I got to Maſter *Blower*, and the ſleeping Watchman, and my getting into the Houſe, and going from Room to Room, and hearing him yawn,—which made her laugh; though ſhe cried again when ſhe heard of his praying, and of his Sufferings that fearful Night and many Days after. At the End of all, ſhe got up, put her Arms about my Neck, and kiſſed

kiſſed me. "*Cherry*," ſays ſhe, "you're an excellent Creature!"—Juſt then, a great Bell began to ring,—"That's the Prayer-bell!" ſays ſhe, "We will return to the "Hall, my Dear."

So we returned to the Hall, much more at our Eaſe together than when we left it. And there, ſtanding in a Row, were half a Dozen Men and Women Servants, and the Table had Candles and a large Bible on it. Maſter *Blower* read, and then prayed: had I not been ſo tired, I could have wiſhed him to go on all Night! Then we diſperſed to our ſeveral Chambers; and I had ſo much to think about that it ſeemed as though I ſhould never get to ſleep: however, I did at laſt.

CHAP. XV.

The Squire's Garden.

BEFORE I went to Bed, I peeped out of my Window, and ſaw the full Moon ſhining over the broad gravel Walks and Fiſh-ponds; and I thought how much I ſhould like to go round the Garden before Breakfaſt. However, when I woke in the Morning, I feared I had been overſleeping myſelf, ſo dreſſed in a great Hurry, and went down Stairs. There I found two Maids flooding the great Hall with Pails of Water, and they told me we were to breakfaſt in the green Parlour,

Parlour, but not for an Hour yet. So I ſtrayed out into the Garden, where were ſtill a good many Flowers, though the Seaſon was ſo late, backed by Evergreen Hedges, and Rows of tall Trees that were turning yellow and scarlet; and it ſeemed to me juſt like the Garden of *Eden*.

So I went on and on, thinking it mighty pleaſant, and wondering what might be the Names of ſome of the Flowers; and at length I came to a Bowling-green, of wonderful fine Turf, between high Horn-beam Hedges; and having a Sun-dial at one End, and a little brick Summer-houſe faced with Stone at the other. Into the Summer-houſe I went; and there, with all his Books and Papers about him, ſat Maſter *Blower* writing.

"Ah, *Cherry!*" ſays he, holding out

out his Hand, "ſo you've found "out my Snuggery! Have they "ſent you to ſummon me to Break-"faſt?"

"No, Sir," ſaid I, "I did not "know you were here." And turned away.

"Stop a Minute," ſays he, haſtily putting up his Papers, "and we "will take a Turn together round "this wonderful Garden. The "Garden of your *Dream*, *Cherry*."

I ſaid how very odd it was I ſhould have dreamed about it,—the Garden of my Dream being ſo exactly like the Reality.

"Why, you ſimple Girl," ſays he, laughing; "becauſe I muſt "have deſcribed it to you before, "though you and I had forgotten "it!"

I felt quite ſure in my own Mind that he had not.

"Well,"

"Well," ſays he, ſetting out with me along the Bowling-green, "what's the News, *Cherry?* The "Plague, you ſay, is abating, but "not gone. Have you ſeen or "heard Anything of my poor "People?"

I ſaid yes. Miſtreſs *Peach* had come to me on my ſending for her the Evening before I left; and had told me how Things were going on.

"And how *are* they going on?" ſaid he.

"Well, Sir, it would be a poor "Compliment to you, if they were "going on as well in your Abſence, "as in your Preſence."

"That's true," ſays he, looking grave, "but, for Particulars."

"Many Perſons in Trouble of one "kind or another, knock at your "Door; and when they find they "cannot

"cannot ſee you, go away in "Tears."

"Poor Souls!" ſaid he, much moved, "I will return to them "ſhortly. I think I am almoſt "well enough now, *Cherry*. They "think I am neglecting them?"

"No, Sir, they are very ſorry "you need recruiting; but they are "ſorry for themſelves too."

"It's a very nice Point," ſays he muſingly, "when we ought to lie "by. I believe, had I not left "Town when I did, I might have "been dead now—and yet, perhaps "I was like a Soldier deſerting his "Poſt."

I ſaid, "No, Sir, you were liker "to a Soldier carried off the Battle-"field to the Hoſpital."

"Thank you, *Cherry*," ſays he, taking my Hand and drawing it under his Arm. We had now

reached the End of the Bowling-green; but inſtead of turning into the Garden, we continued walking up and down.

"And what elſe?" ſays he. "Come, let me hear all."

"Well, Sir," ſaid I, "there's not "much more to tell—"

"Something, though, I can ſee!" ſaid he. "Come! out with it, "*Cherry!*"

"Sir," ſaid I, "it's of no Uſe "for us to trouble and vex our-"ſelves about what wicked People "will ſay of us in mere wantoneſs."

"Sometimes, though, we may "hear the Truth from an Enemy," ſays he. "And what do wicked, "wanton People ſay of me?"

"Why, Sir,—ſome very evil-"minded, malapert Perſon hath "writ on your Church-door, 'A "Pulpit to Let!'"

"The

"The Raſcal!" ſaid he haſtily, and colouring very red. "Why "now, did I not keep on, Sabbaths "and Week-days, till the Plague-"ſwellings were actually in my "Throat, though my Congregation "often conſiſted of only two or "three old Women? Is not this "enough to provoke a Man, "*Cherry?*"

I ſaid, "Yes, Sir,—only there's "no Uſe in being provoked."

"None, none," ſays he, much perturbed,—"GOD forgive me for "it!—I can hardly have Patience, "though, with them."

I ſaid, "Dear Sir, you muſt "have Nothing *but* Patience with "them."

"You are right, you are right," ſays he, cooling, but ſtill much moved. "Ill or well, I muſt go "back to them forthwith . . the

"Fact

" Fact is, there is a Matter I would " gladly have ſettled here, a little " at my Leiſure.—But, Duty before " all! So, I'll go back, *Cherry*, to " mine."

I ſmiled a little as I ſaid, " Some- " body has been doing Duty for " you, the laſt Week or ten Days, " Sir."

" Who?" cried he.

I ſaid, " An Independent Mini- " ſter."

A complex Kind of Expreſſion croſſed his Face; for a Moment he looked pained and provoked, and then burſt out a-laughing.

" God bleſs the worthy Fellow!" cries he, " I'll do him a good Turn " if I can, the firſt Time he'll let " me! 'The good Lord accept " every one that prepareth his Heart " to ſeek God, the Lord God of " his Fathers, even though he be " not

"not cleanſed according to the "Purification of the Sanctuary!'— "Well, *Cherry*, I muſt go! and "that forthwith,—I would fain have "tarried here while your Viſit "laſted."

I looked quite blank at the Idea of being left behind; and ſaid, "Muſt I, then, ſtay?"

"Why," cried he, "what is to "prevent you? Your Viſit is not "to *me*, *Cherry!*"

I ſaid, "Oh, Sir, but . . " and ſtopped, for I did not know whether it were right to ſay I ſhould feel ſo lonely without him. But the Tears came into my Eyes.

"I hope," ſays he, in his kindeſt Way, "you will ſtay and have a very "pleaſant Viſit."

I ſaid, "It won't,—it can't be "pleaſant now."

"*Cherry*," he ſaid, yet more affectionately,

affectionately, "we ſhall ſoon meet "again . . you ſhake your Head.— "Well, our Lives are not in our "own keeping, certainly, and may "be called in the next Minute, "here as well as in *London*. And I "ſhould not like to die away from "my Poſt. But, *Cherry*, ſince you "are inexpreſſibly dear to me, and "I think I am, in a leſs Degree, "dear to you, why, when we meet "next, ſhould we ever part again? "—Nay, hear me, *Cherry!* for I "have long meant to ſay this, "though not quite ſo ſoon . . I "thought it would ſeem ſo abrupt; "I wanted to bring you to it by "Degrees, leſt I ſhould get an "Anſwer I did not like. For, in- "deed, *Cherry*, I know how much "too old I am for you, how "thoroughly unworthy of you."

I could not ſtand this, and cried, "Oh,

" Oh, how *can* you ſay ſuch Things,
" Sir! Unworthy of *me*, indeed!
" when any Woman—"

Might be proud to have you, was my Thought, but I did not ſay it.

" *Cherry*," ſays he, " there was
" never—." And juſt at that Moment a Man ſhouted, " High!" at the Top of his Voice, and then, " Break-faſt!"

" We're keeping them waiting," ſaid I, ſlipping my Hand from his Arm, " and you've left your Papers
" all blowing about in the Summer-
" houſe." And ſo, ran off to the Houſe.

Fain would I not have gone ſtraight to Breakfaſt, but there was no Help for it; and the Squire kept loading my Plate, and yet ſaying I ate Nothing. He and his Lady were wondrous ſorry to hear Maſter

Blower

Blower ſay he muſt return to Town the next Day; and looked rather aſkance at me for having brought down any Tidings that ſhould ſummon him thither. After Breakfaſt, however, he took his Brother aſide to explain to him how needful was his Return to his Pariſh; and Miſtreſs *Blower*, bringing forth an immenſe Quantity of Patchwork of very intricate Contrivance, ſaid, "Now, you and I will do a good "Morning's Work:"—and told me it was a Fancy of hers to furniſh a little Bed-chamber with Patchery, lined with Pink, and fringed with White. However, Maſter *Blower* put a Check to all this, as far as my Help went, by coming in and ſaying that as this was to be his laſt Day in the Country, he wanted to take a long Walk with me, and ſhew me the fineſt View in the County.

County. Miſtreſs *Blower* made one or two Objections, which he ſummarily over-ruled; ſo, in a very few Minutes, off we were walking together. And firſt, without any Reference to what had been ſaid before Breakfaſt, he took me round the Village Green, and into the Church and Churchyard; and made me look over the Parſonage Gate. I ſaid, "Dear me, if I were you, "Sir, how much ſooner I would "be Parſon here than in *White-*"*chapel!*"

"Would you?" cries he. "Oh, "but this is a very poor Living!"

I ſaid, "I did not know you cared "much for Money."

"Well," he ſaid, "not to ſpend "on myſelf, but as a Means of Uſe-"fulneſs. And, oh *Cherry!* there is "ſo much Wretchedneſs in *London*, "that one cannot, after all, relieve! —"I'll

—"I'll tell you what I do," continues he, turning down a green Lane with me, "as a general Rule "I give away half. That was "*Zaccheus*' Meaſure, you know. "But, as a ſingle Man, I have found "the other Half a great deal too "much for me, ſo I give away all "I can of it in Caſualties . . juſt to "pleaſe myſelf, as it were. But I "don't conſider this Sub-diviſion "imperative; therefore, when you "and I commence Houſekeeping "together, which I hope will be in "a *very* little While, we will ſpend "the full Half. Will that ſuffice "you?"

"No indeed, Sir," ſaid I, "I "ſhall be very ſorry indeed if I add "to your Expenſes ſo much as that. "I would rather give the Poor "another Mouthful than deprive "them of one; and as I ſhall only "coſt

" coſt you juſt what I eat and wear,
" I hope it won't make much
" Difference."

" You're a comical Girl," ſays he.
" But, *Cherry*, I'm ſorry to ſay, that
" rambling old Houſe of mine is
" now ſo completely out of Repair,
" as to be unfit for a Lady's Occu-
" pation. We muſt paint it and
"point it, and mend the Roof."

" Well, but," ſaid I, " my Father
" has left me ſix hundred Pounds,
" which will do all that very well."

" Six hundred Pounds!" ſays he, opening his Eyes very wide, and then laughing. " Why, you've a
" Fortune, *Cherry!* How could the
" dear, good Man have ſaved it? I
" thought his Buſineſs ſeemed quite
" dwindled away."

" He had ſome Money with my
" Mother, Sir," ſaid I. " And an
" Uncle left him a Legacy. Beſides
" this

" this Money, which Maſter *Benſkin*
" and Maſter *Braidfoot* pay Intereſt
" for, the Houſe is mine for a long
" Term; and *Mark* means to buy
" the Buſineſs; ſo that I hope I
" ſhall not be very expenſive to
" you."

" Well," ſays he, " it will be for
" After-conſideration whether we
" repair the Parſonage at once or
" not. All ſhall be as you wiſh it,
" *Cherry*." And then we went on talking of this and that till we came to a Seat under a Tree; and there we ſat and talked all the Reſt of the Morning; for he did not care much for going on to ſee the Proſpect.

After Dinner, it became Maſter *Blower's* Object to perſuade me to name a very early Day indeed—even that Day Week; and, though I could hardly endure to think of ſo ſudden

ſudden a Change, and thought it would ſeem ſo ſtrange and ſo unwomanly to Everybody, yet the main Thing that wrought upon me was what I kept to myſelf; namely, the Danger he was going to incur in returning to his Duties before the Infection was over. And I thought how I ſhould reproach myſelf if he fell ill, and died for want of my Nurſing. But then, again, it would ſeem ſo outrageous to the Squire and his Lady. . . Not at all, he ſaid, they knew all about his wanting to marry me before ever they ſent for me, and the Squire's Lady had at firſt been very cool about it; but before we parted at Night, I had quite won her over; and ſhe ſaid to him when the Door cloſed upon me, "Well, *Nat*, you "may marry that Girl as ſoon as "you like."

I could

I could hardly help laughing.—What was I to do? I ſaid, oh, very well, I ſuppoſed they muſt all have their own Way,—I would try to be not very miſerable about it. So, when we went in to Supper, Maſter *Blower* made no Secret of what we had been talking about; and Miſtreſs *Blower* kiſſed me, and ſo did the Squire, and we had a wonderful pleaſant Supper. When Maſter *Blower* was taking leave of me, he aſked me if I had any Meſſage to ſend Home. It then ſtruck me I muſt ſend Word to *Mark* and *Dolly* how ſoon my Condition was going to be changed,—but, what could I ſay?—I had ſcarce written a Letter in my Life; leaſt of all to *Mark;* and could not for the Life of me think of any Way of telling him the News, ſufficiently round-about to prevent its ſeeming abrupt

abrupt after all. So, thought I, leaſt ſaid, ſooneſt mended: and, ſitting down to Pen, Ink, and Paper, I wrote in my ſmalleſt, neateſt Hand,—

"Dear *Mark*,

"I'm going to be Miſtreſs "*Blower*."

And ſealed it up and directed it. Maſter *Blower* ſaid, "Short, if not "ſweet!" and promiſed it ſhould be faithfully delivered.

When he was gone, the Patch-work was put away, and the Wedding-dreſſes ſent for. Dear Miſtreſs *Blower* was as kind as a Mother to me, though her Huſband was only five Years older than mine. Indeed ſhe and the Squire looked upon me quite as a Girl, though I told them over and over again

again I was not. Though they called each other Father and Mother, they had never had but one Child, which died at three Years old; but I ſuppoſe it was always in their Thoughts.

What a happy Week that was! —though Maſter *Blower* was away. On the Whole, his Abſence was a good Thing: it gave me Time to ſteady a little, and feel that it was not a Dream that I was going to live always within the Sound of his dear Voice. And, as there was much Sewing to do, I had Plenty of Time to think of it. Miſtreſs *Blower* gave me my Wedding-clothes,—we had Poſt-horſes to the old Coach, and went to buy them at the County Town. The Gown was white Silk; the Hat trimmed with a Wreath of very little pink Roſes round the Crown; and I had a cherry-

a cherry-colour Habit for travelling. Maſter *Blower* ſaid he did not deſerve ſuch a pretty Bride,—but that was his kind Way of ſpeaking. I only wiſh I were better worth his having!

—We went away from the Church-door,—as happy a Bridegroom and Bride as ever rode a Pillion. When we had got out of Everybody's Sight, my Huſband ſaid, "How are you getting on, "Miſtreſs *Blower?*" I ſaid, "I am "ſmiling ſo that I am quite glad "there's Nobody to ſee me." "May "the Reſt of your Life be all "Smiles and no Tears, *Cherry*," ſays he,—"with GOD's Bleſſing, it "ſhall be ſo if I can make it ſo!" "Ah!" ſaid I, "I'm content to "take the Rough and the Smooth "together, ſince I ſhall henceforth "ſhare them with you, Sir." "Deareſt

"Deareſt *Cherry*," ſays he, "you "really muſt leave off calling me "*Sir!*" "I don't know that I can, "Sir," ſaid I, "but I'll try."

Though the Journey was delightſome, yet towards the latter End of it, every Mile of the Road became leſs and leſs pleaſant, till at length we got into the Tide of People, on Horſe and on Foot, ſetting in towards *London*. Then, how ſtrange it ſeemed to me that I was not going back to the Bridge! where I had lived all the Days of my Life till within the laſt Week! I began to tremble a little; and the Idea of the great old roomy, gloomy Houſe in *Whitechapel*, with no bright, ſparkling Water to look out upon, became rather oppreſſive to me, till I thought how Maſter *Blower's* continual Preſence would light it up. The Streets now becoming thronged,

thronged, he preſſed my Arm tighter to him and bade me hold on cloſe; and I felt he was all the World to me, be the Houſe what it would. But when we reached it, what a Difference! The whole Front had had a freſh Coat of Paint, which made it wondrous lightſome and cheerful, the Door-ſtep was freſh whitened, the Door freſh varniſhed, the Knocker freſh poliſhed, and Miſtreſs *Peach* ſtanding on the Step with a new Cap plaited cloſe round her ſweet, pleaſant Face, and dreſſed in a new graſs-green Gown. I could not help kiſſing her as I ran in; ſhe ſaid, "God bleſs you, "Miſtreſs!" with hearty Cordiality, and followed me from Room to Room. Everything had been cleaned up, and ſhe told me, laughing, that though ſhe had had Plenty of Helps, it had been the hardeſt Week's

Week's Work ſhe had ever had in her Life. The old green Bed-furniture had given Place to new white Dimity; there was a Lady's Pincuſhion on the Toilette, with "May you be happy!" in minikin Pins; and a Beau-pot of Flowers on the Window-ſeat. "All that "is Miſtreſs *Violet's* doing," ſaid *Dorcas*, "ſhe has not left the Houſe "half an Hour, I aſſure you, and "her Needle went in and out as "faſt as could be when ſhe was "finiſhing the laſt Muſlin Blind. "Oh, ſhe has been very buſy, has "Miſtreſs *Violet!* 'Twas ſhe ſet "out the Supper Table with the "Flowers, and Sweet-meats, and "Pound-cake."

CHAP. XVI.

The Burning City.

NEXT Day, the Holiday of Life was over, its Duties re-commenced. Maſter *Blower* had an Accumulation of Buſineſs to attend to, and I had Plenty to do about the Houſe. Before the End of the Week, I was immerſed in Cares that were Pleaſures to me, inaſmuch as they lightened his own. But I could not reſiſt paying a Viſit to the Bridge, and ſpending an Hour in the dear old Houſe, and another, afterwards, with *Violet*. She and *Mark* came to ſup with us. I found they were not

not going to marry till ſix Months were out, which was full quick, after all; but I was thankful they would wait ſo long. A Change ſeemed coming over *Mark;* he was ſteady, compoſed, attentive to Buſineſs, and far pleaſanter, whether lively or ſad, than in his earlier Days. As to *Violet*, ſhe was infinitely ſoftened, and the old Spirit of Coquetry ſeemed quite to have burned out. We did not ſee them often, but Maſter *Blower* always received them kindly, and they ſeemed to conſider it a Privilege as well as a Pleaſure to come to us.

Thus, the Winter wore on: the Plague was ſtayed; and though it was common to meet in the Streets Men in their Nightcaps, limping, or with their Throats bound up, no one thought of getting out of their Way, for the Infection had ſpent itſelf.

itſelf. And Perſons that were Strangers to each other might be heard exchanging Congratulations on the improved State of Things, now that Houſes and Shops were re-opening, the Weeds beginning to diſappear from the Thoroughfares, and Men no longer walked along the Middle of the Streets, but on the Foot-pavements.

My dear Huſband endeavoured to impreſs the Hearts and Minds of his People, in Seaſon and out of Seaſon, with a Senſe of the Mercy that had preſerved them; but, I am ſorry to ſay, with very little permanent Effect. True it is, at firſt the Ground was broken up, and the Clods were ſoft, and the good Seed that was caſt in ſeemed likely to fructify; but alas, the hot Sun of worldly Temptation ſoon hardened the Ground and burnt the Seed up, and

and People that had almoſt miraculouſly eſcaped the general Judgment, ſeemed little better than they were before. This depreſſed my dear Huſband very much; but, inſtead of relaxing his Efforts, he only redoubled them; and he ſaid I ſtrengthened his Hands.

There was alſo a great deal of Diſtreſs, owing to the general Stagnation of Trade, and the vaſt Numbers of People thrown out of Employ. So that, though we did all we could, it was heart-rending to witneſs the Miſery in ſome of the lower Diſtricts of our Pariſh. We pinched ourſelves to help them, voluntarily giving up ſuch and ſuch Things at our Table; and this with ſuch Cheerfulneſs that I really believe our Self-privations gave us more actual Enjoyment than if we had ate the Fat and drank the Sweet

Sweet to our Hearts' Deſire. And once or twice it remarkably happened that when we had a little exceeded in this Way, and had ſupplied thereby the Needs of a more than ordinary Number, a great Hamper would arrive from Miſtreſs *Blower*, full of Game, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Brawn, Hams, Tongues, and Everything that was good. Often we talked over that ſweet Place the Hampers came from; and it ſeemed to me that my Huſband more and more inclined towards the Country; eſpecially as his Throat had never quite recovered the Effects of the Plague, and he found he could not make himſelf heard throughout the remoter Parts of his large Church without Difficulty. Quite at the End of the Summer, the old Incumbent of *Bucklands* Parſonage died; and

and as the living was in the Squire's Gift, and he had ſome Notion his Brother would like it, he wrote to offer it to him. My Huſband aſked my Mind about it: I ſaid I ſhould like it of all Things, if he could be content with ſo ſmall and quiet a Field of Action. He ſaid, yes, the Time had been when it had been otherwiſe with him, the harder the Work the greater the Pleaſure, eſpecially as carrying ſome Senſe of Glory in the Victory over it; but it was not ſo with him now: he could be content with trying to do good on a ſmall Scale; eſpecially as he had not been quite ſo ſucceſsful on the larger Field of Action as he had hoped and expected.

"Could I preach like *Apollos*," continued he, "to what Good, to "the Half of my Congregation who "cannot catch one Word in ten?

"So

"So that, in Fact, I preach to a "ſmall Congregation already. And "I've no Mind to receive the Pay "without doing the Work. There's "no Fear, *Cherry*, of my not "making myſelf audible in *Buck-* "*lands* Church!—Beſides, do you "know I fancy I have a little "domeſtic Miſſion there. My dear, "good Brother, who has dozed "under Doctor *Bray* for ſo many "Years, has languiſhed under a "ſpiritual Dearth. He is now "getting in Years, and I think I "may do Something for him—you "know he told you he thought my "Sermons were *the real Thing*."

"He ſaid," replied I, "that you "not only hit the right Nail on "the Head, but hammered it well "in."

After ſome further Talk, which only went to prove how completely we

we were of a Mind on the Matter, the Letters were written and ſent— to accept the one Living and reſign the other. That was on the Second of *September*. The ſame Night, broke out that dreadful Fire, which laſted three Days and three Nights, and deſtroyed fifteen of the twenty-ſix City Wards, including four hundred Streets and Lanes, and thirteen thouſand Houſes. Oh, what a dreadful Calamity! We were in Bed, a little after Ten, when Shrieks and Cries of "Fire!" awoke us; and my dear Huſband put his Head forth of the Window and aſked where it was. A Man running along anſwered, "On or "at the Foot of *London Bridge!*" Then our Hearts failed us for *Violet* and *Mark*, and all our old Friends; and we dreſſed and went forth, for I could not be ſtayed from accompanying

panying Maſter *Blower*. But before we could reach the Bridge Foot, we found Acceſs to it cut off, both by Reaſon of the Crowd and of the Flames: the only Comfort was, that the Fire kept off the Bridge. There was ſo much Tumult and Preſſure that we could only keep on the Skirts of the Crowd, where we hung about without doing any Good for ſome Hours.

The next Morning, we were in Hope of hearing the Fire had been got under; inſtead of which, the whole *Bankſide* was wrapped in Flames, and all the Houſes from the Bridge Foot, and all *Thames Street* were lying in Aſhes. The People ſeemed all at Pauſe, gazing on, without ſtirring Hand or Foot, and thoſe that were perſonal Sufferers were venting their Grief in Cries and Lamentations. But we could

could not find that any Life had yet been loſt; and the Fire kept off the Bridge.

When I went Home at Duſk, it was to pray for the poor Sufferers, and then to muſe how far the Calamity might extend. Supper was on Table, but I had no Mind to eat; which was all the better, as my Huſband preſently brought in a poor, weeping Family who had loſt Everything, and had not touched a Morſel all Day. We gave them a good Meal, and Shelter for the Night. They ſlept, but we could not. There was no Need of Candles all that Night, which was as light as Day for ten Miles round. The Fire was now ſpreading all along the South Part of the City, leaping from Houſe to Houſe, and Street to Street, for the very Air ſeemed ignited; Showers of Sparks and Aſhes

Aſhes were falling in every Direction, and the Pavement was growing almoſt too hot to tread upon. My Huſband kept bringing in new Refugees as long as our Houſe would hold them, and I was too buſy caring for them to have Leiſure to go forth, even had it been ſafe; but each New-comer brought freſh Tidings of the Deſolation, which was now extending to Churches, public Monuments, Hoſpitals, Companies' Halls, as though it would carry all before it. We now began to be in ſome Alarm for ourſelves; and to conſider what we ſhould do if it came our Way; and now we experienced the Convenience of having but little Treaſure that Moth, Ruſt, or Fire could injure, for when Maſter *Blower* had made up a ſmall Packet of Papers and ready Money that we could readily carry

carry about us, there was Nothing left for the Deſtroyer to conſume but our poor Furniture and the Houſe over our Heads. Very opportunely, at this Time came to our Door a *Berkſhire* Countryman with one of the good Squire's Hampers full of Eatables. I never ſaw a poor Fellow look ſo ſcared! He got a good View of the Calamity from a Diſtance, and then ſet his Face homewards in as great a Hurry as if the Flames were in Chaſe of him. The Streets were now full of Carts loaded with Moveables, which their Owners were conveying out of Town; giving Way to the Calamity rather than ſeeking to arreſt it, which, indeed, it was now vain to attempt, though I think Something might have been done at firſt. *St. Paul's* was now in a Blaze; the great Stones exploding with

intenſe Heat, and the melted Lead running along the Gutters. This Night, alſo, we got ſcarce any Reſt.

The next Morning, while I was overlooking my Stores, and conſidering how I ſhould beſt huſband them for my poor Inmates, in comes *Mark*, his Face blackened, his Hair full of Aſhes, his Clothes ſinged in many Places, and his Shoes nearly burnt off his Feet.

"Thank God, you are ſafe, "then!" cries he, catching hold of both my Hands. "The Sky looked "ſo fiery in this Quarter during the "Night, that *Violet* and I were in "dreadful Fear for you, and I ſtarted "at Daybreak, and came here by "making a great Round, to ſee how "it fared with you. And *Violet* "bids me ſay that ſhe has not for-"gotten your Father's and Mother's

"Kindneſs to her Father and
"Mother when they were burned
"out of Houſe and Home, nor how
"ſhe and you were put together in
"the ſame Cradle; and it will
"make her and me, dear *Cherry*,
"unſpeakably happy to receive you
"and Maſter *Blower* under the very
"ſame Roof, ſhould you be burnt
"out of your own."

I ſaid, "Dear *Mark*, that is ſo
"like you and *Violet!* Juſt the
"Kindneſs I ſhould have expected!
"Believe me, we ſhall thankfully
"accept it, if there be Need. But
"at preſent the Fire is all about us,
"yet comes not to us. We have
"made up our little Parcel of
"Treaſures (a little one, indeed,
"*Mark!*) and are ready to ſtart at
"a Minute's Notice, truſting to
"a good God to ſpare our Lives.
"This old Houſe, if it once catches,
"will

" will burn like Tinder; mean-
" while, come and ſee how many
" it holds."

So I led him from Room to Room, and ſhewed him Mothers nurſing their Infants, Children eating Bread and Milk, and old People ſtill ſleeping heavily. He was greatly intereſted and impreſſed. " What a good Soul you are!" ſaid he,—" I can give you no Notion of
" the Scenes of Miſery on the Out-
" ſkirts through which I paſſed on
" my Way here. People huddled
" in Tents, or lying under Hedges,
" or on Heaps of Litter and broken
" Furniture, without a Morſel of
" Bread or a Cup of Milk, yet none
" begging! . . I ſaw a few Bread-
" Carts and Milk-people coming
" up to them as I paſſed along, but
" many had no Money, not even
" a Penny, to buy a Breakfaſt. I
" had

" had filled my Purſe, *Cherry*, with " all that was in the Till, before I " ſet out; but you ſee there's not " much in it now—"

And he pulled out an empty Purſe, with a Smile that ſhewed he was well pleaſed with the Way its Contents had gone. Then we ſhook Hands heartily, and parted.

To the loud Crackling of Flames and Craſh of falling Buildings, was now added the blowing up of Houſes with Gunpowder, which, indeed, made the Neighbourhood of them very dangerous to Byſtanders, but checked the Progreſs of the Fire. However, Nothing effectual could have been done, had it not pleaſed ALMIGHTY GOD to ſtay his Judgment by abating the high Wind, which fell all at once; whereby the Flames ceaſed to ſpread, though the glowing Ruins continued to burn.

The

The Criſis being now paſt, we ceaſed to be in Apprehenſion for ourſelves, and devoted all our Attention to the poor, bereft People under our Care. Some of theſe were fetched away by their Country Friends; ſooner or later all diſperſed; and then we went out into the Fields adjoining the City, to afford what little Help we could. But oh! the Deſolation! To attempt to aſſuage that Accumulation of Deſtitution by our trivial Means ſeemed like eſſaying to ſubdue the Fire with a Cup of Water: yet we know that every Little helps; and that even a Cup of Water, to the thirſty Man who drinks it, quenches not his Thirſt the leſs, that Thouſands beſide are parched with Drought. And thus, by Analogy, concerning the general Amount of human Suffering ſurrounding us at all

all Times, which the Wife of a *Whitechapel* Parſon is perhaps as well qualified to ſpeak of as any one elſe—We need not be diſcouraged from aiding any, becauſe we cannot ſuccour all; ſince the Relief afforded is as grateful to him who has it, as though *all* were relieved, which it is not God's Will that any ſhould have Power to accompliſh.

By the End of the Month this terrible Calamity was over-paſt; at leaſt, as far as we had Anything to do with it, though we continued to give Shelter to poor, ruined Houſeholders as long as the Parſonage was our own. The Gentleman who ſucceeded my dear Huſband ſeemed a benevolent Sort of Man, a little pompous, maybe, but tenderly diſpoſed towards the Poor.

And now, Everything being ſettled, we ſold ſome of our old Furniture,

Furniture, and ſent down the Reſt, with Miſtreſs *Peach*, by the Wagon. And my dear Huſband and I entered *Bucklands* exactly as we had left it, and on the very ſame Horſe; I in my cherry-colour Habit, that was as freſh as on my Wedding-day. And here we have been ever ſince; and he calls me his right Hand, and ſays my Attention to all his ſecular Affairs leaves his Mind at Liberty to purſue his Duties and Studies without Diſtraction—and that I underſtand the Poor even better than he does—and that I am his beſt Counſellor, his deareſt Friend, his pleaſanteſt Companion, his darling *Cherry!*—Yes; he calls me, and I believe he thinks me all this: and as for *my* being happy in *him*... I ſhould think ſo, indeed!

FINIS.

London : Printed by Richard Clay.

THE

OLD CHELSEA BUN-HOUSE.

A Tale of the Laſt Century.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF 'MARY POWELL.'

See how the World its Votaries rewards!
A Youth of Folly, an Old Age of Cards!
* * * * * *
But trust me, Dears, Good-humour will prevail,
When Airs, and Flights, and Screams, and Scoldings fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty Eyes may roll,
Charms strike the Sight, but Merit wins the Soul.

POPE: *Rape of the Lock.*

LONDON:
Printed for ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & Co.
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1855.

Chapter I.

Lady Betty's Folly.

It is a ſad Thing when a Lady of Quality, who has been a Toaſt in her Youth, and has ſeen the white-gloved Beaux, as Mr. *Pope* calls them, bowing to her from the Pit, and kiſſing the ſcented Tips of their Gloves to her in the Ring; who has flaunted at *Vauxhall*, and ſhone in a Side-Box of the Opera-Houſe in *Lincoln's Inn Fields;* has run down *Handel*, and run after *Bononcini;* has had her gay Water-Parties to *Jenny's Whim*, attended by Violins and Hautboys; and has brought, not only her own Company, but her own Strawberries and Cherries to our Bun-houſe,

as if our own were not good enough; it is mortifying, I ſay, when ſuch a Lady of Quality falls into the ſear and yellow Autumn of Life, and finds herſelf a diſregarded Thing, with no reſources but green Tea and Brag. And ſuch is the Caſe with poor Lady *Betty Spadille*.

How well I remember her, on the Occaſion I have ſomewhat maliciouſly alluded to, for it ſticks in my Throat, arriving at our Bun-Houſe in her peach-coloured Sacque, Mechlin Head, and red-heeled Shoes, the Foreparts richly embroidered with Silver; loudly talking and laughing, and turning her Head right and left, now to this Beau, now to t'other, who fluttered round her with their clouded Canes and perfumed Wigs; now burſting into what the *French* People call *des grands Eclats de Rire*, now flirting her Fan, or rapping it on the Shoulder of one of the Ladies who accompanied her. Having juſt ſet my Mark, a Sprig of Roſemary, in the midſt of one of good Biſhop *Atterbury*'s

Sermons, I thought within myſelf, "Is this "a Creature that is formed for Eternity?" Meanwhile, two tall Lacqueys, with immenſe Shoulder-Knots, bore between them a great Hamper of *French* Wine; while a little black Page, in pale Blue, laced with Silver, tottered under the Fruit from *Rogers's*; and certainly it was very fine. I never ſaw ſuch Strawberries and Cherries before nor ſince.

I did not think her a Belle of the firſt Order, ſetting her Rank and Style aſide. Her Shape was fine; her Hand and Foot delicately formed; but ſhe rolled her Eyes too much, and had too high a Colour. I don't believe ſhe painted. Altogether, ſhe ſeemed in the very Fluſh of Exiſtence; as if ſhe had never met with a Reverſe, nor ever expected one. She ſeemed to think "Let us Eat and Drink," without adding, "To-morrow *we die*."

We had ſet our oval Walnut-wood Table under the umbrageous Shade of two large Elms, and had ſpread it with one of

our beſt Tablecloths. This was ſuperciliouſly removed by the two Footmen, who ſpread a Tablecloth and Napkins they had brought with them. Our China Service and water Caraffes they condeſcended to uſe. Meanwhile, the Boatmen brought up a ſecond Hamper, containing Ham, Tongue, Chicken, Sallet, and other Matters: but the Footmen, I ſhould mention, brought the Plate, including not only ſilver Forks, but a ſilver Stew-Pan.

The gay Bevy having ſtreamed hither and thither, making their humourous and contemptuous Remarks, which were continually interſperſed with, "Oh, my *Lord!*" and, "Oh, Sir *Charles!*" at length ſettled down to their Repaſt. There were three Ladies and four Gentlemen. Alſo, there was a tall, ſlender Girl in Black, whom I concluded my *Lady's* own Woman, becauſe ſhe ſtood the whole Time, a little behind Lady *Betty*, holding her Handkerchief and Scent-Bottle, watching her Eye,

and obeying her Commands, almoſt before ſpoken; notwithſtanding which, my *Lady's* Lip was often put up, and ſuch words as "Thou'rt ſtrangely ſlow . . . Canſt not "hear me, Creature?" were muttered by her roſy mouth.

And there was pale Mr. *Fenwick*, ſitting at his open Caſement over the Bun-Shop, Book in Hand, hearing, ſeeing, and ſilently noting all.

One of the Gentlemen was my Lord *Earlſtoke*, (to whom the Town gave Lady *Betty*,) a weak-eyed, puny Peer; another, Sir *Charles Sefton*, all Faſhion and Froth; a third, a handſome young Gentleman, whom they called Mr. *Arbuthnot:* the fourth, who had the Wit and Sprightlineſs of all the Reſt, (for whereas they continually laughed, he continually gave them Something worth laughing at,) was a lank, ungraceful, underſized Perſonage, of olivander Complexion, with projecting Teeth, quick, black Eyes, and a not unagreeable Phyſiognomy, though his Figure

was mean and almoſt Diſtorted. His Name was *Caryl*, which I learned not at firſt, they were ſo given to addreſs him by his baptiſmal Name of *Paul*.

Then, for the Ladies, there was Lady *Mary*, my *Lord's* Aunt, and the Duenna of the Party; and Lady *Grace*, a ſweet pretty Creature, but empty and ſelf-ſufficient.

It might have been thought, that two able-bodied Men and a Foot-page were Servitors enow for a Party of ſeven; but on the contrary, they kept my younger Siſter *Prudence*, who was then very pretty, continually afoot, tripping to and from the Houſe on one impertinent errand or another, while I attended to the general Cuſtomers. At length, coming up to me with a painful Bluſh on her Cheek, "*Patty*," ſays ſhe, "do oblige me by changing Places, will you? I can't abide the ways of theſe Quality, and give no ſatisfaction, and only get ſcoffed at."

"Perhaps I may pleaſe them no better,

Prue," ſaid I, "however, I'll try." And as I proceeded to take her Place, I heard Mr. *Paul* (that's to ſay, Mr. *Caryl*,) obſerve to Sir *Charles*, "Humph! we've loſt *Rachel* and got *Leah*."

This was not over-civil; but I took no notice.

"Now then," cries Lady *Betty*, in high Good-Humour, "I'll make you what we have called a *Peterſham* Chicken, ever ſince Lady *Caroline's* Frolick. Here are ſeven of us, and here are ſeven Chickens, which muſt, in the firſt Place, be finely minced; ſo let each take one." And while every one was laughing and mincing their Chicken, ſhe pulls off ever ſo many diamond Rings from her white Fingers, and gives them to her Woman to hold.

"Don't trouble yourſelf, my *Lord*," ſays ſhe, careleſsly, as he ſtoops to pick up one ſhe had let fall on the Graſs, "*Gatty* "will find it. Here, Child, take them all; "and," (aſide with a Frown), "be ſure you

" don't loſe them. Now, *Pompey!* the ſpirit-
" Lamp; three pats of Butter, and a Flaggon
" of ſpring Water. The only variation I
" make in Lady *Caroline's* cookery is to ſtew
" my Chicken in a ſilver Stew-Pan, inſtead
" of in a China Diſh, which might crack
" over the Lamp. Prithee, *Pompey*, don't
" let the Graſs grow under your Feet!"

Methought, if her Ladyſhip had been *obliged* to cook her own Supper, ſhe would have conſidered herſelf demeaned by it very much: however, there is nothing that Quality will not do for a Freak. By and by, ſhe gets tired of ſtewing her Chicken over the Lamp, and bids the young Perſon ſhe calls *Gatty* to carry it in-doors and dreſs it over the Fire. "And be ſure, Child, not to let it burn." As I did not ſeem wanted, I ſhewed Mrs. *Gatty* the way to the Kitchen, and ſtood by while ſhe ſtirred the Stew-Pan over the Fire. "I'm ready to drop!" ſays ſhe, at length. "No wonder," ſaid I, taking the ſilver Spoon from her, and uſing it myſelf,

" you have never once ſat down ſince you " left the Boat, and 'tis the Dog-Days. " Reſt awhile, and I'll mind the Chicken." " Thank you heartily," ſays ſhe, dropping into a Seat, and turning from Red to White, and then Red again. " May I take a draught of this cold Water?" " Aye, and welcome," ſaid I, " ſo that you're not afraid of drinking it while you're ſo hot." " Oh, I'm not afraid," ſays ſhe, drinking plentifully of it, and ſetting down the Mug with a Sigh of relief. " I'm better now, but there was ſuch a glare upon the River." " Are you her Ladyſhip's Woman?" ſaid I. With that, ſhe fetches a deep Sigh; and, ſays ſhe, " I'm no better, now, and a hard Life to me it is. I am the Daughter of a poor Country Curate, who died and left a large Family pennileſs: but my *Mother*, who married him for love, had high Connections; ſo Lady *Betty* takes me for her Woman, partly, as ſhe ſays, out of Charity, and partly becauſe ſhe prefers being ſerved by a

decayed Perſon of Condition. I have twenty Pounds by the Year, and indeed 'tis hardly earned." "That I can well believe," ſaid I. "But what can I do?" ſays ſhe. "My *Lady* has engaged to give me enough caſt-off Apparel, to keep me in Clothing; ſo that I ſhall be able to ſend the twenty Pounds to my *Mother*." "There'll be ſome comfort to you in doing that," ſaid I. "The greateſt of comforts," ſays ſhe; "and 'tis that which keeps me up, in ſpite of hard Work, late Hours, and contumely; for no one has a better and dearer Mother than I have." "Well, the Chicken is done now," ſaid I. "Shall I carry it out for you?" "Oh no, I dare "not remain behind," ſays *Gatty;* "but "do you come along with me, for you will "make me feel leſs lonely." So I went with her according to her wiſh; and when we came up to the Table, we found Lady *Betty* talking about her foreign Travels; for, it ſeemed ſhe had been abroad with my *Lord* her *Father*, on ſome public

Miſſion or Ambaſſade, to this and the other diſtant Land, that had formerly been the Seat of War. And, to my Fancy, ſhe diſcourſed agreeably enough of *Belgrade*, *Peterwaradin*, and *Prince Eugene*, though my Lord did not ſeem to think ſo; for, once, he covered his Mouth with his Hand to conceal a Yawn, not ſo adroitly but that my Lady perceived it; and thereupon ſhe immediately diverted her Converſation to Sir *Charles*, and never ſpoke to his *Lordſhip* another Word. The *Petersham* Chicken was too Groſs, as 'twas like to be, with that monſtrous quantity of Butter: my Lady *Betty* was annoyed, and ſaid Mrs. *Gatty* had oiled it over the Fire, darting at her a ſide-look of Reproach. It was ſent away, and the Fruit ſet upon Table; and the Black Boy, producing a Theorbo, ſang foreign Airs while they finiſhed their Repaſt. A briſk encounter of Wits then enſuing between Mr. *Caryl*, Mr. *Arbuthnot*, and Sir *Charles*, my *Lady* preſently found herſelf cut out; notwith-

ſtanding ſhe made one or two ineffectual efforts to recover the lead; and extremely mortified that ſhe ſhould, even for a few Minutes, be Second, ſhe threw herſelf back in her Chair, called for Eſſences, and bade Mrs. *Gatty* ſupport her to the Houſe; proteſting ſhe had the Vapours to that degree, that nothing but Secluſion and Repoſe could reſtore her ſufficiently to enable her to take Boat. The other two Ladies, conſtrained to follow her, made wry Faces to one another behind her Back, but accompanied her in-doors, leaving the Gentlemen to ſaunter about, or ſit over their Wine. Having entered our little Parlour and made a prodigious fuſs, till we were all in waiting on her, "How horridly "vapouriſh I feel!" cries ſhe; "But "what! Is that ſome real Dragon China "on the Mantel-Shelf? How did you "come by it, Mrs. *Patty*?"

I coldly replied, "My *Father* bought "it, *Madam*."

"And, thoſe Joſſes and Mandarins,"

purſues ſhe, "have poſitively the appear-
"ance of being, nay, they *are* genuine!
"What lovely *Chelſea* China! Theſe
"Shepherdeſſes fondling Lambs and Kids
"are nearly equal to mine. Sure, can
"a Perſon of your *Father's* Condition,
"Mrs. *Patty*, afford to be a Virtuoſo?"

"Had my *Huſband* not been a Virtuoſo,
"*Madam*," ſays my *Mother*, quietly look-
ing up from making an *Hippocrates'* ſleeve
for our Jelly, "theſe Girls had never
"needed to keep a Bun-Houſe." Which
indeed, was true enough, for my *Father*,
who had been apprenticed to the firſt
Jeweller in *London*, might have commanded
a flouriſhing Buſineſs, and accumulated a
Fortune, but for his unhappy Taſte for
Articles of Virtu, which led him into con-
nection with unprincipled Men of Quality,
who ran in his Debt, and would have run
him through if he had dunned 'em; and
that again led to his drowning Trouble in
Intemperance. So that, had not a Legacy,
opportunely left to my dear *Mother* for

her ſole and ſeparate uſe, enabled her to purchaſe our preſent Houſe and Buſineſs, for *Prudence* and me, 'twould have fared ill with her and with us, and with my poor *Father* too. And hitherto, we had gone on ſo ſteadily and reſpectably, that we had given general Satisfaction, and notwithſtanding our unprotected State (for my poor *Father* was almoſt worſe than no Protection,) had kept good Names, and met with no Let nor Hindrance.

Lady *Betty*, without vouchſafing more than a Stare at the Speaker of the Words juſt addreſſed to her, turns her Head ſlowly round towards me, and with more Haughtineſs than I can deſcribe, "Prithee, "Mrs. *Patty*," ſays ſhe, "is that good "Woman your *Mother?*"

Now certainly, to be a good Woman is the chief Merit of our Sex; and to have it acknowledged that one whom we dearly love and reverence is ſuch, ought to be taken as a compliment, rather than the other way: but yet I knew full well that

Lady *Betty* had not uſed this term reſpectfully and kindly, but quite the reverſe; wherefore I replied, "Yes, *Madam*," very bluntly.

"How are the Men amuſing themſelves?" ſays ſhe to Lady *Grace*, who was looking out of the Window.

"Mr. *Caryl* ſeems reading them a copy "of Verſes which diverts them hugely," ſaid Lady *Grace*.

"Odious Creature!" cried Lady *Betty*, forgetting all her Languor, and fanning herſelf vehemently, "A Man of Letters "is the very worſt poſſible Ingredient in "a Party of Pleaſure; he thinks of No-"thing but ſhewing himſelf off. I'll never "invite another to a Folly. Sure 'tis Time "for us now to think of returning."

"Were we not to wait for the Moon?" ſays Lady *Grace*.

"If you particularly wiſh it, we will "do ſo," ſays Lady *Betty*, "but I really "believe the evening Air on the Water "will kill me."

"Oh, then the Moon will be too ex-
"penſive a luxury," ſays Lady *Grace*, "let
"us return at once by all means."

And the Black Boy was inſtantly ſent to prepare the Gentlemen for the reembarkation.

"Give me my Cardinal, Child," ſays Lady *Betty* to *Gatty*. "Why, what on
"Earth is the matter with your Hands?
"They are covered with a Raſh. Your
"Face, too, is as red as this Velvet.
"Huh! don't come near me! Stay, let
"me ruſh into the open Air. You are ſick-
"ening with ſome infectious Complaint."

Poor *Gatty* ſtood transfixed and aghaſt; Lady *Grace* gave a little Shriek, and ran to the door after Lady *Betty;* while the elder Lady, leſs abſurdly timorous, ſtood at pauſe, looking at the poor Girl, who did, indeed, appear very much heated.

"You are really ill, I believe, young
"Woman," ſaid ſhe ſtiffly. "What is to
"be done? You cannot go back with
"us in the Boat."

And following Lady *Betty*, ſhe held a Dialogue with her in the open Air.

"She can't come near me; ſhe ſhan't "come near me," cries Lady *Betty* vehemently; and then the three Ladies talked under their Breath. At length Lady *Mary* returned.

"Young Woman," ſays ſhe; "Dear me, "Mrs. *Patty*, you are very incautious, to "hold her Hand that Way, with her Head "reſting on your Neck; there's no know-"ing what ſhe may communicate."

"I'm not afraid of her communicating "any Harm, Madam," ſaid I.

"I have come to aſk you," reſumes Lady *Mary*, "whether you know of any "decent Lodging, where this young Per-"ſon may be placed till her Illneſs declares "itſelf one Way or another. I ſuppoſe "there muſt be plenty of People that "would readily take her in."

"Indeed, Madam," ſaid my *Mother*, again taking up the Word, "if the "Diſorder be, as you ſeem to ſuppoſe,

" infectious, I do not ſee how we can aſk " any of our Neighbours to incur the " Hazard of it; but, for myſelf, I am ſo " little fearful of the Conſequences, that I " will undertake the Care of Mrs. *Gatty*, if " Lady *Betty* wiſhes it, till, as your *Lady-* " *ſhip* ſays, her Illneſs declares itſelf one " Way or another."

" An excellent Plan! extremely well " thought of," ſays Lady *Mary*. " Of " courſe, Lady *Betty* will remunerate you " handſomely for your Trouble."

" And Riſk," put in my *Mother*.

" And Riſk," repeated Lady *Mary;* " though, I proteſt, I think there is none; " but that the young Woman has merely " been overheated, and taken a Chill " upon it."

Though Lady *Mary* ſpoke not ſincerely, yet her expreſſed Opinion was ſo much like my *Mother's* real one, that the Arrangement was ſpeedily concluded. And then, after as much Fuſs in departing as they had made in arriving, theſe heartleſs

Denizens of the Great World quitted us; full of themſelves, caring very little for each other, and leaſt of all for the poor Dependent left ſick upon our Hands.

"Thank Goodneſs they're gone!" exclaimed *Prudence*, as the laſt Ruſtle of Silk, and the laſt empty Laugh was heard.

"And now, where to beſtow our young "Charge?" ſaid my *Mother*.

"Oh, how kind you are to me!" ſaid *Gatty;* Tears rolling down her Cheeks. "Any Place will do."

"I think *Prudence* muſt ſleep in the "little Cloſet beyond my Chamber," ſaid my *Mother*, "and then, *Patty*, you can "ſhare your Bed with Mrs. *Gatty*. You "are not afraid, Child, are you?"

"*Afraid, Mother?* No!"

Chapter II.

Mrs. Patty & Mrs. Gatty.

The Bed and Night-Clothes were ſoon prepared; and as I helped Mrs. *Gatty* to undreſs, I could not help noting, that though her Gown was of the plaineſt black Stuff, her under Garments were beautifully Fine, and fitted to a Nicety; which corroborated what ſhe had ſaid of her being a young Woman of good Condition. "You muſt not alarm yourſelf, "Mrs. *Gatty*," ſaid I; "you will very "likely be quite well to-morrow."

"Don't call me Mrs. *Gatty*," ſays ſhe. "Call me *Gertrude*, which is my proper "Name, and it will put me in Mind of "Home."

"Well, then, Mrs. *Gertrude*," ſaid I.

"Not Mrs. at all, I entreat of you," ſaid ſhe, "plain, ſimple *Gertrude*."

"Simple *Gertrude*, you may be," ſaid I, "but plain *Gertrude*, you certainly are "not."

She ſmiled faintly, and ſaid, "Ah, you "are very Kind, and mean kindly; but "the fineſt Compliment in the World is "of little Value to me, compared with "a Word of Kindneſs: and yours only "pleaſes me ſo far as Kindneſs is expreſſed "in it. And now, dear Mrs. *Patty*, let "down the Curtain, and make the Cham-"ber as dark as you can, and I will try "to ſleep; for my Head aches to Diſ-"traction, and there is Nothing you can "do for me."

When I went down Stairs, I found my *Mother* mentioning *Gatty's* Caſe to Dr. *Elwes*, who frequently ſtepped in to ſmoak a quiet Pipe under our Elms. He immediately went up Stairs to ſee her; and was guarded in pronouncing whether ſhe

had a Fever, a Chill, a Surfeit, or what; but ſaid Time would diſcloſe, and he would ſee her again in the Morning. Meanwhile, ſhe was to be kept Cool and Quiet; and he would write a Preſcription for a Compoſing Draught; which accordingly he did.

"And now, with reſpect to Supper," ſaid I, when he was gone. "Dear me! "who has thought, all this Time, of Mr. *Fenwick?*"

No one had remembered him; ſo I immediately carried up his Whey and Buns, ſmote to the Heart at his having been ſo entirely overlooked. When I went in, he was ſtill ſitting at the Caſement. He ſaid, "Well, *Leah!*" with a gentle Smile, which aſſured me that he had heard and remembered what had paſſed at Lady *Betty's* Table.

"Dear Sir," ſaid I, "I am quite ſorry "you ſhould have been ſo long forgotten. "We have had ſuch a noiſy Party this "Afternoon."

"Rather tumultuous certainly," ſaid he; "they helped to amuſe me, and it was "not my Fault that I heard every Word "they ſaid."

"How loudly High-Bred People laugh "and talk, Sir!" ſaid I.

"I doubt if it be High-Breeding to do "ſo," ſaid he; "Ill-Breeding it ſeems to "me."

"What did you think, Sir, of Mr. "*Caryl?* Mr. *Paul*, as they called him?"

"Well, I thought he tried to ſerve the "*Peterſham* Chicken with *Walpole* Sauce."

"He was very ſmart and ready, Sir, "wasn't he?"

"Yes, Mrs. *Patty*, he had plenty of "Repartee."

"What is a Repartee, Sir?"

"A ſmart Reply. When Mr. *Pope*, "who was deformed, aſked a young "Officer if he knew what a Note of "Interrogation was, the other replied, 'A "little crooked Thing that aſks Queſ-"tions.' That was a Repartee."

"A very ill-natured One, though, Sir. "When Sir *Charles* ſaid of the unfor- "tunate Emigrant *Lady*, 'That Woman "deſerves a Crown,' and Mr. *Paul* re- "joined, that he had not a Crown to lay "at her Feet, but he had Half-a-Crown "very much at her Service: was that a "Repartee?"

"Yes, it was ſuggeſted by the Remark "of the Firſt, and could not have been "prepared. You have culled a Grain of "Wheat, Mrs. *Patty*, from a Buſhel of "Chaff."

"You thought Lady *Betty* a great "Beauty, I ſuppoſe, Mr. *Fenwick?*"

"Well, ſhe is what is called a Fine- "Woman, I believe. Fine Eyes, and "Teeth; good Carriage of the Head."

"Oh Sir! had you ſeen her toſs that "Head at my poor *Mother!* 'Twas as "much as I could ſtand!"

"I am glad, then, that I did not. She "has Wit, however, but is too artificial, "flighty, and exacting. There's a degree

" of Coarſeneſs about her. 'Twas ſo hu-
" mourous, to hear her trying to recover
" her Supremacy in that Dialogue among
" the Men, when ſhe began once and
" again 'When I was at *Peterwaradin*,'
" and no one was liſtening to her!"

" Except you and me, Sir. Well, I
" muſt not keep you from Supper."

" Nor muſt I keep you ſtanding. How
" are you going to manage about Mrs.
" *Gatty?*"

" She's going to ſleep with me, Sir; if
" I ſleep at all, that is."

" You expect a reſtleſs Night."

" I doubt if I ſhall lie down if ſhe con-
" tinue as ſhe is."

" If you are going to ſit up, you will
" require Something to keep you awake.
" Shall I find you a Book to read?"

" Do, if you pleaſe, Sir; I ſhall grate-
" fully thank you!"

" Well then, what will you have? You
" know I have no Novels. Here is a
" charming Paper of Mr. *Addison's*, in

"one of the old *Spectators*, which I was "reading when you came in. '*Cheerful-*"*neſs preferable to Mirth.*' How well it "opens! 'I have always preferred Cheer-"fulneſs to Mirth. The latter I conſider "as an Act, the former as a Habit of the "Mind.'"

"That will not take long in reading, "Sir. Might I have one of *Shakſpeare's* "Plays? I liked the *Merchant of Venice* "ſo much!"

"Certainly you may. Did you like "*Romeo and Juliet?*"

"Not at all, Sir."

"Come, then, here is the *Winter's Tale* "for you. Or ſtay, here is *Cymbeline*. "You will like much of it, though not "all; for you have as nice a Taſte in "Books, Mrs. *Patty*, as your *Father* has "in old China. *Imogen* is one of the "pureſt, lovelieſt Creations of the Poet. "When you get tired of her Companions, "turn the Leaf till you come to her, and "you won't fall aſleep. Her two Brothers,

" too, in the Cave, are charming. What " a fine Leſſon is given here, in a mere " paſſing Word of the Phyſician to the " Queen, againſt Cruelty to dumb Ani- " mals! She tells him ſhe experimen- " talizes with Poiſons on Creatures not " worth the hanging; and he tells her ſhe " hardens her Heart, and proceeding from " low degrees to higher, will become " careleſs of inflicting pain and death on " ſuperior Natures. Here it is, Mrs. " *Patty*."

I took the Book, curtſeyed, and with-drew; thinking that this little Dialogue with the good young Curate after the Noiſe and Babble of Lady *Betty's* Party, was like gazing on cool Green, after one's Eyes had been dazzled by gariſh Sunſhine. Since he had lodged with us, to drink freſh Whey and recover his Health, I, being the elder and plainer Siſter of the two, had principally waited upon him; though I ſeldom encroached ſo much on his Leiſure as on this Evening, which I partly ventured

on, becauſe I felt I had neglected him during the Afternoon.

Mrs. *Gatty* paſſed a reſtleſs Night, and rambled a good deal, fancying herſelf at Home, or what I concluded such; and talking of, and to her Kinsfolk and Intimates by name. What with attending to her and reading my Play-Book, I got not much Reſt; but towards Day-Break, she became Quiet; ſo then I had a good Nap, with my Cloathes looſened, but not off, and awoke refreſhed, juſt in time to go and ſee the Milk and Bread ſent out, which was my daily Duty.

Our's had become a large Concern. At firſt, we only ſold Bread and Buns to thoſe who came to the Shop; then we got on to having two Carts, that went into Town twice a Week; then Whey was wanted, and we had a Cow; but the Cow was not in Milk all the Year round, ſo then we had two; and then we kept their Calves, *Prue* and I undertaking to bring them up by Hand; and the pretty Creatures grew ſo

fond of us, that they would run round the Meadow after us if we but held out our Finger to them. In ſhort, our Milk and Whey became in ſuch repute, that we got on from two Cows to ſix, and at length to Twelve, and had the largeſt Milk-walk in the neighbourhood. Our man *Andrew*, who was from *Devonſhire*, looked after the *Dairy;* and *Saunders*, who was a *Scot*, was our Baker; but a Miſtreſs's Eye is worth two Pair of Hands; and one Reaſon of our Succeſs was undoubtedly that we looked cloſely after our Buſineſs ourſelves, no matter how much Money was coming into the Till.

Dr. *Elwes* uſed to ſay, that he never knew better Samples of a genteel Induſtry than in our Eſtabliſhment; but doubtleſs, the good *Doctor's* Judgment was ſomewhat biaſſed by his Partiality for my dear *Mother;* whom, I am bold to think, if he had known her before ſhe was married, and before he himſelf had riſen from the Ranks, (if one may ſay ſo of a Civilian,)

he would have gladly made his Wife. What a different Lot for my poor *Mother!* But then, the whole Story of our Lives would have been altered, and the Divine Purpoſes quite otherwiſe manifeſted; and my poor *Father* would have gone down the Stream, with ne'er a Hand held out to draw him towards Shore.

Juſt as I was booking the Loaves put into the Carts, up rides Mr. *Arbuthnot* on a mighty fine Horſe. He was, as good Mr. *Matthew Henry* ſays of *Prince Adonijah*, a pretty, comely young Gentleman; and he lighted down, and gave his Bridle to *Peter*, and ſtept up to me, to inquire how fared Mrs. *Gatty*, ſaying that he hoped to make himſelf welcome to Lady *Betty* by carrying good news, therefore had ridden to *Chelſea* before Breakfaſt. I replied ſhe had had a diſturbed Night, but was then ſleeping; on which, having not much more to ſay, and ſeeing me buſied, he went his ways.

Juſt then, my *Mother* called over the

Stair-Head, in rather an agitated Voice, to inquire whether my *Father* had yet got his Diſh of ſtrong green Tea; and knowing that he had come Home ſomewhat convivial in the Middle of the Night, and was likely to be troubled with Head-Ache, low Spirits, and Ill-Humours this Morning, I haſtily went into the back Parlour. But there was dear *Prudence* already at her Poſt, freſh as a Primroſe, with the Tea brewed, and the Table ſpread with a tempting variety of Meats, freſh Eggs, and hot Rolls, not one of which had my poor *Father* the Appetite to taſte, but ſat with trembling Hands, endeavouring to pour the Cream into his Tea without ſpilling it. On my coming in, he looks up and ſays:—

"Have thoſe Raſcals brought the Ham-
" per yet?"

"What Hamper, *Father?*"

"Why, a Hamper and Packing-Caſe of
" *Chelsea* China I bought at the Auction-
" Rooms yeſterday."

"Alas, *Father*, have you been buying "more China?"

"Yes, I have, Miſs *Patty*, more by "Token, I bought it as a Compliment to "your *Mother*, and outbade my Lord "*Fribble*; ſo what have you to ſay to that "now?"

"Dear *Father*, my *Mother* will feel the "compliment; but, had you let it alone, "'twould have been the greater Kindneſs."

"That's a Soleciſm, *Patty*; but here comes *Peter* with the Caſe; and here comes your *Mother* to ſee it unpacked."

As 'twas no use to croſs him about a Thing that was done, I ran to be my dear *Mother's* "live Walking-Stick;" and when I had ſettled her in her Eaſy-Chair, with all her little Comforts about her, ſhe takes Breath, and ſays to my *Father*, "Good Morning, my Dear."

"Good Morning, my Dear," replies he; "this is our Wedding-Day;" and got up, and kiſſed her.

This was ſo unlike his uſual Mood,

that *Prudence* and I were surprised and touched.

"I dare ſay now," purſues he, "that "you had forgot it?"

"Oh no, Mr. *Honeywood*,—my Dear, I "mean," ſays my *Mother*, wiping her eyes, "I remembered it before I got out of Bed "—and the last thing overnight, too. I'd "no Notion your Memory would be ſo "good, my dear."

"Well," ſays he, "it ſeems we each "did the other Injuſtice, this Time—a good "Thing if we never do ſo any more. But "I remembered it yeſterday, and bought "you a little Trifle, in Token of it."

"I am ſure I am much obliged to you, my "Dear," ſays my *Mother*. "Pray what is it?"

"You ſhall ſee what you ſhall ſee—you "ſhall ſee what you ſhall ſee," repeats he very deliberately, proceeding to take the Silver Paper off ſundry little Figures, as *Peter* diſengaged them from the Straw—"The five Senſes, my Dear—the greateſt "Bargain I ever knew."

My poor *Mother* lifted up her Hands and Eyes. "At your old Tricks again, Mr. "*Honeywood*," ſaid ſhe ſoftly.

"Old Tricks!" repeated he, with the Air of an injured Man; "why, theſe are "the moſt exquiſite little Gems you ever "ſaw! A Nobleman could not make a "more delicate Preſent to his Miſtreſs.— "Look at this charming little Creature "ſtroking her Lapdog . . . and this high-"bred Toaſt taking a Pinch of Snuff, this "Lady of Quality ſipping Tokay, and this "Opera-belle ready to ſwoon with Extaſy "at *Bononcini*—where are your Eyes, my "Dear?"

"Ah, Mr. *Honeywood*, you know the "old Saying, 'Pleaſe the Eye and plague "the Heart.'"

"Plague my Heart, then!" cries he in riſing Dudgeon, "if you are not the moſt "hard to pleaſe of any Woman alive. "Why, a Peer bade againſt me!"

"My Dear, I wiſh the Lot had been "knocked down to him. Theſe are ſuit-

" able Toys for a Perſonage of that Con-
" dition, but not for us. Why, now, I
" venture to ſay this Set coſt you five and
" twenty Pounds, at the loweſt Figure."

" Five and twenty? You may add
" Something to that. Why, Mrs. *Honey-*
" *wood*, you muſt be a Dolt, to know their
" Value no better than that, or elſe you are
" ſaying ſo to incenſe me!"

" Indeed, my Dear, I have learnt the
" World's Value for ſuch Things but too
" well, by having to pay for them ſo often.
" Are theſe paid for?"

" Confuſion, Madam! Do you mean
" to doubt my Honour?"

" Why really, Mr. *Honeywood*, you have
" ſo little ready Money except what is
" earned by theſe poor Girls, that I might
" be excuſed for aſking. And in Truth
" I do not feel it ſo much of a Compliment
" as I could wiſh, to have Preſents bought
" to gratify your own Taſte, which you
" know do not ſuit mine, and after all, be
" obliged to pay the Bill."

" This is Language I will ſtand from no " Woman."

" Nay, Mr. *Honeywood*, juſt look at thoſe " Shepherdeſſes on the Mantel-Shelf, and " ſay if it were not ſo with them . . ." . . . (Smaſh went the Shepherdeſſes.)

" The Senſes ſhall go next," cried he, " if you ſay another Word! Don't cling " to me, *Patty!* They ſhall."

" Dear *Father*, my *Mother* is not going " to ſay another Word. Pray be calm."

" I proteſt . . ." begins my *Mother*.

" Dear *Mother*, pray don't—*Father!* " *Father!* Pray withdraw—as a Favour!"

" What! be turned out of the Room " like a chidden Child? Your *Father*, " Mrs. *Patty?* I'll ſit here till Dinner, " I vow. *Prue*, fetch me the Daily " Courant, and a clean Pipe."

" It has not come in yet, *Father*."

" Hang it! everything is out of joint! " I ſhall go to the *Trumpet*, in *Sheer Lane*, " and you won't hear of me again, any of " you, for a good While."

Prue and I tried to ſtay him, but in vain. My *Mother* was ſhedding ſilent Tears.

"Heaven forgive me," ſaid ſhe, "if I "ſpoke too warmly, or croſſly. After his "Kiſs, and all! it ſeemed ſo ungracious to "take it amiſs. But I know too well, he "only uſed our Wedding-day as a Blind, "and if he gets into theſe old Ways again, "he will not merely end his own Days in "Jail, but ſend you there too. So that "proteſt I muſt, if I hadn't another Breath "to draw!"

About Noon, Mr. *James*, one of Lady *Betty's* laced Footmen, came to inquire after a Diamond Ring her Ladyſhip ſaid *Gatty* muſt have dropped on the Graſs. We looked for it carefully, but could not find it.

"I dare ſay we ſhall find that my *Lady* "has it at Home all the While," ſays Mr. *James* (which, indeed, proved afterwards to be the Caſe). "However, if it "ſhould not turn up, Woe to poor Mrs.

" *Gatty!* She will lie under awful Blame " for Heedleſſneſs, if not be counted a " Thief. And pray how is Mrs. *Gatty* this " Morning? we Servants are all concerned " for her, ſhe is ſo gentle and pretty- " behaved, though ſhe does keep us at a " Diſtance! I wiſh to know on my own " Account, I aſſure you, as well as to take " back the News to my Lady, though ſhe " does not care much about her, except as " far as her own Convenience goes."

" Mrs. *Gatty* continues very ill," said I, " and has twice been ſeen by a Phy- " ſician, who thinks ſhe will take ſome " Time to recover. You may as well " report this to Lady *Betty*, for the Doctor " had not paid his ſecond Viſit when Mr. " *Arbuthnot* called."

" Mr. *Arbuthnot!* Why ſhould he " call?" ſays Mr. *James*. " Lady *Betty* " would be mad enough to think he took " the Trouble of knowing whether Mrs. " *Gatty* were alive or dead."

" He called in order to report her

" Condition to Lady *Betty*," said I. " Rely " on it," ſaid Mr. *James*, " he called on " his own Account, for Humanity sake, if " nothing more. He hasn't been near my " *Lady* to-day, and I had it from his Man " that he has gone down to dine in the " Country with the old *Earl;* that's Lady " *Grace's Father*. Sure, he muſt have " named Lady *Grace*, not Lady *Betty*."

There was no more to be ſaid, and I never encourage mere Tattle; but I thought that good and pretty as *Gertrude* was, it could be no Advantage to have a Gentleman like Mr. *Arbuthnot* concerning himſelf about her.

We are all mighty fond of high Matches; not conſidering that what is a high Match on one Side muſt be a low one on the other; and that there is little real Happineſs to be looked for where Eſtates are widely unequal.

I aſked Mr. *James* whether my *Lady* were not much put out by the Loſs of her Woman's Services.

He replied, "Oh no, ſhe keeps one for "Shew and one for Uſe. Mrs. *Gatty*, "for as hard a Life as ſhe leads, does "Nothing in Compariſon of Madam *Pom-*"*pon*, who is the real Waiting-Maid of "the two. But my *Lady* requires a "ſecond, who ſhall have white Hands, "and do Quantities of fine Work, and be "at her Beck and bear with her Humours. "Why ſhould ſhe not require two Women "to ſew in her Ante-Chamber, as well as "two Men to hang behind her Chariot?"

Two Women and two Men to wait upon one! Well! there muſt needs be different Levels; and maybe the Time will come when Habits of Living ſhall be ſimpler. I have read, in one of Mr. *Fenwick's* Books, of an *Engliſh* King in old Times, that had his Barge rowed by eight other Kings. And of another, that had a Menial whoſe ſole Office was to lie under the Table, and chafe and cheriſh his Majeſty's Feet in cold Weather. *King Adonibezek* had threeſcore and ten Kings, having

their Thumbs and great Toes cut off, that gathered their Meat under his Table. The making one's own Glory lie in the abject or lowly State to which we reduce others, always ſeems to me to reliſh of Barbariſm, however high Degree may carry it off.

Chapter III.

The Houſehold of a Virtuoſo.

Ah! how ſorry a Thing is it, when a Man's Abſence from his own Home is felt by all the Houſehold to be a Relief! My poor *Father* kept his Word, of not coming nigh us, for a good While; and, could we have been aſſured of his being well, and doing well, there would have been no Alloy to our Comfort under the Deprivation, however we might feel aſhamed to acknowledge it.

The unfortunate Habit of buying Things he did not want, had become a Kind of Diſeaſe, that I verily think he could no longer controul; but it might have been checked in its firſt Beginnings in early Life,

for it could not have been born with him. How careful ſhould People be to ſhun the firſt Temptations to needleſs and lawleſs Expenditure! inſtead of putting themſelves in the Way of it, as I am free to ſay many do, out of mere Wantonneſs. 'Tis they that keep up our Lace-Shops and Auctions, on whoſe Spoils unprincipled Dealers grow rich, while honeſter People cannot get their Bills paid by them, and ſo are ruined. Lady *Betty's* Man had ſcarce left us, when I went to my *Father's* Wardrobe, to put away ſome Linen I had been repairing; when, in one of the Drawers, I came upon five Pairs of red Silk Stockings, worth eight or ten Shillings the Pair, that had never been ſo much as put on! He had bought them, years ago, to wear with his Sad-coloured Coat and Scarlet Waiſtcoat; but the Faſhion for them had already gone by, and one Pair would have ſufficed a Man that needed 'em ſo ſeldom; whereas, I warrant, he took an Half-Dozen.

To return to the Matter in Hand. When I carried Mr. *Fenwick* his Chocolate and Ruſks, I found him with Writing Implements and Papers all about, hurriedly affixing his fine Carnelion Seal to a ſomewhat bulky Packet. I ſaid, "Dear Heart, "Sir, are you prudent, do you think, in "writing ſo much?"

"If you cut me off from writing, Mrs. "*Patty*," ſays he, with his pleaſant Smile, "pray what do you leave me? I am "already forbidden to talk, I am unable "to walk, and I cannot always be reading. "Oblige me by poſting this Packet by a "ſafe Hand; or ſtay, here is a Shilling for "a ſpecial Meſſenger, if you will find "one."

I ſaid, "I will, Sir," and happening to caſt my Eye abſently on the Superſcription of the Packet as I withdrew, I ſaw that it was addreſſed to Mr. *Paul Caryl*, *Will's* Coffee-Houſe, which ſtruck me, as I knew not that he was any Acquaintance of Mr. *Fenwick's*.

Mrs. *Gatty* continued exceeding ill all that Day, her Tongue forked and crimſon-red, her Eyes wandering, and her Deliration inceſſantly finding Vent in an incoherent Babble, of which few Words could be made out, ſo thick and quick was her Voice. When Dr. *Elwes* ſaw her next, he ſhook his Head, and laying his Hand kindly on my Shoulder, "You are in for "it now, Mrs. *Patty*," ſays he. "I don't "believe you will take Infection, but it "may be as well to keep yourſelf to your-"ſelf, and not go below, eſpecially to your "younger Siſter. This poor Thing's Fever "will turn in a few Days; and in the "mean Time, you muſt continue to be "what you have begun, by being a good "*Samaritan*." I dropped a few Tears to hear him talk thus, but he bade me by no Means to give Way to low Spirits, but take plenty of generous Nouriſhment; and he would ſet them on their Guard below, without frightening them. He alſo ſaid ſomewhat of an hired Nurſe, but I begged

him not to think of it, unleſs indeed I ſhould fall ſick myſelf, and then I would rather have one than endanger *Prue*.

When he was gone, I kneeled down and prayed; then roſe with much Compoſure and ſat down to my Work, which was making a Net to keep the Flies from the Paſtry, occaſionally laying it aſide to render the poor Sufferer what Attention ſhe required.

By and by I heard the Tap of my dear *Mother's* Walking-Stick, coming up the Stairs; but I would by no Means let her in, only ſpoke to her through the Door, as cheerfully as I could, and bade her take Care of dear *Prue* and her dear Self.

The next few Days and Nights were very trying. I obtained a nearer Sight of the dark Valley we muſt all paſs through ſoon or late than I had ever done before. It ſeemed to throw an entirely different Hue over the Face of natural and ſpiritual Things, and to ſhew the littleneſs of many Things that are commonly conſidered great,

and the greatneſs of many that are conſidered little.

At length the Fever took a Turn, and poor *Gatty* opened her Eyes with a Look that had Senſe and Recognition in it. She ſaid, "Oh me, how weak I am! Are you "ſtill here, dear Mrs. *Patty?* How ſtrange "it ſeems to me to be lying a-bed without "hearing my *Lady* pulling her Bell, and "rapping the Floor with her Slipper!"

I bent over her and kiſſed her wan Lips, which ſhe requited by a thankful Smile, and then dozed off into what I was ready to believe was a reſtoring Sleep. I was very deſirous not to diſturb it, ſo ſat perfectly ſtill at my Netting, cloſe to the open Window, through which the warm Summer Air came refreſhingly, without waving the white Curtains of the Bed. Mr. *Fenwick's* Window, which was alſo open, was immediately below; and through it I could hear Voices, and what they were ſaying. I ſhould remark that I afterwards learnt from *Prue*, that, from the Time of

my confining myſelf above Stairs, Mr. *Fenwick*, upon whom it had been her Portion to wait, had been uncommon reſtleſs and fidgetty.

"He ſo ſeldom received a Viſitor, that I was ſurpriſed to hear a Man's Voice in his Chamber. Nor did I at firſt think I had ever heard it before.

Prue had probably announced the Name without its reaching me; for the firſt Exclamation I heard was from Mr. *Fenwick*, who appeared to ſtart from the Window-Seat, with, "Sir!—This Condeſcenſion con-
" fers both Honour and Pleaſure!"

" Don't name it," ſaid the other eaſily, " the Pleaſure is mine. I came to ſee the " ingenious Madman to whom I was indebted " for the Letter and the Manuſcript."

" Madman?" repeated Mr. *Fenwick*, deprecatingly.

" Yes, Madman," reiterated the other, " for who, in his Senſes, would addreſs a " Poem to a Patron almoſt as pennileſs as " himſelf?"

"Sir, there are other Claims to Reve-
"rence," replied Mr. *Fenwick*, "beſides
"thoſe of Wealth."

"Truly I hope ſo," replied his Viſitor,
"but I don't know that they are germane
"to the preſent Queſtion. You write a
"Poem; you want a *Mecænas;* and inſtead
"of addreſſing a laudatory Dedication to
"ſome Peer of Mark and Magnitude, you
"light upon a poor Brother Witling and
"Authorling like myſelf."

"Your Courteſy leſſens not the Diſtance
"between us," ſaid Mr. *Fenwick;* "you
"are a recogniſed Wit and ſucceſsful Man
"of Letters; I only a poor Aſpirant."

"Aye, Man, but Wits don't make one
"another's Fortunes. *Shakſpeare*, *Spenſer*,
"and *Jonſon*, did not dedicate to one
"another. *Shakſpeare* had his *Southamp-*
"*ton; Spenſer* his *Raleigh*, *Sidney*, *Hatton*,
"*Burleigh*, a whole Cloud or Galaxy of
"Sponſors."

"There's ſomething wrong and humili-
"ating in the Syſtem," ſaid Mr. *Fenwick*.

"Something rotten in the State of "*Denmark?*" ſaid the other. "Truly "there is! *Shakſpeare* may have un- "feignedly admired *Southampton* and "*Spenſer Sidney;* but the relation between "Patron and Client has degenerated into "Something unworthy of free, upright "Minds. Does my Thought jump with "yours?"

"It does, I confeſs to you. I am poor; "moſt of our Fraternity are. I am cut "off from my profeſſional Duties, and "have employed a Seaſon of Leiſure, and "cheated ſome Hours of Languor, by "what, it muſt be owned, I compoſed for "downright Pleaſure rather than for Gain. "Yet a Man does not willingly let his "cheriſhed Thoughts die."

"Certainly not."

"Therefore I aſpired to ſee mine in "Print; inſcribed not to ſome bloated "Peer, more competent to decide on the "Merits of a Pipe of *Bordeaux* than of "an Ode by *Horace*, but to ſome one

" whoſe Genius and turn of Thought I " ſincerely admired."

" Mr. *Fenwick*, have you a private For- " tune?"

" Oh no, Sir . . . only a poor Curacy " of fifty Pounds a Year."

" Your Taſtes are expenſive, let me " tell you, for a poor Man. Had you " writ your Dedication to my Lord *Earl-* " *ſtoke* inſtead of to me, he might have " given you twenty Pounds!"

" I would rather have burned my " Poem."

" Sir *Charles Sefton* might have given " you thirty."

" But had I ſaid to him what I have ſaid " to you, it would have been a Lie."

" Pooh! you are too nice. Why, Man, " I have writ Dedications myſelf. I know " the Market-Value of theſe Things. " Moreover, the Bookſellers will laugh at " you, and probably will refuſe to print."

" Well, Sir, no great Harm done; I " ſhall be disappointed, but not heart-

" broken. Happy for me, I am not writ-
" ing for Bread."

" Hark ye, Mr. *Fenwick*—"

And I could not catch the Senſe nor Connexion of what followed. Mr. *Caryl* ſeemed to lead away quite from the Subject in Hand to College Matters, and aſking Mr. *Fenwick's* Opinion about this and t'other Poet; for ſuch I took 'em to be, becauſe they got upon ſuch Names as *Lucretius* and *Catullus*, and others ending in *us*, the which I had ſeen tagged to the Mottoes of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. And they ſeemed to talk over their Merits, and declare their own Opinions of them, which did not agree, becauſe I heard Mr. *Caryl* laugh at Mr. *Fenwick* for battling ſo ſtoutly with his *Patron*. Then they got on to *Greek* Play-Writers, I think, and ſeemed more of a Mind, and to warm mightily and ſpout favourite Paſſages, each inciting and kindling the other, ſo that 'twas quite pleaſant to hear 'em, even without underſtanding a Word of what they

were ſaying; and I was glad Mr. *Fenwick* had Company ſo much to his Mind, that would make the Morning fly away ſo faſt; and only hoped he might not over-exert himſelf, and ſuffer for it afterwards. Then I fell to thinking that if ſuch were his Taſtes and Capacities, what a wide, wide Barrier there muſt be between his cultivated Mind and our uncultivated Minds, and how trite and poor muſt ſeem to him the very beſt Remarks that we could offer! And while I was purſuing this Thought, and forgetting to hearken to their Diſcourſe, I was recalled to it all at once by hearing Mr. *Caryl* ſay,

"This won't do; I muſt be off. Good "Day, Sir!"

And, in ſhaking Hands with Mr. *Fenwick*, I ſuppoſe he endeavoured to leave a Purſe in his Hand; for I heard Mr. *Fenwick* quite energetically ſay,

"Oh no! No indeed! I cannot think "of it for a Moment! It muſt not be "ſo!"

And the other; "Nay, but it *muſt* be ſo! "For once, you muſt flatter my Vanity by "letting me fancy myſelf a Lord *Earl-* "*ſtoke.*"

"That would, on the contrary, be to "*humble* your Vanity. In a Word, Sir, I "cannot! you muſt grant me my Pride, "inſtead of pretending to gratify your "Vanity; and my Pride is to be a free "Man, and ſpeak the Truth unpaid."

"Well, you are an Eccentricity. I'm "afraid you won't find it anſwer in the "long Run. I'll tell you what I'll do; "for I *muſt* do Something. *Cave* will "flout at the very idea of publiſhing "Poems with such a Dedication as yours; "permit me the Uſe of your Manuſcript "for a Day or two. I'll read a Paſſage "of it here and there at my Coffee-Houſe, "and ditto at *Dodſley's*, ſing its Praiſes, "and make a Myſtery of its Author; "inſtead of offering it him for Publication, "I'll wait till he makes Advances to me. "See if that won't do!"

"Mr. *Caryl*, you are making me your "Slave—I mean, your Debtor, for Life!"

"Why, a Debtor *is* a ſort of Slave to "his Creditor, you *free Man!* See how "ſoon you are chained! However, don't "let us reckon our Chickens before they "are hatched. The Plan may take, or "may fail. Farewell."

And I heard him lightly run down Stairs; and looking ſoftly out of my Window, I could ſee Mr. *Fenwick* leaning on his Window-Sill, his Cheek reſting on his Hand, in profound and, I doubt not, bliſsful Reverie. Perhaps a Man more peacefully happy than he was at that Moment did not exiſt.

Chapter IV.

The Chineſe Parlour.

Mrs. *Gatty's* Fever having now turned, 'tis incredible the Gratitude ſhe expreſſed to me for all my Care of her during the courſe of it. I may ſay that during the whole Term, the only Concern Lady *Betty* ſhewed whether ſhe were likely to ſink or ſwim, was conveyed in a ſingle Meſſage, and that of the briefeſt; to know, was ſhe about yet? a likely Thing, when the Girl was at that Moment in a Fever-Lethargy! *Gatty* took it mighty little to Heart, I muſt ſay for her, when ſhe learned how little Recollection of her had been intimated; and ſhe ſaid, with a

Smile, ſhe was ready to wiſh they ſhould forget her altogether, ſo content was ſhe to remain, and ſo loth to go back.

And now her Appetite mended apace, and ſhe began to regain Colour and Fleſh, and the Chamber was fumigated, and ſhe had a warm Bath, and Dr. *Elwes* pronounced that ſhe might go below with Safety to herſelf and others. We reſolved to make a little Feſtival of it, and aſked him to ſup with us, which he cheerfully conſented to; and I had Pleasure in combing out *Gatty's* long fine Hair, which ſhe was yet unequal to doing herſelf, and arranging her Dreſs with ſome Air of Smartneſs.

After this, ſhe reclined in the Arm-Chair by the Window, to repoſe herſelf a little before ſhe went down Stairs. Meanwhile, I tended a Roſe that grew in a Pot that ſtood in the Window-Sill, and had juſt finiſhed watering it, when, as Ill-Luck would have it, the Water, filtering too quickly through the Pot, descended copiouſly on

ſome one who had got his Head out of the Window beneath.

"Hallo! Who's that, giving me a "Shower-Bath?" cries Mr. *Fenwick;* at the firſt Sound of whoſe Voice I drew my Head in quickly, and we both fell a laughing.

"Don't let us anſwer," ſays *Gatty*.

"Let us both put our Heads out at "the ſame Moment," ſaid I, "and then "he won't know which it was."

It was a pert Thing to do, but we were just then in cheerful Spirits; ſo we looked out, without looking down, quite unconcernedly.

"I am glad to ſee you ſo much better, "Mrs. *Gatty*," said Mr. *Fenwick;* "poor "Mrs. *Patty*, though, looks all the worſe "for her ſhutting up. You remind me "of the two Damſels in *Don Quixote*, "looking through the Inn-Casement, and "plotting Miſchief."

"Oh no, Sir," ſays *Gatty*, ſo ſoftly that I only heard her, and immediately

withdrawing and ſitting down. I did the ſame, actuated by that nameleſs Feeling which often tells Women what is ſeemly and becoming for them to do, without enabling them to ſay why.

Mrs. *Gatty* ſhyly begged me to go down firſt, becauſe ſhe ſaid my *Mother* and *Siſter* would be glad to ſee me; which indeed they were. *Prue* had ſet out our little Parlour in the prettieſt Way imaginable.— My *Father's* Arm-Chair was placed for *Gatty* at the little *Gothic* Window wreathed with Jeſſamine; my *Mother's* Chair was in its accuſtomed Place. This Room was hung with a very expenſive *Chineſe* Paper, that had coſt my *Father* I am afraid to ſay how much per Yard, and which was covered with Groups of *Chineſe* Figures illuſtrating the Manners and Cuſtoms of that Empire, depicted with extraordinary Livelineſs and Veriſimilitude; no two Groups alike. This Paper-hanging had been *Prue's* and my Picture-Gallery for many a Year; and when we were Chil-

dren, and my *Father* had it by him in Pieces, we had needed no other Entertainment on rainy Days; preventing the long Rolls from curling up by ſetting a Caddy on one End, and a Work-Box on the other. Correſponding with this Paper were ſundry Joſſes and Jars, much fitter for Lady *Betty* than for us; and the Mantel-Shelf was decorated with Noſegays of freſh Flowers; my *Mother* having put the Five Senſes carefully away, for Fear they ſhould ſhare the Fate of the Shepherdeſſes. As for the Tea-Table, never was ſuch a Spread! Fancy-Bread, Buns, and Cakes of all Deſcriptions, cold Fowl, marbled Veal, delicate Slices of pink Ham, and a ſuperb Diſh of ripe Grapes. Dear *Prue*, whom I had not ſeen for ſome Days, was blooming with Health and Sprightlineſs. She had put on a pretty chintz Muſlin over her Pea-green ſilk Petticoat, with a Knot or two of pale pink Ribbon to her Stomacher, and her beſt Muſlin Apron worked with Panſies

and Sweet-Peas. A Sweet-Pea ſhe was herſelf! ſo brightly, delicately tinted with Colour! ſo pliant, ſlim, and debonnaire! When we were little Girls, kind Dr. *Elwes* had been wont to ſay we were as like as two Peas,—two Sweet-Peas; but ſomehow, I fell off afterwards, loſt my Bloom and Freſhneſs, grew lanky and angular, while *Prue's* ſcarlet Lips and carmine Cheeks, and violet-blue Eyes, grew brighter and deeper every Day; only ſhe ſtopped growing too ſoon, and, but for her neat Make, would have been too round.

Well, I went up for Mrs. *Gatty*, and entering ſomewhat too ſoftly, ſurpriſed her on her Knees. She ſlightly coloured as ſhe roſe, but ſaid Nothing, and putting her Arm within mine, went down Stairs; having doubtleſſly vented her Gratitude for late Mercies received, in pious Ejaculation, which made me love her all the better. My *Mother's* and *Siſter's* Reception of her was moſt cordial, to which ſhe

reſponded with the utmoſt Cheerfulneſs; and we vied with one another in Alacrity in conducting her to her Seat, and bolſtering her up in it. "Of courſe, you know," ſaid I to *Prudence*, "that Dr. *Elwes* is going to join us by and by."—"Oh, yes," ſays ſhe, "and Mr. *Fenwick* too;" which ſtartled me a little, and made me caſt a furtive Glance at myſelf in a little oval Mirrour in a Shell-work Frame that hung by the Window. The View was not ſatisfactory; in dreſſing *Gertrude*, I had neglected beſtowing Pains on myſelf: beſides, my wan Look and heavy Eyes were what no Pains could remedy. I ſuppreſſed a little Sigh, and looked at *Gatty*. Pale as ſhe yet was, even *Prue's* Beauty faded before hers, into the buxom Bloom of a Milkmaid. *Gertrude's* Lovelineſs was independent of red and white, though the delicate Muſlin Kerchief over her Neck was not purer than the lily Throat it encloſed. For Convenience ſake, I had tied her abundant Hair in a Club

behind, low down on the Poll, with a broad black Ribband; her Gown was of the plaineſt mourning Stuff; yet there ſhe ſate, an enthroned Queen for Beauty in its Glory, without being in the leaſt conſcious of it. Of courſe, Angels are beautiful without being vain; I think *Gatty* was as removed from Vanity as an Angel, and almoſt as beautiful. There was a Dignity, Repoſe, and Thought about her, that made you conclude her Mind to be ſet upon Something high, even without her ſpeaking a Word. As all this ſtruck me, I felt inclined to ſlip away and smarten myſelf; but then thought, why ſhould I? I'm trim and neat, though neither pretty nor gay; to aim at matching *Gatty* would be futile; and as for looking wan, why, *ſhe's* my Reward; for, in nursing her into Health, I have neglected my own.

So I remained as I was; and preſently came down Mr. *Fenwick*, who, *Prudence* told me, had been quite another Man ſince Mr. *Caryl's* Viſit. Cloſe on his Heels

followed Dr. *Elwes*, in his beſt Wig and Ruffles, with a Flower in his Button-Hole; ſo our gala Preparations were by no Means in vain. Then our little Feaſt began: with two such Men at Table, 'twould have been ſurpriſing if good Converſation had been wanting, and every one ſeemed in happy Tune. As for the Doctor, he was quite on the merry Pin, praiſed the Cream, Butter, and Cakes, partook of Everything, and complimented us handſomely all round. I believe my dear *Mother* had not had ſuch a tranquilly pleaſant Evening for many a Day. I preſided at the Tea-Board, which was ſupplied with fairy-like Cups without Handles, of real China, and the Tea-Caddy was real Chineſe too, one of my poor *Father's* Purchaſes. *Prue* tripped off now and then into the Shop; but our Man *Peter* was on Duty there, as well as *Saunders's* Daughter, ſo that we could leave the Buſineſs pretty ſafely in their Charge.

All at once enters *Nanny Saunders* from

the Shop, with a Face as red as Currant-Jelly; and, "Sir,—Mr. *Fenwick!*" ſays ſhe, "here's a Gentleman of Quality "inquiring for you!" and without more ado, uſhers Mr. *Paul Caryl* in upon us.

For my Part, I felt greatly confuſed; the reſt expreſſed by their Looks ſimple Surpriſe, all except Mr. *Fenwick*, who, upſetting his Cup (which luckily was empty) in his Hurry to riſe, and colouring very red, haſtened to meet his Gueſt.

"Faith, I find you pleaſantly engaged, "Sir!" were the eaſy, lively Words firſt ſpoken by our Man of Faſhion. "Don't "let me diſturb any one, pray.—May I "requeſt to be preſented to the Ladies?" And he bowed upon my *Mother's* Hand as if ſhe had been a Ducheſs, ſaluted *Prue* and me more diſtantly, and ſtood at pauſe for a Moment when he came to *Gatty*, then bowed low, noticed the Doctor, and then turned to Mr. *Fenwick*.

"I've good News for you," ſaid he gaily, "ſo thought I would bring it my-

" ſelf. I know how I ſhould have liked " it, had I been in your Place. But ſup- " poſe we poſtpone it a little, and enjoy " the Goods the Gods provide us. Why " ſhould we forget the univerſal Doom of " Man—'*Fruges conſumere nati*'? Ha, " Sir?"

I mutely offered him a Diſh of Tea, which he immediately accepted; and, as he ſipped it, he addreſſed ſome trifling Remark to my *Mother*, who cheerfully replied. Many Perſons would have been completely fluttered by the Entry of an unexpected Gueſt, of a Grade ſo removed from their own; but my *Mother* never loſt her Self-Poſſeſſion or Self-Reſpect; which on this Occaſion was ſo influential on all around her, that we almoſt immediately regained our Eaſe, and became as cheerful and chatty as we had been before.

" Upon my Life, this is a very pleaſant " little Interlude!" cried Mr. *Caryl*. " What a lucky Fellow I am! Always " falling on my Legs! Here, now, have

"I dropped into the midſt of a moſt "agreeable little Tea-Party, and am made "welcome to all theſe good Things as if "my Preſence were no Intruſion!"

"Don't name Intruſion, Sir," ſays my *Mother*.

"But I *muſt* name it, Madam! Moſt "abominable Intruſion! Hum,—hum,— "I can't help thinking I have ſeen that "Lady's Face before"—with his Eyes full upon *Gatty*.

"The Day Lady *Betty* was here, Sir."

"Bleſs my Soul, yes! I remember all "about it now. Moſt unlucky occur- "rence! You're quite recovered, Ma'am, "I hope?"

And he ſeemed all at once to reflect, that, whereas he had been here on a previous Occaſion with my *Lady*, he was now taking Tea with the Lady's Maid. Too well-bred to behave ſuperciliouſly, he nevertheleſs ſaid not another Syllable to *Gatty*, but kept eyeing her continually like a fine Picture. For her Part, *Gatty*

looked ſo little towards him, that I believe ſhe was quite unconſcious of the Attention. A Phyſician is fit Company for Anybody; and Dr. *Elwes* put ſome Queſtion about the News of the Day, which ſoon led to general and fluent Converſation. Mr. *Caryl* was evidently not aiming to ſhine, as when at Lady *Betty's* Table. I cannot recal one witty Thing that he ſaid; but, on the other Hand, there was a racy, genial flow of ſmall Talk, in which all could take their Share, and no one felt diſtanced or outſhone, that was even better than *Bon-mot* or Repartee. Mr. *Fenwick* was, I believe, on the Tenter-Hooks, at firſt, for Mr. *Caryl's* good News; but ſoon making out that it was not immediately forthcoming, he gave himſelf up to the Enjoyment of the paſſing Moment. Ere Tea was well over, they fell to ſome amuſing Play upon Words, that muſt be ſhown upon Paper. Writing Implements were immediately found Room for; and from one ingenious Puzzle to another they went on,

now giving us Anagrams to make out, now ſending round Quips and Queries that each was to anſwer in their own Faſhion, till Doctor *Elwes* exclaimed, "Oh, Brag "and Loo! how well we can do without "you!"

I whiſpered to him ſoftly, "Shall I fill "your Pipe, Sir?"

"No!" returns he, with equal Quietneſs, "I meant to have had one, but "theſe young Sparks keep me awake "without it. They're monſtrous good "Company, Mrs. *Patty*."

And ſo we went on as merry as Crickets, till I began to think of two Things at once; that is to ſay, of two Dozen—the Anagram before me—and Sauſage Rolls, Oyſter Patties, ſtewed Sweetbreads, and ſo forth for Supper; and to be ſenſible that I muſt go and look after them. Juſt then, I noticed a diſtreſſed look croſs *Prue's* Face at ſome little Attention Mr. *Fenwick* paid Mrs. *Gatty*. "Dear me, how fooliſh "of you, *Prue*," thought I, "to be vexed

" by Anything like that! Why, he cares " very little about *you*, and Nothing at all " for *her!*" And, ſtealing from my Seat, I was about to withdraw quietly to the Kitchen, when ſuddenly the Parlour-Door flies wide open, and on the Threſhold ſtands my poor *Father*, with a Face as red as his Waiſtcoat, who after giving an amazed Glance round about him, exclaims,

" Hoity-toity! Who are all theſe young " Fellows, amuſing themſelves in my *Chineſe* " Parlour?"

I thought Mr. *Caryl* would have gone into Fits with ſuppreſſed Laughter. " Sir," ſaid he, advancing and bowing, " I as the " chief Intruder, beg to introduce myſelf " by the Name of Mr. *Paul Caryl*, of the " *Inner Temple*, at your Service; and this " is my Friend and your Lodger, Mr. *Fen-* " *wick*, whom I have made a Call upon. " The other Gentleman, you will perceive, " is your Family Phyſician."

" You ſeem all monſtrous merry and " mightily at Home with one another,"

ſays my *Father*, who evidently had, as was but too common, taken a little too much; "I almoſt ſeem like an Interloper in my "own Houſe; however, I don't care if I "have a cheerful Glaſs with you to im- "prove our Acquaintance. Hallo! where's "my Chair gone? I had like to have ſat "down upon the Floor."

"Here, Sir," ſaid *Gatty*, haſtily riſing.

"Here, Sir? and who are *you*, Madam? "I don't remember ever to have ſeen your "Face before; not an ugly one, neither! "Pray, are you Mrs. *Paul Caryl?*"

"Oh no, Sir!"

"Who then? Mrs. . . . Mrs. . . . I "ſhall forget my own Name next; hum! "Hallo! Why, where are my Senſes?"

Mr. *Caryl* and Mr. *Fenwick* looked at him in Amazement; while *we* knew what he miſſed, well enough.

"Where are they?" reiterated he, raiſ- ing his Voice very loud, and ſtamping the Floor. "Woman!" addreſſing my *Mother*, "where, I ſay, are my Five Senſes?"

"Dear Mr. *Honeywood*, they're ſafe in "the China Cupboard," began my *Mother*, which ſet Mr. *Caryl* off in an inextinguiſhable Fit of Laughter.

"Are theſe your Manners, Sir?" cries my *Father*, fiercely turning upon him.

"'Pon my Honour, I'm aſhamed of "them," ſays Mr. *Caryl*, covering his Face in his Cambric Handkerchief.

"Where are my Senſes, I ſay?" recommences my *Father;* on which Mr. *Caryl*, unable to ſtand it any longer, ruſhes into the Shop, and Mr. *Fenwick* after him. There we hear them, while my poor *Father* ſtill continues raging, giving way to freſh Peals of Laughter, which they vainly attempt to ſmother; and at length Mr. *Caryl* departs, without returning to wiſh us good bye; and Dr. *Elwes* ſhortly goes alſo, giving us knowing Looks, and adviſing *Gatty* and me to go immediately to Bed. And ſo ended the Evening.

Chapter V.

Two Poets under a Dairy-Window.

Next Morning, my *Father* at his Breakfaſt queſtioned us ſtraitly as to what had been going on during his Abſence, and ſeemed ſcarcely to know whether to take Offence at it or not. The receiving and nurſing a Stranger under Mrs. *Gatty's* Circumſtances would have been Something to cavil at; but then ſhe was own Woman to Lady *Betty*, for whom, though he only knew her in Public, he entertained great Reſpect; and beſides, Mrs. *Gatty* was a fine Woman, which of itſelf was a Letter of Recommendation to him. Moreover, ſhe ſat by all the While, knitting a White

Silk Mitten; ſo that he could not, for Manners, ſpeak againſt her in her Hearing; and my *Father*, when himſelf, was a well-mannered Man. So he hemmed once or twice, and ſwallowed any Objections he might have made, had we been by ourſelves; and then, to turn the Subject, "Mrs. "*Gatty*," ſays he, "that Mitten will be-"come your Hand well; but moſt other "Women's Fingers, coming out of it, "would look like Radiſhes. And now, "let us clear Decks, and make way for "the Carpenters."

"The Carpenters, *Father?*" repeated *Prue* and I in a breath.

"Aye, there are a couple of Fellows "coming down to put up two little Shelves "and Brackets, for ſome little Matters that "the Mantel-Piece is too ſhallow for. I "bespoke the Men overnight, and brought "the Toys in with me. Here, *Peter*, you "Knave, bring them in."

Where was the Uſe of ſaying Anything?

"Now," ſays he, laughing as he un-

" packed them, " here are the comicalleſt " Things you ever ſaw in your life; and ſo " *you'll* ſay, Mrs. *Gatty*. Look here—a " rural Piece in Cherry-Wood Carving, " Farm-Yard and Farm-Houſe; a Beggar " approaching the Door. I wind it up be- " hind, like a Time-Piece. Now, mark " you, the Fun of the Thing! The Beg- " gar advances—out flies a Maſtiff from " the Houſe, and furiouſly attacks him! ha, " ha, ha!

" Now, look at this other, its Com- " panion; a lone Houſe in the Country; " Time, Peep of Day. . . . A Thief getting " in at a Firſt-Floor Window, by Means " of a Ladder . . . *Hodge*, coming out of " the Barn, with a Pitchfork, aſſails him " from behind,—you ſhall ſee how, as ſoon " as I have wound it up. Now then! ho! " ho! ho! ſee how he digs into him."

Gatty burſt into ſuch an irrepreſſible Fit of pretty Laughter, that my *Father* was her ſworn Friend from that Moment; while *Prue* and I, influenced by mixed

Feelings of Vexation and Amuſement, laughed with more Conſtraint.

While my *Father* was making *Hodge* aſſail the Marauder again and again, and each Time burſting into freſh Peals of Merriment, enters to him *Peter*, with a Paper in his Hand, a Glance at which changed my *Father's* Note in an Inſtant.

"Hark ye, *Peter!*" ſays he; "why, "your Face is a Yard long! What's your "Name, Man? your Sirname, I mean."

"*Greaves* is my Sirname, Sir—*Peter* "*Greaves.*"

"*Peter Grievous*, it ſhould ha' been! "*Peter Grievous-had-a-Cat!* And your "Creſt, a Cat proper, with the Motto, "'When I'm pleaſed, I purr!' But this "is no purring Matter, *Peter;* tell the "Fellow who brought this Paper, that "I'm not at Home—I ſha'n't be, by the "Time you get to him."

And, ſnatching up his Hat, he haſtily made off through the Glaſs-Door into the Garden; and thence, no Doubt, to his

Crony, *Don Saltero*, for whom, indeed, he had ſuch a profound Admiration, that I believe no Title of Honour could have been conferred on himſelf that he would have liked half as well as that of *Don Honeywood-o*. When he was gone, *Prue* and I locked up the new Purchaſes, and ſent away the Carpenters, telling them to await future Orders; and *Gatty* wrote a Billet to Lady *Betty*, to acquaint her with her Amendment, and requeſt Directions concerning her Return. Meanwhile, I was carrying up Mr. *Fenwick's* Chocolate, when *Prue*, meeting me on the Stairs, ſaid, "Oh, I meant to have ſaved you that "Trouble, dear *Patty*."

"Oh," I replied, "I am able to return "to all my little Duties now; you have "too long worked for both."

"I don't think of that," replied ſhe, with a little Diſappointment in her Air; "Mr. *Fenwick* has got uſed to me now, "and I thought you would be better for "a little Reſt."

"Ah, *Prudence, Prudence!*" thought I, as I purſued my Way, "this reminds "me of the paſſing Shade on your Brow "Yeſterday Evening, when he was at- "tending to Mrs. *Gatty*. Beware of play- "ing, like a Moth, round a Candle, my dear "little Sifter, for it will lead to no good."

When I went in, Mr. *Fenwick* looked round briſkly from his Writing-Table, with a Smile, exclaiming,

"Why, I have been expecting—oh! is "it you, Mrs. *Patty?* (with a ſcarcely "perceptible Change in his Voice); I have "been expecting my Chocolate, I was going "to ſay, this Half-Hour or more; but pray "don't think me impatient—I'm ſure I "ought not to be ſo hungry, conſidering "how you feaſted me laſt Night. 'Tis a "Sign of returning Health, I ſuppoſe."

"I fervently hope it may be, Sir," ſaid I. "Moſt likely it is. I am ſure every "Thing in the Way of Nouriſhment this "Houſe contains is at your Service."

"Thank you, thank you," ſaid he.

" Yes, I really believe I am getting well—
" have turned the Corner, in Fact; and
" when I have taken this nice Chocolate,
" I think I ſhall go and baſk in the Sun
" under thoſe Elm-Trees yonder."

" Then I will put a Cuſhion for you,
" Sir, on the Garden-Seat, and a Footſtool
" on the Graſs before it; for indeed you
" muſt not get chilled!"

" Nay, you will coddle me too much—
" you have made me too luxurious a Fel-
" low already. You don't ſuppoſe I had
" all theſe Vagaries in *Shoreditch*, do you?
" I want to be there again, though!—I
" long to return to my poor People; only,
" I don't know that my Voice is yet ſtrong
" enough, either for Preaching or Reading.
" I muſt make Trial of it, Mrs. *Patty;*
" I muſt begin by ſmall Degrees. I was
" thinking, that if you happened to be by
" yourſelves this Evening, it might not be
" unagreeable to you for me to come down
" and read to you all for a little While—
" juſt for Practice."

" By ourſelves, Sir?—My *Father* may " or may not be at Home; we are unlikely " to have any one elſe; and I am ſure your " Plan will be a very delightful one to " ourſelves."

" Very well; we will wait till the Time " comes, then, to ſee if it be convenient. " You are all well this Morning, I hope? " Your *Mother*, and *Siſter*, and Mrs. " *Gatty?*"

" All well, I kindly thank you, Sir.— " I hear myſelf called . . . I believe I am " wanted in the Shop."

I made uſe of the firſt ſpare Moment, to run and place the Footſtool and Cuſhion under the Elms, and then returned to my Poſt behind the Counter. In the courſe of the Afternoon, enters Mr. *Caryl*, who ſalutes me with eaſy Urbanity.

" Good Morning, Ma'am," ſays he; " pray, is Mr. *Fenwick* within?"

" I believe, Sir, he is ſitting under the " Elms in our little Pleaſure-Ground," ſaid I " I; will ſhow you the Way."

" There's no Need; I know it already," ſays he. " Pray, don't trouble your-" ſelf."

However, I knew what were Manners.

" Ha!" ſaid he, as we paſſed through the Parlour, which happened to be vacant, " what a pleaſant Evening we had in this " Room laſt Night, and how funnily it " ended!—Pray, Ma'am, has the Gentle-" man yet found his five Senſes?"

And I ſaw he was brimful of Mirth, that was ready to explode at the mereſt Word.

" Sir," ſaid I, " allow me to ſay that " you did not know where the Gift of that " Speech lay laſt Night. My *Father* had " preſented my *Mother* with a Group of " Porcelain Figures, repreſenting the Five " Senſes, which ſhe, in her Care for them, " had put away."

" Was that all?" cried he, his Counte-" nance immediately changing. " Oh, I " ſee!—aye, aye—How abſurd my Blunder " was! Upon my Word, Ma'am, I beg

" your Pardon for having been ſo unman-
" nerly. Shocking! shameful!"

Here we came upon Mr. *Fenwick*, who finding himſelf expoſed to a chill Current of Air under the Elms, had got under the Shelter of the Houſe, where my *Father* had ſet up a pretty enough ruſtical Seat, juſt outſide of our Dairy Wire-Lattice. Hence it came to paſs that I, being preſently engaged in ſeeing the Afternoon Milk brought in, heard a good deal of what paſſed between the two Gentlemen, whether I would or no.

" I've ſecured *Dodſley's* Ear," ſays Mr. *Caryl*, cheerfully, " ſo that I fancy I have
" but to ſpeak a Word to ſecure your
" Piece a Place in his *Collection*. Nothing
" remains to be done but for you to attend
" to a little Reviſion in the firſt Place,
" before you ſubmit it to his critical Eye.
" What ſay you?"

" Say? That I am infinitely obliged."

" 'Let my future Life,' &c.—hey?
" We'll ſuppoſe that all ſpoken. Well,

" here is your Manuſcript; I've juſt ſcored
" through what I think had better be
" altered and left out. You are not
" doubtful of my Judgment, I ſuppoſe?"

" Surely not—Juſt allow me to ſee"—

" Look *here*,—and *here*—thoſe had
" better come out. Here again. . . What's
" ' Phœbus' Mane?' "

" Phœbus' *Wain*."

" Oh, I ſee. That's your bad writing;
" *Hand*-writing, of courſe, I mean. Here
" again, ' thwarting Thunder.' "

" That's Miltonic."

" Is it?"

" ' *And heal the Harms of thwarting*
" *Thunder blue.*' "

" Hum! Well then, it ſtrikes me, that
" *Milton* having ſaid ſo once, you had
" better not ſay it again."

" Very well, I will not."

" Then, this about Truth. It's very
" bad—will never do. I was obliged to
" ſkip it in reading to *Dodſley*."

" But why?"

" Why? Why, becauſe it isn't the Thing! " —won't go down, Sir! You carry it out " too far, farther than Anybody goes; it's ſo " much Clap-Trap, and ſpoils what's real."

" But it is not Clap-Trap. It ſays no " more than I mean and feel! No, no; " I'll give up verbal Points to your better " Taſte, but in Matters of Principle, I " cannot alter."

" Nay then, the Thing's at an End, for " I honeſtly tell you I won't concern my- " ſelf with it as it ſtands. You may " ſurely allow me ſome *little* Knowledge " of theſe Things. However, it's no Uſe " talking to an infatuated Man — other- " wiſe, there is another Paſſage I was " going to propoſe to you to withdraw, " which doubtleſs you will maintain to be " the beſt in the Manuſcript."

" Which is that?"

" This, about the Water-Nymphs."

" Well.—I think it pretty, and can't " ſee what there is to object to in it; but,

" to yield to your better Taſte, it ſhall be " withdrawn, if you like."

" My dear *Fenwick!* you don't ſay ſo?"

" I ſay ſo, and mean it too."

" Why, this will be a great Sacrifice of " yours, eſpecially as it is againſt your own " Judgment,—of one of the moſt ſhowy " Paſſages, though I won't ſay one of the " beſt!"

" Never mind! Let it be ſo."

" Come, this is docile and agreeable of " you. The Men at *Will's*, in Fact, ex- " tolled this Paſſage, and pronounced it to " be my own! Taxed me with reading " a Poem I had written, as that of another " Hand!"

" Nay, now the Water-Nymphs begin " to riſe in Value in my Eyes."

" In Fact, I *had* ſaid Somethig like this, " only not ſo well, in a former Piece; and " they thought I had now worked it out, " and improved on it. So that you ſee I " don't exactly want our Things to claſh; " nor to get you accuſed of Plagiary. . ."

" Mr. *Caryl*, not another Word.—The " Paſſage ſhall be omitted."

" Well, I like this; I like your Feeling. " Thank you, thank you. We need never " allude to it."

" Never again."

" As for 'Truth,' let it ſtand. You " have yielded a Point to me, I'll yield one " to you."

" I'm glad of that, for I really could " not have withdrawn that Paſſage."

" And I'll ſpeak to *Dodſley* to-morrow, " and get you into the *Collection;* ſo ex- " pect a Proof-Sheet at no very diſtant " Date, and then we ſhall look on you as " one of the Guild."

And ſhaking Hands with him, Mr. *Caryl* departed.

This Converſation afforded me afterwards, as I ſat netting behind the Counter, Subject for a good deal of Thought. Here was Jealouſy peeping out again; a great Poet jealous of a ſmall one; for ſo, without any competent Knowledge of their

reſpective Merits, I concluded them to be. But if (which I was not ſure of) Mr. *Caryl* were the better Poet, Mr. *Fenwick* was the better Man. I had ſeen him abſorbed in the Compoſition of that Poem Day after Day; he had given it the niceſt Finiſh in his Power; there were Thoughts in it which he cheriſhed as part of himſelf, and would not be falſe to, nor give up, to pleaſe any Patron in the World; but yet a favourite Paſſage, the Fancy and Expreſſion of which he believed to be good, but which another Man was envious of, he could obliterate with Magnanimity. That ſeemed a great Word for a little Thing; but was it a little Thing? The Wits at *Will's* had applauded it; had given it to a popular Writer; then the real Writer deſerved to be as popular. He might have been as popular, had he kept it in; he might not become popular if it were taken out. Then again, Expediency. Had it croſſed his Mind that it was expedient to keep well with Mr. *Caryl*, at the

Expenſe of a Paſſage of Poetry? That did not ſeem like Mr. *Fenwick;* I did not believe the Thought had weighed with him.

Then I proceeded, in my Fooliſhneſs and Self-Ignorance, to ponder how ſtrange it was that it ſhould be hard to Anybody of Common-Senſe and Good-Feeling, to hear,

"*Praiſe of another with unwounded Ear.*"

"Why now," thought I to myſelf, "*I* "have never found it a hard Matter to do "ſo. Theſe many Years I have known "that Everybody conſidered *Prudence* "pretty *Prue*, and me plain *Patty*, and "yet I have never experienced the ſlighteſt "Emotion of Envy or Jealouſy on that "Account."

Ah! we little know ourſelves. "The "Heart is deceitful above all Things, and "deſperately wicked—who can know it?" That's the Scriptural Account of the Mat-

ter; and however we may gloſs it over, eſcape from it, or flatly diſbelieve in it altogether, it turns out to be the true one at laſt.

Chapter VI.

Duties of my Lady's Own Woman.

Mrs. Gatty was circumſpect not to occupy my *Father's* Arm-Chair this Evening, whether he came to claim it or no. When the Tea-Things were ſet, I ſtept up to Mr. *Fenwick* to let him know we were ready.

"So ſoon?" ſaid he, looking up from his Book; "why, do you want me to read "to you before Tea?"

"We hope you will oblige us with your "Company to Tea, Sir," ſaid I.

"Nay then," ſaid he, in high Good-Humour, "I'll join you directly." And

cloſing his Book with Alacrity, he followed me down Stairs.

We had made no Difference, to *call* Difference, for him this Evening. He took us as he found us; and chatted away on this and that, as much one of ourſelves as if he had not a Word of *Latin* or *Greek* in his Head. Once or twice I tried to lead to Something I thought he would have liked better,—Something on which he could have harangued while it would have behoved us to liſten; but he darted away from it directly, and *would* keep down to the Level of his Company, without ſeeming to mind it.

After Tea, we all took out our Work, and my *Mother* began to ſnip a Fly-catcher.

"Oh, now you expect me to read, I "ſuppoſe," ſaid he; but ſtill delayed, to chat and laugh about this and the other Trifle with *Prudence* and *Gatty*, till at laſt, a ſudden Pauſe occurring, he had no Excuſe for idling any longer.

He ſaid he would, with our Leave, read

us *Shenſtone's* "*Schoolmiſtress.*" We had never heard of it, and were quite willing to hear it on his Recommendation. He ſaid it was a Burleſque in the *Spenſerian* Stanza. We knew what a Burleſque was, but not what was a *Spenſerian* Stanza. He ſaid, Illuſtration was the beſt Explanation, and began at once. His Voice and Manner of reading were ſo muſical, that I liked the Melody; and could follow him with Eaſe till he got to "*Libs*, *Notus*, and "*Auſter.*" I ſuppoſe he gueſſed we might be at Fault, ſo checked himſelf to tell us they were Names of the Winds. Then he was about to reſume, when *Prue* interrupted him with, "Pray, Sir, what is "*unkempt?*"

"Uncombed, to be ſure," put in *Gatty*.

"Oh, very well, I have been thinking "of it ever ſo long, and could not make "out what it was."

"If I come to Anything you wiſh to "know, pray don't ſcruple to ſtop me," ſays Mr. *Fenwick;* and went on.

By and by, *Prue* gets treading on *Gatty's* Foot at—

"*As erſt the Bard by Mulla's Silver Stream,*"

and *Gatty* frowns at her. Mr. *Fenwick*, perceiving ſome By-Play going on, ſtops to aſk if they have Anything to ſay. *Prudence* hangs her Head over her Work, colours a little, and ſays, "No, Sir."

"I believe," ſays Mr. *Fenwick*, glan-"cing over the Leaves, "I had better "modernize the old Style a little, that you "may follow it better."

We all thanked him, except *Prudence*, who ſaid ſhe liked it beſt as it was.

"Why? Did ſhe underſtand it?"

"No."

"Then why did ſhe like it?"

"Becauſe ſhe did." This Anſwer made Mr. *Fenwick* laugh; but I muſt ſay I thought it very ſtupid. However, he went on, till within a few Verſes of the End; when my *Father* walked in.

Mr. *Fenwick*, laying down the Book

with that Cheerfulneſs and Self-Poſſeſſion which ſo well became him, took the firſt Word, and ſaid—

" Good Evening, Mr. *Honeywood!* Here " am I, you ſee, reading to your good " Wife and Daughters, and trying to pre- " pare myſelf for Duty on a larger Scale."

" Sir, you do us honour," ſays my *Father*, quite civilly; " your Company muſt be an " Honour to us at any Time, whenever you " pleaſe to beſtow it on us. Pray go on."

" Oh, we can wait a little While," ſays Mr. *Fenwick*. " Pray, is there any News " ſtirring?"

" There's a Whale in the *Thames*," ſays my Father.

" Indeed!" cried we all.

" And there's an Eye-laſh in my Eye," continues he; " pray, Mrs. *Honeywood*, " come and take it out."

While my *Mother* was thus engaged, we chatted among ourſelves. " What will " you have, *Father?*" ſaid I. " Shall I " make you ſome Tea?"

"No, I'd rather you put on Supper "half an Hour, and let me have Something "broiled, and ſome mulled Wine and "Toaſt."

When I returned from giving Orders, I found my *Father* eſtabliſhed in his Arm-Chair, my *Mother* returned to her Snipping, *Prue* and *Gatty* embroidering different Corners of the ſame Apron, and Mr. *Fenwick* ready to reſume his Reading. The Poem was ſoon finiſhed, and when we had talked it over a little, he aſked us what he ſhould read next. I ſaid I thought he had better not do too much at firſt, and Supper would ſoon be ready. "He ſaid, "Oh, he was juſt getting into "the Humour of it, and there was Plenty "of Time to read ſome ſhort Piece before "Supper." So then my *Mother* ſaid ſhe thought a Paper of the *Tatler* would be juſt long enough; and mentioned a favourite Number that ſhe had not read for a good While—that charming Piece*

* No. 95.

beginning,—"There are ſeveral Perſons "who have many Pleaſures and Entertain-"ments in their Poſſeſſion which they do "not enjoy;" and proceeding to give ſuch a touching Picture of domeſtic Felicity. Mr. *Fenwick* read it with ſuch Feeling that we were all delighted with it; and it ſeemed to me that even my *Father*, who ſat quite ſilent, with his Back to us, was moved by it, for I noticed his breathing very hard,—his only Way of expreſſing ſtrong Feeling. "Ah!' thought I to myſelf, "if Mr. *Fenwick* were to read to "us in this nice Way every Evening, and "my *Father* were to grow fond of it and "of him, and get into the Way of coming "Home early, inſtead of ſipping Spirits "and Water with *Don Saltero*, how happy "we ſhould be!"

"And now," ſays my *Mother*, "there's "a Sequel to that Paper, which I ſhould "very much like to hear, ſave for the Fear "of tiring Mr. *Fenwick*."

"Oh, I'm not at all tired," ſaid he;

"Pray give it me; for I am already quite "in love with this good Man and his "Wife."

So my *Mother* looked him out No. 114, which begins, "I was walking about my "Chamber this Morning in a very gay "Humour, when I ſaw a Coach ſtop at "my Door, and a Youth of about fifteen "alight out of it,"— and goes on to deſcribe the Death of the Wife and Mother of the Family. We were preſently all in Tears; *Gatty* even ſobbing; and Mr. *Fenwick* ſeemed irreſolute once or twice whether to proceed or ſtop. However, he went on, and when he came to the Huſband fainting, my Attention was divided between him and my *Father*, who at that Criſis gave not a Sigh but a Snore. He was faſt aſleep. My *Mother*, aſhamed of him, gave him a little Nudge, and ſaid, "My Dear!" on which he turned on his Side, murmured, "Very like a "Whale!" and was off again as ſound as a Top. None of us could help laughing

a little, and after this, there were no more Tears ſhed. We ſupped, and ſeparated for the Night.

Gatty and I ſtill ſlept together; and, as we were undreſſing, ſhe ſaid, "I fear your "Siſter thought me affected to-night "for crying at that Death-Bed Scene; "ſhe gave me ſuch a Look! Indeed I "could not help it; I have witneſſed one "ſo much like it; and my Spirits are yet "tender."

I ſaid, "Pray do not think of it again— "*Prudence* has that ſharp Look ſometimes, "and ſeems juſt now under ſome little "Miſapprehenſion; but in the Main, there "cannot be a better Creature. She has "not ſeen ſo much of you as I have, but "yet, I am ſure ſhe likes you, and admires "you too."

"Nobody can do that," ſays *Gatty;* "but I don't want to be admired, though "I own it is pleaſant to me to be liked, "and not to be miſapprehended."

As ſhe lay down, ſhe ſaid ſighing, "Moſt

" likely, this is the laſt Night I ſhall paſs " in this dear little Bed."

I ſaid, " Shall you be ſorry to leave us?"

" To be ſure I ſhall!" cried ſhe; " you " have been Kindneſs itſelf to me; even my " Illneſs was ſolaced, and my Recovery " has been very pleaſant; but my Life " in Servitude is anything but comfortable. " I have heard or read a Line ſomewhere,

' *And* Betty's *praiſed for Labours*
' *not her own.*'

" In *my* Caſe, the Reading might be—

' *And* Gatty's *blamed for Blunders*
' *not her own.*'

" It cannot be helped. Good Night!"

" I hope," ſaid I, " we ſhall never quite " loſe Sight of one another."

" Oh no! I hope not. You muſt write " to me now and then."

" Perhaps you can come to us when you " have a Holiday."

" I never have a Holiday. Lady *Betty* " knows I had no Friends when I came to

"Town, and does not approve of my "making any."

"No Friends! That does ſound dreary!"

"It *is* dreary."

I had now extinguiſhed the Candle. She ſaid no more; but I could hear her from Time to Time give a great Sigh.

"*Gertrude*," I at length ſaid ſoftly, "are "you crying?"

She cleared her Throat a little, but made no Anſwer.

"Tell me, Dear, what's the Matter."

"I'm only a little low," ſhe replied, huſkily.

"How I wiſh I had given you ſome "reviving Drops, before I put out the "Candle! I will light it again."

"Oh no! Drops would do me no good —they would not give me what I want."

"What *do* you want?"

"To ſee my Mother once more, and "my Brothers, and my Siſters, and every "one at Home. I do pine for them all "ſo, you can't think!"

And now ſhe ſobbed outright, though quietly. "It ſeems ſo long ſince I came "away, and the Proſpect before me is ſo "forlorn; no certain Hope of going back; "or ever, ever ſeeing them any more!"

"*Gertrude*, I *ſhall* get up and give you "the Drops. They will give you Strength."

"I'm afraid they won't."

"Yes, they will. You have over-tired "yourſelf to-day; you are trying to get "about too ſoon. The Drops will quiet "you and ſet you to ſleep, and to-morrow "you will be better."

So I gave her the Drops, which ſhe thankfully took; and in Half-an-hour or ſo I was glad to find ſhe was aſleep.

The next Morning, while we were dreſſing, as ſhe had quite recovered her Compoſure, I took Advantage of what might be my laſt Opportunity to queſtion her a little more than I had yet done on her Poſition at Lady *Betty's*.

"Well," ſays ſhe, "'tis not good to "complain, I know, but however, I will

" this once ſay Somewhat of my Life
" behind the Scenes, with as few Notes
" and Comments as I can. My firſt
" Grievance is ſleeping with that *French-*
" *woman*, a low Perſon whom it is impoſ-
" ſible to like. I wake ſooner than ſhe
" does, and avail myſelf of it for a little
" quiet Reading or Needlework on my
" own Account before ſhe is ſtirring. But
" firſt, I light the Fire in the little Cloſet
" beneath my *Lady's* Chamber, put down
" the Irons, and warm ſome Coffee for
" *Pompon's* Breakfaſt and mine, which ſhe
" takes in an uncomfortable Sort of Way,
" running in and out half dreſſed, without
" ever ſitting down, ſo that my Breakfaſt
" is uncomfortable too. Then I have to
" iron out every individual Thing that
" Lady *Betty* took off Overnight, even to
" her Gloves; and to air her clean Linen.
" Having then fed her Parrots and cleaned
" their Cages, (*Pompey* has the Monkey
" and Lapdog in Charge,) I ſit down to
" fine Work, and have ſcarce ſet a dozen

" Stitches, when Lady *Betty's* Bell is pul-
" led as if the Wire would crack, and her
" High-Heeled Slipper raps the Floor to
" let me know ſhe is ready for her Choco-
" late. *Pompey* brings it up to the Door,
" and I carry it in, and wait on her while
" ſhe drinks it. After this, ſhe remains
" in Bed two Hours, ſometimes ſleeping,
" but oftener ſitting up propped with Pil-
" lows, doing any Fancy-Work ſhe is in
" the Humour for, getting me to thread
" her Needle, change her Silks, hold her
" Sciſſars, and Sometimes to read a Novel
" to her. If ſhe is very late, it may
" chance that one of her female Cronies
" arrives in her Chair, runs up to tell her
" ſome Piece of Goſſip, and perhaps
" rouſes her to get up and dreſs in a
" Hurry to go to ſome Auction; in which
" Caſe ſhe needs not ſo much two Waiting
" Women as twenty. But oftener, ſhe is
" uninterrupted, and after waſting half the
" Morning, riſes to waſte the other half in
" a lengthened, capricious Toilette; trying

" on a dozen Things ſhe does not mean to
" wear, and ſtudying what Colours ſuit
" her Complexion. As ſhe does not ſo
" much as put on her own Gloves herſelf,
" Madame *Pompon* is on hard Duty all
" this While, I ſtanding by and handing
" her the Pins and Everything ſhe wants.
" If my *Lady* thinks herſelf in good
" Looks, all the better for us; but if ſhe
" ſpies out ſo much as a Freckle, woe
" unto us! we are ſure to ſuffer for what
" we can't help. To put her in good
" Humour, *Pompon* flatters her to a Degree
" that is nauſeous to me, and ſometimes
" gets a Rebuff for her Pains: then I am
" ſet to write half-a-dozen trivial Notes to
" her Dictation, or perhaps the Invitations
" to a Rout or a Drum, which *Pompey* is
" then ſummoned to carry out. Then, my
" Work is called for to be examined; I am
" chidden if I have not done enough, and
" receive numerous Orders and Counter-
" Orders about it. At laſt, my *Lady* goes
" out in her Chair, during which Time

"I keep close to my Needle, and then
"*Pompon* and I dine together. Lady *Betty*
"returns, receives Visitors, and I am on
"Duty as Woman in waiting, to bring her
"Scent-Bottle, hold her Handkerchief, her
"Gloves, and hear the News and Gossip
"of the Day and a thousand Impertinences. At length my *Lady* dines: then
"I resume my Needle; then she dresses
"for the Evening, which is as tedious a
"Transaction as her Morning Toilette.
"Her Dressing-Room is the loveliest, most
"luxurious Apartment you ever saw; at
"first I thought it Fairy-Land, and did
"not mind being shut up in it; but oh,
"how tired I am of it now! Its Silken
"Draperies, polished Mirrors, Spider-
"Tables, Ivory Caskets, Alabaster Vases,
"Silver Footbath, old Porcelain, grotesque
"Toys and delicate Trinkets give me no
"more Entertainment than so much Rubbish. Elaborately dressed, she goes forth
"not to return till two, three, or four
"o'Clock in the Morning. Madame *Pompon*

" goes down Stairs to play Cards, or puts
" on her Calaſh and goes out to ſee her
" Friends, or if ſhe ſtays with me, nods
" over a *French* Novel, or babbles all kinds
" of Nonſenſe while ſhe manufactures ſome
" Piece of Finery. Meanwhile, I ſew and
" ſew at that eternal Embroidery, or try to
" keep myſelf awake with a Book, if I
" can find one to my Mind, till my *Lady*
" returns jaded or excited from the Ridotto,
" to be undreſſed and have hot Soup in Bed.
" Thus, you ſee, I have no Change, no Ex-
" ercise; and what is worſe, no Food or
" Medicine for the Mind; and oh, *Patty!*
" *is* this a Life for an accountable Crea-
" ture?"

Chapter VII.

Lady Betty's Fright.

"However that may be, *Gatty*," ſaid I, "'tis certain you and I have not the "Power of rectifying Abuſes, and muſt "take Things as we find them; but you "muſt conſole yourſelf with thinking your "Trial will probably not be long, for I'll "wager a Pound you'll be married within "the Twelvemonth."

"Who to?" ſays ſhe, opening her Eyes wide.

"Nay, I can't tell that," ſaid I, "but "you are not the Sort of Girl to be over-"looked."

She ſmiled ſadly and ſaid, "You are "only ſpeaking at Random, nor have I

" any Wiſh to be married, any further than " I ſhould like almoſt any Condition better " than my own. But now, tell me, *Patty*, is " it not a bad State of Things when young " Women are ſo placed as that they are " tempted to look to Marriage as an " Eſcape?"

" Certainly it is," ſaid I; " but yet, " *Gatty*, let me tell you, your Condition " might be many Degrees worſe than it " now is. Nay, if you had been born " and bred to Servitude, you might even " conſider you had a tolerable Place; 'tis " your gentler Birth and Bringing-up that " makes the Collar ſo hard to wear. " Suppoſe, for Inſtance, Lady *Betty*, in " addition to her Caprice and Frivolity, " had the Sufferings, Infirmities, and con- " firmed Ill-Humours of old Age? Or " ſuppoſe ſhe were married to a trouble- " ſome Huſband? Or, even as ſhe is, " that ſhe were a Martyr to ſome irritating " Complaint?"

" Then I would nurſe her with Pity

" and Patience," ſays *Gatty*. " However, " 'tis no uſe ſuppoſing this and the other " —I muſt take my Lot and make the beſt " of it; only I ſometimes envy the Shop- " Girls behind the pooreſt Counter, for " methinks they have more Exerciſe and " Variety, and have at leaſt their Sundays " to themſelves; whereas, 'e'en Sunday " ſhines no Sabbath-Day to me.'"

I had a Word on my Lips as to what the Shop-Women might have to ſay on the other Side of the Queſtion; but Time preſſed, and I was obliged to run down Stairs to ſee the Milk ſent out.

After Breakfaſt, Mr. *James* the Foot-man made his Appearance in Undreſs Livery, carrying a ſmall Trunk, and re-queſted to ſee Mrs. *Gatty*. When ſhe appeared, " Mrs. *Gatty*," ſays he—" dear " me, how you've fallen away! you muſt " have been ill indeed! . . . I was about to " ſay, your Billet to my *Lady* threw us " into ſad Confuſion Yeſterday. I carried " it to her on a Salver, and ſhe, not know-

" ing who ſent it, opened it careleſſly, " when, ſeeing your Name, ſhe dropped " it like a red-hot Coal, and fell back on " her Settee, crying to me to throw the " Billet in the Fire. But then called me " back to bid me look in it firſt, and ſee " what you ſaid, ſhe ſmelling to her Scent- " Bottle all the While. When I told her " *Ladyſhip* the Contents, ſhe ſaid ſhe would " by no Means have you back yet, it " would be highly dangerous, and perhaps " coſt many precious Lives; that you had " better go down ſomewhere into the " Country, to your Home, in ſhort, till " you got thoroughly diſinfected; and " after that ſhe would let you know her " Mind about you. So I have brought " your Trunk, and your Half-Year's " Wages; and here are five Pounds to clear " off your Expenſes here and pay for your " Journey into the Country."

I never ſaw a Face light up with Joy as *Gatty's* did, that Moment! " Oh, this is " delightful!" ſaid ſhe, " Thank you kindly,

"*James*, for being the Bearer of ſuch "good Tidings! I have little Doubt that "I ſhall be quite ſtrong and well after "ſpending a Month at Home, and then I "will do as my *Lady* pleaſes."

When the Man was gone, ſhe preſſed the five Pounds on my *Mother*, with the humbleſt Expreſſions of Gratitude; but my *Mother* would by no Means take it. At length it was decided to incloſe three Pounds in a Packet to Dr. *Elwes*, not to be ſent to him till *Gatty* was gone; and the other two would pay her Journey, outſide the Coach, to her native Place, ſo that my Lady *Betty's* Bounty but juſt cleared Expenſes.

Gatty was now in the gayeſt Spirits, and whereas ſhe had hitherto ſeemed rather a quiet Girl, ſhe was now talking inceſſantly. There was Something moving in witneſſing the Joy ſhe experienced in looking forward to ſeeing her Mother, and the Glee with which ſhe ſpoke of her little Brothers and Siſters, the Dog, the Cat, the moſt trivial

Thing connected with Home. For Inſtance, "*Puſſy*," ſhe would ſay, "you are "handſomer than our old Tortoiſeſhell; and "yet I would not exchange old *Tibby* for "you." "How glad *Towler* will be to ſee "me! I fancy him at the Gate, wagging "his Tail. He is deaf, and has loſt moſt "of his Teeth, but I hope he is not ſo "blind but what he will know me again."

As her Luggage was but light, I made her find Room for a ſmall but very rich Plum-Cake, a preſent from my *Mother* to hers, and alſo ſome Gingerbread-Nuts for the Children.

In the Afternoon, a Boatman ſtepped into the Shop with ſome Boat-Cloaks, ſaying that Mr. and Mrs. *Arbuthnot* were coming up from the Water-Side to take Tea in our Gardens. I knew not the young Gentleman was married; and indeed he was not ſo, but his Companion proved to be his Aunt; the quieteſt, ſweeteſt-looking old Lady I ever ſet Eyes on. The Sky having clouded over, we had little Company

that Afternoon; I ſet their Table in our niceſt Arbour, and had Pleaſure in ſerving them myſelf, and providing them with the freſheſt *Shrewſbury* Cakes and lighteſt Buns. They ſeemed on the pleaſanteſt of Terms together; the young Man's Attention to the old *Lady*, without fulſomeneſs, was very agreeable to ſee; and their Converſation was ſomewhat above the common Run. Towards the Concluſion of their Repaſt, a Rain-Shower came on, which alarmed Mrs. *Arbuthnot*, and made her requeſt Shelter in the Houſe. I inſtantly ſhewed them into our Parlour; where *Gatty*, having finiſhed her Packing, was embroidering an Apron which *Prue* had commenced for my *Mother*, but had got tired of before it was half done. *Gatty* was ſuch a ſuperior Needlewoman that her Work, beſides being done ſo quickly, put *Prudence's* quite to ſhame; the Leaves, Flowers, and Sprigs ſeemed to grow under her nimble Fingers. Old Mrs. *Arbuthnot* watched her a little While, admiring her

Facility; and then raiſing her Eyes from *Gatty's* white Hands to her almoſt as white Face, "You look very delicate, young Woman," ſays ſhe.

"Oh, Ma'am, I'm a great deal better "now; almoſt well," ſays *Gatty*, ſcarcely looking up.

"Have you been very ill?"

"Yes, Madam, I have had a Fever."

"This is the young Perſon, Aunt," ſays Mr. *Arbuthnot*, "whom I mentioned to "you as having been taken ill, the Day of "Lady *Betty's* Folly."

"And are you going to return to Lady "*Betty?*" ſays Mrs. *Arbuthnot*.

"No, Madam, I am going Home To-"morrow; into the Country."

"The beſt Place for you, Child. Are "you going into Service no more?"

"I wiſh it were ſo, Madam," ſaid *Gatty*, hemming away a Sigh.

"I ſhould think Lady *Betty's* Place "too hard for you; ſhe goes out a good "deal."

"The Hours try me, Madam. I have "been uſed always to go to Bed early."

"How early?" put in Mr. *Arbuthnot*.

"Nine o'clock, Sir."

"And now?—at Lady *Betty's?*"

"Not till Two or Three in the Morning; "ſometimes Four."

He ſhrugged his Shoulders, and drew in his Breath.

"My Dear," remonſtrated Mrs. *Arbuthnot* gently, "I am not ſure we have "any Right to inquire into the Details of "her *Ladyſhip's* Houſehold."

He ſmiled, and looked brimfull of Queſtions he wanted to aſk.

"Perhaps ſome other Employment "might be found leſs injurious to your "Health," reſumed the old *Lady*. "You "ſeem a ſkilful Embroidreſs. That Pat-"tern is charming; I ſhould like to have it."

"I ſhall be very happy to copy it for "you, Madam," ſaid *Gatty*.

"Alas, Child, I could not work it if "you would give it to me, unleſs you

"gave me your Eyeſight too! But I'll tell "you what you might do for me. You "are going into the Country, you ſay. "Probably you will there have Leiſure to "work on your own Account."

"Oh yes, Madam!"

"Work me a Set of Aprons, then, as "your Time and Strength permit; I will "pay you for your Trouble when they are "finiſhed; but here is Something for the "Muſlin and Silks, which I will get you "to ſupply."

And ſhe put Money into her Hand.

"I think I have ſome prettier Patterns "than this up-Stairs, Madam," cried *Gatty;* and ſhe flew up-Stairs, without at all regarding the Trouble of unpacking her Box to get the Patterns, which were at the very Bottom, in order to lie flat.

"There is Something very well-ſpoken "and obliging about her," ſaid Mrs. *Arbuthnot* to me. "Is ſhe of reſpectable "Condition?"

"Her *Father*, Madam, was a Country

" Curate, and died, leaving a large young " Family unprovided. Her *Mother* is a " diſtant Relation of Lady *Betty's*. *Gatty* " became Lady *Betty's* Maid, becauſe no " better Independence offered to her, and " ſhe wanted to aſſiſt her *Mother*."

" Tut! tut! This is a ſad Story— " Surely Something more ſuitable might " be found."

" You ſpoke of an Embroidery-Shop, " Madam—*we* thought of that too, as " *Gatty* is ſo clever, and can deſign as well " as execute Patterns; but my *Mother* " thought it would expoſe ſuch a pretty, " unprotected Girl, thoughtleſs and igno- " rant of Evil, to many Temptations we " had not taken into the Account."

" The Clouds are breaking, now, Aunt," ſaid Mr. *Arbuthnot*, returning from the Garden-Door, where he had been apparently watching the Weather, but very likely hearing none the leſs of what was ſaid. " I think we may ſhortly venture " to return."

"Preſently, my Dear. The young "Perſon has gone to fetch me ſome "Patterns."

"By-the-by, Ma'am, would not ſuch a "young Perſon as Mrs. *Gatty* be very "uſeful to you in the Parlour, writing "your Notes, threading your Needles, and "making Tea for you? Mrs. *Rachael* is "getting paſt Work now, and is not much "of a Companion."

"My Dear, I have thought of it myſelf, "but we will do Nothing haſtily. At "preſent we will let Mrs. *Gatty* go Home "to recover her Health and make my "Aprons."

Gatty at this Moment reappearing, no more was ſaid, except about the Patterns, which occaſioned more Debate than Mr. *Arbuthnot* could reaſonably be expected to liſten to as patiently as he did. But perhaps he was thinking of ſome other Matter all the Time. After this, they went away.

Though there was now not much Daylight left, *Gatty* knew ſhe ſhould match

the Muſlin and Silks ſo much better in Town than in the Country, that ſhe reſolved on going out to buy them; and I, to have all of her Company I could, went with her. The Walk was a long one, but our Spirits made us inſenſible of Fatigue, and the Weather after the Shower was delightful. In the Evening Mr. *Fenwick* reappeared, though not to Tea, and aſked us what he ſhould read. "Oh, ſome-"thing cheerful, pleaſe, Sir!" cried *Gatty* haſtily, which made us all laugh; but ſhe ſaid ſhe had no Mind to cry again before ſhe went Home. So he read to us about Sir *Roger de Coverly*.

At Night *Gatty* was in ſuch a nervous Fidget, ſhe could ſcarce keep ſtill. She kept ſaying, "I hope to Goodneſs I ſhall "not over-ſleep myſelf! Don't let me "over-ſleep myſelf!" I told her there was no Danger, for I always could wake what Time I choſe in the Morning, if I reſolved on it overnight; and I had already reſolved I would wake, and wake her, at Five. I

told her I meant to ſee her off. She ſaid, "Oh, don't!" I ſaid, "Yes, I ſhall—I want "to ſee the Laſt of you, ſo it's no Uſe "ſpeaking. Otherwiſe you may miſs the "Coach, and be returned on our Hands "like a bad Penny." She laughed, and ſaid, "It is quite inſincere of me to pretend "to wiſh you not to go, for I wiſh to have "you with me to the very Laſt; only it is "ſuch a Shame to give you ſo much "Fatigue and Trouble." I ſaid, "People "who really care for one another, don't "mind Fatigue and Trouble. Would not "you do as much for me?" "Yes, to be "ſure I would," ſays ſhe.

"Very well, then," ſaid I, "ſay no "more about it, but let us get to Sleep as "faſt as we can."

It was quite Dark when we got up next Morning, but every one was up, to ſee *Gatty* off. We all inſiſted on her making a hearty Breakfaſt, and ſhe declared that every Morſel ſeemed to ſtick in her Throat; ſo that it was "moſt Haſte,

" worſt Speed." *Prue* put her up a large Packet of Sandwiches and Biſcuits, ſaying ſhe would find her Appetite by-and-by; and my Mother pinned her Handkerchief cloſer at the Throat, bidding her beware of Cold. I thought there would be no End to her Leave-taking.—When ſhe had kiſſed all round, ſhe began again. " Am " not I to come in for my Share, Mrs. " *Gatty?*" ſays my *Father*, who was eating an Anchovy. " Oh yes, Sir," ſays ſhe, laughing, and colouring a little; and kiſſed him too.

" That's right," ſays he; " you're one " of the right Sort—frank, without being " forward—A thorough nice Girl, out and " out—I wiſh the World were full of " People like you."

" Thank you for all your Kindneſs, " Sir," ſays ſhe.

" Pooh," ſays he, " I've ſhown you no " Kindneſs; the Women have, I grant " ye; all the better for both Parties."

" Come, *Gatty*," ſaid I, " we ſhall loſe

" the Coach." So off we ſet, with *Peter* carrying the Trunk.

When we reached the *Old Angel Inn*, a noiſy Bell was ringing, enough to deafen one; and a Man blowing a Horn out of Window. The Coach was already at the Door, and a Porter was ſhoving a very fat Woman into it, to the apparent Diſguſt of a Gentleman wrapped in a Roquelaure, who was already withinſide. Then the Porter handed the old Woman a Dram-Bottle, and a Puppy-Dog tied up in a red Handkerchief. A thin, tall Gentlewoman in a velvet Hood and green Joſeph next followed; and two rough-looking Men got in laſt. On the Coach-Roof were two Men hallooing and wanting to be off. In the Baſket, where *Gatty* was to go, was an old Woman ſmoking a Pipe. We took our laſt Kiſs—a hearty one, and our laſt Look—a cheerful one; ſhe ſcrambled up into the Baſket, which was a very awkward Appurtenance, and the lumbering old Coach drove off, rocking and ſwaying

from Side to Side like a Ship in a Gale of Wind. Going under the Archway, one of the Men on the coved Roof of the Vehicle got a ſevere Rap on the Head. He hallooed out pretty loudly, but his Voice was drowned by the Horn.

Chapter VIII.

A Voice from the Baſket.

Before I reached Home, a drizzling Rain began to fall, which I was very ſorry for on *Gatty's* Account.

In the Courſe of the Evening, Dr. *Elwes* called. He ſaid, "What could that young "Baggage mean by ſending me her three "Pounds? I give them in Charge to you, "Mrs. *Patty*, to remit to her, ſince I don't "know her Addreſs."

I ſaid, "You are very kind, *Doctor*, "but Lady *Betty* is well able to remu-"nerate you."

He ſaid, "Oh, hang Lady *Betty*—I don't "return the Money to her, but to Mrs. "*Gatty*."

" Perhaps," ſaid I, " Mrs. *Gatty's* Pride " will be hurt."

" And have I no Pride, neither?" ſays he. " I am not accuſtomed to take Fees " of a Lady's Maid."

So, as I ſaw it was to be ſo, I ſaid no more, except by Way of Thanks in *Gatty's* Name; and reſolved to remit her the Money as ſoon as I received a Letter from her.

The Letter was not long a-coming. I have it before me now.

" Larkfield, Hants,
" Sept. 14, 1749.

" Dear Mrs. *Patty*,

" Your laſt Look ſaid ſo plainly " that you ſhould like to hear a Voice " from the Baſket, that I have taken the " largeſt Sheet of Paper I can find, to tell " you about my Journey Home, and how " happy I am. About Half-an-hour after " we ſtarted, it began to rain pretty faſt, " which incommoded me more than my

" Companion, as ſhe covered her Head
" and Shoulders with a piece of Sacking,
" from which the Rain ran down upon
" me. When we changed Horſes, the
" Men inſide got out to ſtretch themſelves,
" and I then obſerved that the Paſſenger
" in the Roquelaure was Squire *Heavitree*,
" the Father of a Gentleman Farmer in
" our Neighbourhood whom we know
" pretty well, and who was doubtleſs on
" his Way to viſit his Son and have a little
" Shooting. He, pitying me in the Rain,
" ſtepped up and ſaid, 'Young Woman, if
" my Roquelaure will be of any Service
" . . . Why, *Gatty!* is it you? Art going
" Home, Child? There's Room inſide
" the Coach for thee . . . Come down,
" come down from the Baſket, I'll pay
" the Difference!' And, almoſt whether
" I would or no, he made me alight and
" get into the Coach, where I had to ride
" bodkin between him and the fat Woman
" with the Puppy-Dog. At firſt I was
" very glad to be ſheltered from the Rain,

"but the Coach was very cloſe, and we "had only one Window partly open. The "*Squire* chatted ſo cordially with me, "however, that I had little Time to think "of Diſagreeables; and when he had told "me all he had to tell, he fell to queſtion- "ing. Moſt of the Paſſengers were nod- "ding, which was all the better, as I did "not like mentioning Names before Folks. "By-and-by, the *Squire* became quiet, "and I gueſſed he was going to nod too; "but, ſtealing a Look at him, I ſaw he "was only thinking. We were now going "ſlowly over a heavy, ſandy Road, and "the Coach rocked a good deal, and "ſometimes ſtuck. I feared once or twice "we ſhould be overturned; but the *Squire* "ſaid, 'No Danger;' and, to divert my "Attention, pointed out a Gibbet acroſs "the Heath, on which a Highwayman "hung in Chains; no very pleaſant Object. "As I looked ſomewhat apprehenſively "towards it, ſuddenly the open Window "was blocked up by a Horſeman with a

" black Crape over his Face, who, crying
" 'Your Money or your Lives!' fired ſtraight
" through the Coach, ſo as to ſhatter the
" oppoſite Glaſs. The next Moment,
" another Highwayman appeared at the
" other Window. There's no deſcribing
" the Noiſe, Uproar, and Confuſion, the
" Smoke, Stench of Gunpowder, ſhrieking
" of Women, and barking of the Puppy.
" The next Moment, our ſtout old *Squire*,
" diſengaging a Blunderbuſs from its Sling
" over our Heads, preſented the Muzzle
" full at the Highwayman who had not
" yet fired, and ſprang out of the Coach
" with it; on which, the Man galloped up
" the Bank, ſtooping low, ſo as to keep his
" Horſe's Neck between his Head and the
" Piece; at the ſame Time dropping his
" Piſtol, which was ſecured to his Waiſt
" by a leathern Strap. He called to the
" Poſtilion who rode our third Horſe,
" 'Drive on!' 'No, ſtop,' cries the *Squire*,
" 'for I ſee another Coach coming up,
" which may contain an unarmed Party!'

" The Highwayman, reiterating, 'Drive " on!' galloped acroſs the Heath, followed " by his two Companions; for a *third* had " been at our firſt Horſe's Head all the " While. The *Squire* continued levelling " his Piece at them as long as they were " within Range, then took off his Hat, " wiped his Head, and turned about to us " with a Look of Satisfaction. The other " two Men, who all this While had been " as white as Death and as ſtill as Stones, " now cried, 'Well done, *Squire!* we're " much indebted to you!' while the out- " ſide Paſſengers gave him three Cheers. " He took mighty little Note of them, but " ſtepped up to the Coach that had now " come up, which proved to contain the " Duke of *Newcaſtle*, who, being unarmed, " was very glad to continue his Journey in " Company with us. Thus were three " Deſperadoes put to flight by one ener- " getic old Man! In another Hour we " reached the Inn where we were to dine, " where the Duke parted Company with

" us. The *Squire* ſat at the Head of the
" Table, and made me ſit next him, and
" inſiſted on pledging all the Ladies, to
" keep up our Courage. Every body
" talked faſt and ate faſt too, as we were
" elated at our Eſcape and pretty hungry.
" I ſhould tell you, the fat Woman main-
" tained that her ſnappiſh little Puppy had
" thrown the Robber off his Guard; but
" the *Squire* ſhook his Head upon't.
" While freſh Horſes were putting to, a
" couple of Horſemen, apparently a Clergy-
" man and his Servant, rode into the Inn-
" Yard. The *Squire*, ſtepping out to
" them, related what had juſt occurred,
" and cautioned them againſt croſſing the
" Heath unarmed. They thanked him,
" but told him they were two Police-
" Officers in Diſguiſe, and well armed in
" the Hope of Attack. In fact, as we
" have ſince learnt, they were beſet by the
" very Men who had aſſailed us, and
" giving Chaſe to the Gang, who diſperſed
" as wide as they could, followed them all

" acroſs the Country till they ſucceeded in " capturing two; one of whom ſwam his " Horſe acroſs a River, but was taken on " the other Side. The *Squire* has ſince " been aſked to appear againſt them, but " has declined, ſaying there is already ſuf- " ficient Evidence, and he has no Mind to " ſwear away Lives that he ſpared when " his Blood was hot.

" After this, you may ſuppoſe we could " talk of Nothing but Murders, Robberies " and ſuch-like delightful Subjects during " the greater Part of our Journey: and " each ſeemed trying to outdo the other, " in hope of making the others forget how " tamely all had behaved except the *Squire*. " Gradually we dropped our Companions " at one Place or another, till none re- " mained but the *Squire*, myſelf, and the fat " Woman. He now began to be amuſed " at the Joy I could not help betraying at " the Sight of every well-known Landmark, " and tried to teaſe me by ſuppoſing a " Dozen ridiculous Accidents that might

" have happened at Home, to diſappoint " me of my Pleaſure. At length, we " ſtopped at the Corner of a By-Road in " *Larkfield* Pariſh, and young Mr. *Heavi-* " *tree* comes up. ' Are you there, *Father?*' " ſays he, ſcrambling up on the Step to " look in. ' All right, my Boy,' ſays the " *Squire*, graſping his Hand, which he " ſhook heartily, ' and here's *Gatty Bower-* " *bank* come Home to ſee her *Mother*.' " Mr. *Heavitree* gave me ſuch a cheerful " Smile! ' How glad they will all be!' " ſaid he, ' they do not in the leaſt expect " you, and have been wondering why you " have let them be ſo long without a Let- " ter. I was at your *Mother's* juſt now.' " ' She's quite well, then?' cried I. ' Oh " yes,' ſaid he, ' but *you* don't look very " well, I think.' ' Manners, *Jack!*' ſays " the *Squire*. ' Well, *Father*, I meant no " Harm; here are Horſes, Sir, for you and " me, and a light Cart for your Luggage.' " ' Put Mrs. *Gatty's* Baggage into the " Cart too, my Boy,' ſays the *Squire*, ' and

" ſend the Horſes round to the *Green*
" *Hatch*, for I've a Mind to walk acroſs
" the Fields with this young Damſel, and
" ſee what Reception ſhe gets, and I ſup-
" poſe you won't Mind coming along with
" us.' ' Not I, Sir,' ſaid Mr. *Heavitree*,
" ' I ſhall like it very much.' So, when
" the Luggage was put in the Cart, and
" the Coachman was ſettled with, we
" ſtarted off, as ſociable as could be, talking
" about the Highway Robbery; and the
" *Squire* took Care to tell his Son that I
" was the only Woman who did not
" ſcream when the Piſtol was fired into
" the Coach. Well, we got to the dear
" old Garden-Gate; and there, ſtrolling
" along the pebbled Walk juſt within it,
" were *Lucy* and *Pen*, their Arms about
" each other's Necks.—The *Squire* hem-
" med; they looked round; and oh! what
" a Cry of Joy they gave! My *Mother*,
" hearing the Noiſe, came out. . . .

" Dear Mrs. *Patty*, I am writing as
" ſmall as ever I can, and muſt write ſtill

" ſmaller, if I mean to get in Half of
" what I want to ſay. Imagine what a
" happy Evening we had! My dear
" *Mother* ſhed many Tears, though, when
" ſhe heard of your Kindneſs to me
" throughout my Illneſs; and deſired me
" to expreſs her Thankfulneſs to you all
" in the ſtrongeſt Terms I could frame.
" My Ten Pounds proved very acceptable,
" as it made up, with her Savings, juſt the
" Sum ſhe wants to bind *Joe* to our Village
" Doctor. *Penelope* is learning to make
" Bone-Lace; and Mrs. *Evans* is ſo well
" content with *Lucy*, that ſhe is going to
" take her as ſecond Teacher in her School
" next Quarter, ſo that we are all getting
" on mighty well, one Way and another.
" Alſo my *Mother* has realized a pretty
" little Sum by the Sale of ſome of my
" *Father's Latin* Books, and there are yet
" more left. Your delicious Plum-Cake
" was done ample Juſtice to, and the Boys
" declare there never were ſuch Ginger-
" bread-Nuts. Now I have filled my

" Paper to the very Edge, and yet how " much I have left unſaid! Put yourſelf " in my Place, and you will know all I " would ſay to you, and to dear Mrs. " *Honeywood*, and to *Prue;* not forgetting " Mr. *Honeywood*, to whom give my kind " Regards.

" Your ever attached and grateful

" GERTRUDE BOWERBANK."

My *Father*, who was ſmoking his Pipe whilſt I read this Letter to him and my *Mother*, preſently ſaid, " I ſee them all!"

" See who, *Father?*"

" Everybody in Mrs. *Gatty's* Letter— " The old Woman with her Pipe, the old " Gentleman in his Roquelaure, the Rob- " ber hung in Chains on the lone Heath, " the Highwaymen, the ſtout old *Squire* " leaping out with his Blunderbuſs, my " Lord *Duke* coming up, the Police- " Officers riding into the Yard, the young " Farmer coming to meet his Father,

" *Gatty* flying up to her *Mother*—that " Letter is as full of Pictures as this " *Chineſe* Paper."

After ruminating on it a While longer, he began again, with,

" *Gatty* ought to marry the *Squire*."

" Oh *Father!* his *Son*, if you pleaſe!"

" How do you know the Son is a ſingle " Man?"

" Nay, how do we know the Squire is " a Widower? He's too old."

" Perhaps ſhe won't marry either," ſaid *Prue*.

" Perhaps not, Mrs. *Prue*, but let me " tell you, neither you nor your Siſter " could have writ that Letter."

" Well, *Father*, I ſuppoſe a Woman " does not get married for writing a Let- " ter. For my Part, I don't ſee much in " it. Anybody, I ſuppoſe, could write, if " they had Anything to write about."

" No, that don't follow—it's a *non ſequi-* " *tur*, as the Scholars ſay."

" I don't ſet up for a Scholar, not I,"

ſaid *Prue*, "I never was ſo good a Hand "at my Pen as *Patty;* but I worked the "beſt Sampler, for all that."

"Well," ſays my *Father*, "ſay, when "you write to her, *Patty*, that I don't care "how often I pay a Shilling for ſuch a "Voice from the Baſket as that. I wiſh "ſhe'd ſend us one every Week."

It indeed was Something curious, how my *Father's* Fancy was hit by this Letter, which he got me to read to him many Evenings following. What was more remarkable, Mr. *Fenwick* praiſed it too, though after a more temperate Manner. He called it eaſy Writing. Now, ſure, what is eaſy, is not ſo meritorious as what is difficult! And he added it was almoſt as good as ſome of the Letters in the *Spectator;* which, everybody muſt own, was immoderate. *Gatty* could hiſtorify plain enough what paſſed before her own Eyes and was heard by her own Ears; but ſhe could not frame a Sentence that required ſome Exertion of the Mind to follow;

which, I take it, is the Perfection of good Writing; at leaſt, I know that's the Way with our beſt Authors. And no Shame to her for it: Women are not to be blamed for not ſhining in what is out of their Province; and ſhe ſpelt perfectly well, and wrote a neat, flowing Hand, which had found Plenty of Practice under Lady *Betty;* only, to ſet her up with the *Amandas* and *Dorindas* that correſponded with Sir *Richard Steele;* why, the Thing was clearly prepoſterous.

Meanwhile, Mr. *Fenwick* continued to find his Way down to us moſt Evenings, with his Book in his Hand; and I muſt ſay he made the Time paſs very pleaſantly and ſwiftly; but though he read quite loud enough for ſuch a ſmall Company, 'twas evident to himſelf as well as to us, that his Voice would by no means yet fill a Church; beſides which, his Breath ſoon became ſhort, and a red Spot would come on his Cheek; which, whenever my *Mother* noticed, ſhe always made him ſhut his

Book, and would talk about Anything that chanced, rather than let him over-tire himſelf. Meanwhile, he heard Nothing, as far as I could glean, of Mr. *Caryl:* I know he got no Letters, nor received any Viſitor; and that, I think, tended to make the red Spot infix itſelf on his Cheek. I pitied him heartily—"Hope deferred maketh the Heart ſick"—but yet it was a Matter I could not preſume to expreſs Sympathy with him upon; nor was I qualified to allay any of his Uneaſineſs. But I kept anxiouſly looking out for Mr. *Caryl's* entering the Shop. One Forenoon, Lady *Betty's* Man, Mr. *James*, came in; and, ſays he, "Your Servant, Mrs. *Patty*— "My *Lady* is going to give a grand Maſked "Ball to-morrow Evening; and it occurred "to me that you and your Siſter might "like to look on. If ſo, I can ſecure you "good Places, where you will ſee without "being ſeen; and you will only have to "come early, and aſk the Hall Porter for "Mr. *James*."

I thanked him, and ſaid it would be a vaſt Treat to us; and after a little Talk about Mrs. *Gatty*, and my offering him ſome Refreſhment, which he readily ſelected in the Form of Cherry Brandy and Macarons, he went away.

Chapter IX.

Lady Betty's Maſquerade.

Prudence was mighty pleaſed to hear of our Engagement, as it would afford her a near View of the gay World, which was what ſhe had long been deſiring. After the Shop was cloſed, we ſet forth, attended by *Peter*, who was alſo to ſee us ſafe back; and on reaching the Square, we deſcried the Houſe directly by the lighted Flambeaux.

Both the private and public Entrance were already in Commotion; but we aſked the Hall Porter for Mr. *James*, who preſently appeared, ſtill in Deſhabille. "You have taken me at my Word," ſaid

he ſmiling, "Your Coming is of the "earlieſt, and I dare not let you go up-"Stairs yet, ſo you muſt wait awhile in "the Servants' Hall, till the Company "begin to arrive."

I was never in a Servants' Hall of that Deſcription before; and I muſt ſay that it afforded me Matter and Leiſure for ſeveral Reflections. Servants, Paſtry-Cooks—Men and Boys, and ſo forth, were buſtling in and out, and we were puſhed about a good Deal till we got into a quiet Corner behind the Clock. It ſtruck me that the Pleaſures of the Quality were purchaſed at the Price of a good Deal of Immorality in their Dependents. Many a Glaſs of Wine did I ſee ſwallowed on the Sly; many a Tart and Cuſtard whipt off and haſtily eaten in Corners. One would have thought, in a great Houſe like this, Fragments of Dainties had been ſo common that they would have been no Temptations; but doubtleſs the poor Servants had been ſo overwrought and debarred of their

natural Reſt and regular Refreſhments, that their Strength required a little keeping up, for they had an arduous Evening before them. The Maids flirted and jeſted; the Men uſed intemperate Language; in and out among them all ſailed my Lady Houſekeeper from Time to Time, as proud as a Dutcheſs, and in a Head and Primers that a Dutcheſs had probably worn, before they were a little ſoiled.

By-and-by the Buſtle increaſes. Mr. *James* comes in, ſuperbly attired, and ſmilingly offers us Tarts and Tokay; but, though preſſed, we declined. Then he beckoned us to follow him, and piloted us into a brilliant Ante-room where, behind ſome huge Orange Trees in Wooden Tubs, he found us Seats that commanded a Viſtoe of the two Drawing-rooms beyond. Sure, the *King's* Majeſty could ſcarce dwell in greater State. I think that neither *Whitehall*, *Windſor*, nor *Hampton Court* could ever have made a greater Show.

The Ante-Chamber Hangings were blue Velvet and Silver, the Drawing-room that came next beyond was amber Satin and Gold; the Chamber beyond that was hung with Goblin Tapeſtry. Alſo there were ſome large Mirrors, in which one might behold one's ſelf from Head to Foot.

I had very little Notion of what a Maſked Ball was really like, but I concluded the Company being attired as Monarchs, Roman Senators, and Potentates of various Deſcriptions, would be ſufficiently poſſeſſed with their imaginary Dignities to diſplay Geſtures and Deportment of a correſponding Sort, which would doubtleſs be very majeſtical. And theſe again would be relieved by Light-Comedy Parts, which, well ſupported, would be humorous and diverting.

As, let People aſſemble as late as they will, ſome one muſt ſtill be firſt, ſo it was on the preſent Occaſion. A little Man, gaudily attired, entered with a good Deal of Flutter and Importance, who, as ſoon as

he found the Apartments empty, exchanged his Strut for his ordinary Gait, took off his Maſk and put it on again ſeveral times, perambulated the Saloons, peeped into everything, examined himſelf again and again before the Mirrours, acted a little in Dumb-Show, ſat down before one of them, and finally curled himſelf up on a Settee and dropped aſleep.

I wonder how much the Expectation of Pleaſure makes up the real Amount of Pleaſure apportioned to us in this Life. The Pleaſure itſelf continually disappoints; the Expectation of it has often Something troubled and impatient; ſo that either Way there's perpetual Alloy.

Prudence and I were now mighty anxious for the Company. A Group at length entered, conſiſting of Maids of Honour and Courtiers of Queen Elizabeth's Time, very much furbelowed and bedizened, who believed themſelves the firſt till they eſpied the little Man on the Settee, when there were ſome ſmall Jokes

made about *Cymon* and *Iphigenia*, *Milton* and the *Italian* Lady, Sleeping *Beauty* in the Wood, and ſo forth. Then the Ladies ſettled their Ruffs at the Mirrours, and ſailed up and down; and one of them walked through Part of a Minuet without Muſic with a Gentleman ſhe called Sir *Chriſtopher Hatton*, who pointed his Toes extremely well. Then one of them ſaid, "My Maſk makes my Face ſo hot!" "And red too," ſaid the other; "but "what will it be by-and-by?" "I wonder "if *Harry* will come," ſays one; "I'll lay "any Wager I ſhall find him out."—"I'll "lay any Wager you won't," ſays the other. Thought I, is this the Way Maids of Honour uſed to talk in the Days of good Queen *Beſs?* Well, perhaps it may be.

Juſt then the little Man woke up, rubbing his Eyes, and ſaying drowſily, "*John*, "my hot Water at ſeven . . ." on which the Ladies tittered, and he woke up, looked about, and probably felt fooliſh.

Now the Muſicians came, and took their Places, and began to tune up; and *Prue* whiſpered to me, "How delightful!" Indeed, the Muſic was, or ſeemed to me, firſt-rate, and I enjoyed it as much as anything; yet at length became inured to it, and ſcarce more attentive than to a common Street Band; and finally wiſhed the Men would not play ſo loud, for it prevented my hearing what People were ſaying. The Ball-Rooms now began to fill faſt; and were ſoon crowded with *Jews*, *Turks*, and *Saracens*, Nuns, Monks, and Friars, Goddeſſes, Shepherdeſſes, and Milkmaids, Pulcinelloes, Mountebanks, and Miniſters of State. Their Dreſſes were exceſſive fine, and I almoſt trembled to think of the Expenſe People had put themſelves to for the Amuſement of one Night; however, that was all for the good of Trade—if ſo be they paid their Bills.

As for ſupporting their Characters, there was ſcarce an Attempt at it; the utmoſt that the greater Part of 'em did was to ſay,

in little ſqueaking Voices, "You don't "know me!" "I know you!" This ſeemed to me ſtupider than Child's-Play; and I was beginning to weary of it, when *Prudence* jogged me as a very pretty Figure paſſed, in ſtriped Gauze and pink Satin, ſprinkled with Flowers, as the Goddeſs *Flora;* and whiſpered, "Lady *Grace Bel-* "*lair.*"

Soon after, a smart young *Spaniſh* Cavaliero came in, whom ſhe pronounced to be Mr. *Arbuthnot;* and a Baſhaw with three Tails, whom ſhe decided upon as Sir *Charles Sefton.* Whether any of her Gueſſes were right, I knew not. By-and-by, Dancing began in the inner Saloon; and, for the firſt Time, I had a Glimpſe of Lady *Betty*, who was the only Woman without a Maſk; and when I ſaw how great was her Advantage therein over the reſt, I wondered how Perſons that evidently thought mainly of outward Appearances could make themſelves ſuch Frights.

By-and-by a ſingular Couple, Arm in Arm, left the Ball-Rooms for the Ante-Chamber, dreſsed like *Charles* the Second's Courtiers, all but their Heads; for one had the Head of a Fox, and the other of a monſtrous Gooſe. The latter ſaid, "Quack!" whenever he was puſhed by the Crowd, which was held an exceeding good Joke, for Folks cried, "Well done, Gooſe! "Quack again!" and, when he did ſo, went into Peals of Laughter. At Length, with his Friend the Fox, he ſat down on a Bench juſt in Front of our Orange-Trees, exclaiming to his Companion, "Precious hot Work! Even Popularity "may be too fatiguing."

"I never had enough of it to know "that," ſays the Fox.

"You! Why, you've been ſteeped in it "to the Lips!—among a certain Coterie "at any Rate. You are feigning Modeſty, "Mr. Fox."

"All I ſaid was, I had never had too "much; perhaps, not enough. We

" belong to an inſatiable Race. By-the-
" by, I proved myſelf a Gooſe To-Night in
" chooſing to play Fox, for you are by far
" the more popular."

" And only by ſaying Quack."

" Quackery goes a great Way in this
" World,—I might have known 't would
" be ſo."

" Monſtrous fine Maſquerade this!"
ſaid the Gooſe.

" Oh, delightful! Have you made out
" many People?"

" Why, to tell you the Truth, I've been
" ſo obſerved myſelf, I've had no Time to
" obſerve others."

" Quack!"

" Sir! name your Hour, Place, and
" Weapon."

" How quiet and retired is everything
" in this little Spot! You have Time to
" obſerve now."

" Why did you deny yourſelf to me
" Yeſterday? I know you were at Home."

" The Truth is, I was deſperately hypped."

" What made you ſo?"

" Study."

" What were you ſtudying? The na-
" tural Hiſtory of the Fox?"

" No, I was learning ſome Verſes by
" Heart; and I'll ſpout them to you."

" Now then; don't be tedious."

" '*Three Things an Author's modeſt Wiſhes bound;*
" *My Friendſhip, and a Prologue, and ten Pound.*'"

" Oh, come! that's *Pope!*"

" Well, and it's my Caſe too—pretty
" near. A callow Poetling writes a Piece,
" dedicates it to me, and expects me to
" patronize and print it."

" You? Why, I never ſaw your Name
" head a Dedication!"

" Well, Sir, you may ſhortly—if I find
" no Way of adroitly declining the Ho-
" nour, as I have done ſimilar Favours
" before."

" Why decline?"

"Oh, the Thing's burthenſome."

"The ten Pounds may be; but moſt "People conſider themſelves honoured, "and are willing to pay for an expenſive "Luxury."

"Well, it's no Luxury to me."

"Don't have it, then."

"How avoid it?"

"By ſimple Neglect. He can't *aſk* for "the ten Pounds, if you forget to ſend "them."

"No, but he may abuſe me."

"If his Abuſe is not clever, Nobody "will read it. Come, you are making a "Mountain of a Molehill. If he has "ſent his Poem to you, ſend it back 'with "Thanks,' or forget to return it altogether, "or let a Spark fall upon it."

"Then a Spark would fall upon *me*."

"Nay, if none of thoſe Expedients can "fit you, you muſt help yourſelf to one. "I begin to think you ought to have played "Gooſe, in good Earneſt."

They now fell to talking of the Com-

pany, and criticizing their Dreſſes and Deportment, but I was too pre-occupied with what they had been ſaying to attend much to their cauſtic Remarks; for though they ſpoke quietly, and their falſe Heads ſomewhat diſguiſed their Voices, I could not help entertaining an Impreſſion that the Fox was Mr. *Caryl.* Was it poor Mr. *Fenwick*, then, he alluded to ſo unhandſomely? Oh, the Hollowneſs of Worldlings! Why, had I not with my own Ears heard him commend Mr. *Fenwick's* Poem to his Face, and thank him for the Compliment of the Dedication? And yet, here he was waiving it off, as 't were, and even hinting that Mr. *Fenwick* wanted to be paid for it! whereas I knew he had refuſed Money when offered! Oh, the Meanneſs! . . He was jealous, and envious too, I could make out, of a Man that had writ better Verſes than his own; and would fain have them ſuppreſt. Well, well, this is a wicked World we live in; and that's no News neither.

A falſe Head and a falſe Heart, thought I, as the Fox walked off with the Gooſe. I declare my Hands tingled to pull off that Fox's Head and expoſe him; but that would have been witleſs. I got tired of the Vanity-Fair long before *Prudence* did. At length even ſhe had had enough (and no Wonder, for our Attention had been on the full Stretch for many Hours, without Refreſhment or Change of Poſture); but the Difficulty was, how to ſteal away; for the Lobbies and grand Staircaſe were as thronged as the Ball-Rooms, and we could not in our plebeian Dreſſes, and unmaſked, attempt going among the Company; ſo there we continued to ſit, long after we wanted to come away. At length the Rooms began to thin; and we took Advantage of a chance Diſperſion of the Company to make a ſudden Flight to the back Stairs. I thought I heard Remarks and Exclamations made, but never looked round; and there, at the Foot of the back Stairs, ſtood *Peter* as pale as Death, think-

ing he had miſſed us, and never ſhould find us. He had paſſed the Night, of courſe, at a Public-Houſe—no good place for him, nor for ſcores of others that did the ſame; and was now waiting with our camelot Cloaks and Clogs, which he had ſtowed ſafely ſomewhere where he knew he could find them again. Once equipped, we followed cloſe at his Heels as he elbowed his Way through a Rabble-Rout of Chairmen, Link-Boys, Hackney-Coachmen, Pick-pockets, and Lookers-on. It was pouring of Rain, the Pavement ſhone like Glaſs, Day was breaking, and I never heard ſuch an uproar in my Life . . . "Lady So-and-ſo's "Chariot!" echoed from one hoarſe Voice to another all along and round the Corner; and then "Lady So-and-ſo's Chariot ſtops "the Way!"—till Lady So-and-ſo ſtepped in and drove off.

At length we got quit of it all, and picked our Way Home as we beſt could, and a long Way it ſeemed! We had too much to do in minding our Dreſſes, to have

Leiſure for talking. As we got towards the *Five Fields* we met plenty of Market-Carts; and now and then we heard the ſhrilly Cry of ſome poor little Chimney-Sweep. Once at Home, we were ſoon in Bed and aſleep; and I awoke nearly at my uſual Time, chilly and yawniſh, but *Prue* continued ſleeping, and I did not wake her.

I was not down quite as ſoon as uſual, after all, and the Milk and Bread were behind Time; and, of Courſe, Mr. *Fenwick* did not get his Chocolate as ſoon as uſual. When he heard what had made me late, he looked grave. I ſaid, "Sure, Sir, there "was no Harm in looking on?" He ſaid, "Well, I don't know . . It is dangerous to "attend not merely Places of pernicious "but of doubtful Amuſement. Do not "your Feelings this Morning tell you that "there was Something unſound and un-"ſafe in the Revelry of laſt Night? And "if ſo in the Caſe of mere Spectators, how "much more in that of actual Participators? "and of all thoſe poor People, no volun-

" tary Promoters of it, who only obeyed " Orders, and got no Pleaſure at all, but " what was allied to Diſhoneſty and In- " temperance? I don't want to be over- " ſtrict; but am I right or wrong, think " you, Mrs. *Patty?*" And I was obliged to own that I believed he was in the Right on't.

As for *Prue*, ſhe was fit for Nothing all Day; but ſhe would hear of no Wrong in what had to her been ſo delightful. So I left her to amuſe my quiet *Mother* with her lively Chat, and attended to the Shop myſelf.

Chapter X.

Tom's Preſents.

I was ſitting behind the Counter, when a ſmart-looking, ſunburnt young Man of about two-and-twenty, attired as a Sailor, came into the Shop. He ſaid, "Hallo, "*Patty!* how are you?" I ſaid, "Why, "*Tom!* can it be you? I thought you "had been in *China!*"

"I *have* been there," ſays he, "true "enough; more-by-Token, here's a *China* "Orange for you;" and clapped one into my Hand with ſuch Force that it went near to go through it.

"How are you all?" ſaid he; "I'm glad

" to ſee you, and I hope you're glad to ſee " me."

" Oh yes, very glad, *Tom;* pray walk " into the Parlour—we are all at Home."

" How are you, *Uncle?*" ſays he, ſo loud and ſudden that he made my Father jump. " And you, *Aunt!*"—kiſſing her. " And you!" kiſſing *Prue* too.

" ' Manners, *Jack!*'" ſays my Father, quoting *Gatty's* Letter.

" My Name's *Tom*, *Uncle*, not *Jack*, " though I ſuppoſe you meant *Jack Tar*. " Well! ſo here you all are! I've only " juſt landed—Didn't forget one of you " in foreign Lands; I've brought my *Aunt* " a Monkey."

" A naſty Beaſt!" cries my *Father;* " we won't have him here, *Tom!* He'll " break all my China."

" Well, *Uncle*, I thought ſhe *might* " do a little Damage that Way, ('tis the " prettieſt little Creature you ever ſaw; " her Ears are bored, and her Name's " *Jeſſy!*) So I brought you, Sir, a Tea-

"Service, to cover Breakages; the Cups "and Saucers fitting into each other; and "the Teapot, no bigger than this Orange, "fitting in o' Top; the whole Concern "packs in a Cylinder no bigger than a "Spice-Box."

"Dear *Tom*," ſays my *Mother*, nervouſly, "we've more Tea-Services already than "we ſhould know what to do with, if we "did not keep a genteel Kind of Tea-"Garden for the Quality."

"But as you do, Ma'am, won't it be "acceptable? Or otherwiſe, won't you "want *Jeſſy* to break it? She's the "prettieſt little Dear you can imagine, the "Darling of the whole Ship. Well! it "ſeems you're each diſcontented with the "other's Preſents;—my *Uncle* don't like "your having the Monkey, and you don't "like his having the Crockery. Then "I'll tell you what I'll do—chop and "change. I'll take your Preſents down "to my *Father* and *Mother*, and you ſhall "have theirs. I've bought *you* a Pair of

" Slippers, *Prue*, but of courſe they 're too " big."

And out he pulled a Pair of little *Chineſe* Slippers that might have pinched *Cinderella*.

" I 'm ſure you can't wear them, *Prue*," ſaid I.

" I 'm ſure I ſhan't try," ſaid ſhe, jerking her Chin.

" Well, *Patty*, ſince I could find you " Nothing better, I 've brought you a " Feather Fan with an Ivory Handle."

" Thank you, *Tom!*" ſaid I; " it will do " nicely to flap the Flies off the Paſtry."

" And ſince you, *Aunt*, will not have " the Monkey, you muſt be content with " ſome Gunpowder Tea."

" I ſhall like that a great deal better, " *Tom*, I aſſure you. The only Sort of " Gunpowder I approve."

Here *Tom* pulled out of his Pocket what looked like a Mahogany Rule, about nine Inches long. " Now, Sir," ſays he to my *Father*, " what 's that?"

"I can't for the Life of me tell," ſays my *Father*, after eyeing it aſkance and then handling it.

"I knew you couldn't! See," (unfolding it,) "it 's a Boot-jack!"

"A queer one, *Tom!*"

"And what is it now? Why, a Read-"ing-Deſk! What is it now? A Crib-"bage Board!"

"Ha! *Tom*, that's ingenious."

"Ingenious, *Uncle?* I believe it is! "What is it now? A Ruler. What is it "now? A pair of Snuffers."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ah, I knew you'd laugh—what is it "now? An eighteen Inch Rule. What is it "now? A Pair of Nut-crackers. What "is it now? Two Candleſticks. What is "it now? A Picquet-Board. What is it "now! A Lemon-ſqueezer. That's for "you, *Uncle*. That's all the Changes. "It will go into your Coat Pocket."

"It *ſhall* go there, *Tom!* 'Tis a real "Curioſity."

"I knew you'd ſay ſo, Sir. I wasn't "ſure about the Monkey, but I knew "you'd like this. *Jeſſy* ſhall go with me "Home, but I ſhan't go there till next "Week, becauſe they don't know we've "come up the River, ſo I ſhall ſtay a "little here firſt."

"But, *Tom*, I don't know how we can "take you in, for we have a Lodger."

"Oh my Goodneſs! Nay, don't put "the poor Fellow to Inconvenience on my "Account, pray."

"Certainly not!" cried *Prue*, indignantly. "Why, Mr. *Fenwick* is quite a "Gentleman!"

"Oh, is he ſo?" ſaid *Tom*, burſting out laughing, "and pray, what am I? 'Sir, "you're no Gentleman!'—is that it, "*Prue?*"

"Why, you're *Tom*, and that's all."

"And that's enough too, isn't it? Oh, "I can ſwing my Hammock anywhere. "I wouldn't put Anyone to the ſmalleſt "Inconvenience. Would ſooner catch

" my Death of Cold, or loſe every Shot " in my Locker."

" *Tom*, you're ſuch a thoughtleſs, good- " tempered Fellow, we muſt pack you in " ſomewhere."

" Oh, no, *Uncle!* don't think of it. " I'll be off to the *Three Bells*. Only, " there are two Belles here I like better."

" But, *Tom*, I ſhouldn't like you to get " your Pocket picked."

" And I," ſaid my *Mother*, " ſhould not " like you to take your Death of Cold."

" Never caught Cold in my Life, Ma'am, " that was only Flummery; a Sailor has " Something elſe to do than keep ſneezing " and blowing his Noſe. And I can leave " my Money and Watch here."

" *Prudence*," ſaid I, " you and I could " ſleep in the little blue Cloſet."

" Why ſhouldn't *Tom*," ſaid *Prudence*, " now the other Door is un-nailed? We " ſhould have to move all our Things."

" Thank you, *Patty*," ſaid *Tom*, " you " were always as ſweet as Syrup to me.

"I ſhall like the blue Cloſet a precious "deal the beſt, I can aſſure you, inſtead "of being maſt-headed."

So thus it was arranged; and the light-hearted Fellow was ſoon eſtabliſhed among us, ſpinning long Yarns, as he called them, about *John Chinaman*.

The next Day, he was abſent for ſome Hours, and when he came back, he ſaid he wanted *Prue* and me to go with him in the Evening to ſee a Conjuror. *Prudence*, for ſome Whim, would not go; but I accompanied him with Pleaſure. The Way *Tom* went on, however, ſpoiled my Evening's Entertainment.

The Conjurer was dreſſed ſomewhat in the Oriental Style, and I ſhould have taken him for a real Foreigner, only that *Tom* whiſpered to me that was all Sham. In Fact, he began by addreſſing us in very good *Engliſh*, and ſaying that the Marvels he was about to diſplay were unaccompanied by any Fraud or Deception, and that any Lady or Gentleman who doubted

his Word might come and ſit at his Elbow. "I accept your Invitation!" cries *Tom;* and immediately "ſlued himſelf round," as he expreſſed it, round a Pillar between us and the Stage, ſlipped down it as if he had been a Monkey, and was at the Man's Side in a Moment. The Conjurer looked ſufficiently annoyed, but not more ſo than I felt, for it ſeemed to me that the Eyes of all the Audience were alternately on *Tom* and me, as indeed they well might be. Luckily for my Comfort and Reſpectability, he left me ſitting next to a very ſteady-looking elderly Couple, the neareſt of which ſaid, "Never mind, young Lady, "we'll take Care of you." I ſaid, "It was "ſo very thoughtleſs of him to leave me!" and felt quite uncomfortable. "It *was* "very thoughtleſs," ſaid the good Woman's Huſband, ſmiling, "I ſhould think, Miſs, "he's in the ſea-faring Line." I ſaid, "Yes, Sir," and we then began to attend to what was going on, on the Stage; but I ſat on Thorns all the While.

Tom, quite unembarraſſed by the Publicity of his Poſition, kept his Eyes fixed on the Conjurer's Proceedings with an Air of lively Intereſt. The two or three firſt Tricks drew from him ſuch Exclamations as "Capital! Excellent!" which appeared ſomewhat to mollify the Cunning Man; but at length, when Something was done which ſeemed very ſurpriſing, *Tom* coolly remarked, "Ah! I ſee how that is managed," in a Voice as clear as a Bell, that was heard all over the Houſe. The Conjurer ſhook his Head at him and frowned; but went on to Something elſe. Again *Tom* was pleaſed; again he clapped as heartily as any. The next Trick he marked his Approval of by ſaying, "Very neat, very "neat." At Length came the grand Feat of the Evening, which was ſwallowing a Carving-Knife. Everybody's Attention was riveted, when *Tom* ſaid in an Expoſtulatory Voice, "But, my dear good "Fellow, how can you ſay there is no "Fraud or Deception?" "Sir, I defy

" you to prove any," ſays the Conjurer. " I will prove it directly," ſays *Tom*, " for " I have often ſeen the Thing better done " in *India*." " Sir, you are an impertinent " Fellow," ſays the Conjurer; " I muſt " inſiſt upon it that you withdraw. If " you will not retire of your own Accord, " you ſhall do ſo on Compulſion, for it is " highly indecorous to interrupt a public " Performance in this Manner."

" Well, but why did you aſk me?" ſaid *Tom*. " I didn't!" ſays the Conjurer. " You did," ſays *Tom*. " *Didn't* he?" to the whole Houſe. " Knock him down! " Throw him over!" cried ſeveral Voices. " Give him into Cuſtody!" " Nay," ſays *Tom*, " I don't want to make any Diſturb- " ance:—if you wiſh me to go, I'll go, " for I never like to put People to the " leaſt Inconvenience, and I'm ſure if I'd " known you didn't mean to be taken at " your Word, I would have ſtayed where " I was!" Saying which, he ſwung him- ſelf up the Pillar again, and was by my

Side the next Moment, looking as merry and good-tempered as ever. But I was ſo penetrated with Shame, that I could not bear to look up, but begged him to let us go Home, to which he acceded, though with much Surpriſe. The next Morning, I was giving my *Father* and *Mother* an Account of my uncomfortable Evening, when *Tom*, coming in to Breakfaſt, ſays, "Who is that pale, lanky Chap I met "juſt now upon the Stairs?"

"*Tom!*—" ſaid *Prudence*, very indignantly, "it was Mr. *Fenwick?*"

"How ſhould I know who he was?" rejoined *Tom* unconcernedly, "I thought "he might be a Thief."

"A Thief, indeed!" muttered *Prue*, as ſhe buttered her Roll.

"Well, *Prue*," ſaid he briſkly, "I gave "*Patty* a Treat laſt Night, ſo now it's "your Turn."

"You *did* give *Patty* a Treat, indeed, "my Lad," ſays my *Father* ironically.

"I'm glad ſhe found it ſo, *Uncle*," ſays

he, quite cheerfully, "ſo, To-Night, *Pru-*
"*dence*, I'll take you to the Play."

"I don't know that I want to go," ſays *Prudence*.

"Oh! very well, then I'll take *Patty*."

"Thank you, *Tom*," ſaid I, "but I "don't quite approve of Theatrical Amuſe-"ments."

"You don't? Oh my Goodneſs!—And "do *you* diſapprove of them, *Prue?*"

"No, not I," ſaid *Prue*, "I think *Patty* "more nice than wiſe."

"Oh, then, come along like a good Girl, "and let's go together."

"But, *Tom*," ſays my *Father*, "I ſhall "put a Spoke in that Wheel, unleſs you "promiſe you won't forſake her as you "did *Patty* laſt Night."

"I'll promiſe you a Dozen Times, "*Uncle*, if you think that will make it "more ſecure."

"No, if you promiſe once in earneſt, "that will do."

"I do promiſe."

" But, *Tom*," put in my dear *Mother*, " I ſhare *Patty's* Objections to the Play-" Houſe, and I think two ſuch young " Heads as you and *Prue* are hardly to be " truſted there. In ſhort, I would rather " ſhe did not go."

Prue pouted a little on this—My *Father* began to chafe.

" Fiddleſticks, my Dear," ſays he, " you " and I often went to a Play together " when we were young, and why ſhouldn't " they?"

" Why, my Dear, as I am no longer " young, I ſee Things in a different Light."

" It may not be a truer Light, though, " Mrs. *Honeywood*, and you can't expect " young Folks to ſee Things differently " from what you yourſelf did when you " were young. Tut, tut! let the Girl go, " and ſay no more about it."

" But, Mr. *Honeywood* . . ."

" But, Madam!" (very loud and angry,) " haven't I ſaid it ſhould be ſo, and have " I a Right to be minded?"

Here my *Mother* turned pale and trembled, which I never could bear to ſee; and I was going to urge *Prue* and *Tom*, in a low Voice, to give up their Treat rather than foment a Family Quarrel, when I was called into the Shop, which prevented my knowing how the Matter ended. Preſently *Tom* went through the Shop, out of the Houſe; and the next Time I could look into the Parlour, it was empty.

Prue, however, was ſinging about the Houſe, ſo I argued that Peace had been reſtored ſomehow; moſt likely by her giving up the Play. By-and-by ſhe comes in all Smiles, and ſays, "I'll take up Mr. *Fenwick's* Chocolate," and, before I could ſay a Word, took the little Tray out of my Hand and was off with it.

I had forgotten all about this, when, ſome Time after, happening to go up Stairs for my Knotting-Bag, in paſſing the open Door of Mr. *Fenwick's* Sitting-Room, I ſaw him and *Prue* ſtanding at the Window, their Backs towards me, in earneſt

Converſation; he holding her by the Hand, and ſhe apparently in Tears. This gave me the oddeſt Feeling I ever had in my Life—I went up into my Room, ſat down on the firſt Chair I came to, and could hardly turn my Breath. I could not think what had come over me! Preſently I got up and tried to drink ſome cold Water, but could hardly get it down. It ſeemed to me as if I could not *think;* and yet there was a great, dull, dark, unwelcome Thought in my Head all the while!

I leant my Head againſt the Wall; and having quieted myſelf a little, roſe to go down Stairs. Juſt then, *Prue* came in, and looked as if ſhe had hoped to find the Room unoccupied. I ſaid, "You've been "crying, *Prue!*" She ſaid, ſharply, "No, "I haven't!—and what if I had?"—I ſaid, "Only that I ſhould have been ſorry "to know that you were in Sorrow." She ſaid, "Tears are ſhed for Joy, ſometimes, "as well as Sorrow, are not they?" "Cer-"tainly," ſaid I; and turned away. "What

" *could* make you think I had been crying, " *Patty?*" ſays ſhe hurriedly. " Well," I ſaid, " I thought you might be vexed " about the Play."—" The Play? oh, that " was given up before *Tom* went out," ſaid ſhe—" Of courſe it *did* vex me, and I " think it was unkind of my *Mother* not " to let me go." " You know her Mo- " tives are always kind," ſaid I. " Well, " of courſe I do," ſays ſhe, ſtill croſſly, " but don't harp any more on ſuch a diſ- " agreeable Subject. If you do, I ſhall " run away from you." And away ſhe ran.

Then it was not the Play; then it was not about Anything connected with *Tom*, that had made her cry! I'd thought as much! " Tears are ſhed for Joy as well " as for Sorrow," ſometimes, though not very often. I ſat down again, and turned my Face to the Wall, with my Head reſting againſt it, and cried bitterly. Mine were Tears of Sorrow, not of Joy!

Chapter XI.

The Old Angel.

I do not much like to look back on that Time:—I was under a Cloud; a very dark one; and ſaw, heard, and felt Everything under its Shadow. I did not ſeem to love *Prue* much, nor to believe ſhe loved me; I took Pleaſure in Nothing, and did Nothing well.

I wonder, now, how I could have been ſo ſilly. I am very glad People could not ſee into my Heart, nor gueſs what was paſſing in my toſſed and fretted Mind. Oh! if our Neighbours ſometimes lay to our Charge Things that we know not, how

often might they lay to our Charge Things that they know not! They think us on good and pleaſant Terms with them, maybe, when we are full of Envy, Jealouſy, and Suſpicion. They utter the careleſs Word and laugh the cheerful Laugh, little gueſſing that their lighteſt Look, Word and Tone are being weighed in a Balance.

I ſuppoſe my troubled Mind tinctured a Letter I wrote, as about this Time, to *Gatty;* for in her Reply to it, which followed very quickly, ſhe ſaid,

"I think I can ſee by your Writing that you are not well, nor in good Spirits. How earneſtly do I wiſh, dear Mrs. *Patty*, you would come down to us here, and try the effect of a little Change. Yours is a very toilſome, anxious Life, though you carry it off ſo well; always afoot, always thinking of others! But this may be overdone, and I think you have overdone it now; ſo come down, pray, before you get any worſe. You know your Way to

" the *Old Angel*, dear *Patty!* and though
" the Days are ſo very ſhort now and the
" Weather cold, the Roads are in fine
" Order and you ſhall have a warm Fire-
" ſide. My *Mother* will be more joyed
" to ſee you than I can expreſs, and ſo will
" my *Brothers* and *Siſters*, and I need not
" ſay how acceptable your Company will
" be to me! My Month's Holiday is up,
" and I have writ to Lady *Betty;* but ſhe
" returns no Anſwer, and perhaps conſiders
" me no longer her Servant. I cannot ſay
" I ſhall fret much if it prove ſo; but the
" Fact muſt ſhortly be aſcertained; as in
" that Caſe I muſt ſeek another Service.
" How I ſhould like to go to that reverend,
" comfortable old Mrs. *Arbuthnot!* Per-
" haps, when I ſend her Aprons, I might
" write a reſpectful Line, ſaying I am in
" want of a Situation. Hers would be a
" vaſtly different Service, I fancy, from my
" Lady *Betty's*. And yet, do you know,
" that ſtrange *Siſter* of mine, *Pen*, is cer-
" tain ſhe ſhould like to live with my

" *Lady!* Dear Mrs. *Patty*, I muſt abruptly " conclude, as we are preparing to ſpend " the Evening at *Roaring Houſe*. It is a " good Step, and there will be no Moon, " but we ſhall do well with Lantern and " Pattens, and are not fear'd at *Hob-* " *Goblin*.

" I depend on your coming, ſo name the " Day; and wrap up very warm, or elſe " come inſide the Coach. Tell the " Coachman to ſet you down at the Mile- " Stone, juſt before he reaches the *Green* " *Hatch;* and we will be there to meet " you. There have been no Highway " Robberies theſe three Weeks, and only " one Overturn, ſo don't be afraid.

" Your Affectionate,

" GERTRUDE BOWERBANK."

" *Roaring Houſe*," ſlowly repeated my *Father*, knocking the Aſhes out of his Pipe, when I had read him the greater Part of this Letter. " It muſt be a very

" queer Place, I think, that has ſuch a queer " Name . . . A roaring Houſe!—hang " it if I ſhould like to live in it!—A " Houſe that roars, or that has been ac- " cuſtomed to roar, very likely in the old " Days of the roaring Cavaliers!—A " monſtrous queer Name indeed!—Aye, " aye, many a Hogſhead of ſtrong Ale " has been ſwilled in its great, rambling " Kitchen by roaring Boys, I warrant ye— " A great, rambling, ſcrambling, ſhambling " Houſe, with Doors and Caſements " looſe on their Hinges, that creak in the " Wind, and with looſe Tiles on the great " gabled Roofs, and Swallows' Neſts in " the great, windy Chimneys, and creak- " ing Boards in the uneven Floors and " rotten old Staircaſes, and dark Corners, " and dark Cup-Boards, and windy Key- " Holes and winding Paſſages. That's " my Notion of *Roaring Houſe*."

" Is that where *Gatty* lives?" ſaid *Prudence* heedleſsly.

" No, where ſhe was going to drink

"Tea; with Lantern and Pattens," ſaid my *Father*—"Didn't you hear *Patty* "read? Ha! Time was, I wouldn't have "minded being her Foot-Boy."

"But, *Patty*," ſaid my dear *Mother* anxiouſly, "ſhe does not think you are "well, Love. Do you wiſh to go to "*Larkfield?*"

"Why, certainly, *Mother*, it would be "a great Treat; only I don't ſee how I "could well be ſpared."

"Oh, we can ſpare you well enough," cries *Prudence;* "you won't be miſſed!"

"Thank you," ſaid I abruptly; and thought I would not go.

"We will manage to ſpare you very "well, my dear Love," ſaid my dear *Mother*—"We will contrive ſo that you "ſhall not be miſſed."

Juſt the ſame Thing, only ſaid how differently! I thought I *would* go. A kind Word ſpoken in Seaſon, oh! how good is it!

In ſhort, I decided to go, for I felt I

wanted a Change; and I was hourly in dread of ſaying in my preſent irritable State, ſomething to *Prudence* which I ſhould afterwards be bitterly ſorry for. I ſaw ſhe wanted me to go; I knew ſhe *could*, if ſhe *would*, ſupply my Place for a little While; and I hoped after a ſhort Abſence to return with a new Set of Ideas, and find all Things ſtraight.

So I wrote to *Gatty*, to name my Day, and began to pack up. When Mr. *Fenwick* heard I was going, he looked very much ſurpriſed; but ſaid Nothing. I was glad of the one and the other. I liked his being ſurpriſed, and I liked his making no common-place Speeches. In the mean Time, he had, I knew, addreſſed a Letter to Mr. *Caryl;* and I found, rather unexpectedly, he had got an Anſwer;—in this Way.

I had carried up his Chocolate, and found him with his Elbow on the Mantel-Piece, and his Thumb and Fore-Finger pinching his Chin very hard, while he

frowned anxiouſly over a Billet he was reading.

"This is very ſtrange,—very provok-
"ing!" cried he, looking round to me for Sympathy—"I don't know why I "ſhould trouble you to hear about it, "Mrs. *Patty*, but I am vexed!"

"I ſhould like to hear about it if you "pleaſe, Sir," ſaid I quietly.

"Why,—the Matter is this. I ſent "Something I had been writing,—Some-
"thing I had taken a good deal of Pains "with,—to Mr. *Paul Caryl*. He ſeemed "a good deal pleaſed with it, took it up "quite warmly, promiſed to put it in "Train for me and give it his Patronage. "A long Interval has enſued, without "Anything coming of it; at length I ven-
"ture to write him a gentle Reminder; "and he, with a hundred thouſand Pro-
"teſtations and Apologies, writes to ſay "that 'how to excuſe himſelf he knows not, "but the plain Fact is, a Spark falling on my "Manuſcript, has utterly conſumed it.'"

" I don't believe it!" cried I with ſudden Paſſion, " I don't believe one Word of " it!"

" Why, it's hard to believe—" begins Mr. *Fenwick*, with an aggrieved Air.

" It's not to be believed!" interrupted I vehemently; " it's a Falſehood, if ever " one was told! A trumped up, vamped " up Story!"

" Huſh, Mrs. *Patty*—"

" No, Sir, I can't huſh, I know it's as " I ſay: I'm ſure of it! Oh, the Mean- " neſs!—"

" My dear *Patty!*—"

" It's abominable, Sir! *He*, call himſelf " a *Gentleman?*"

" My dear *Patty*, you quite aſtound me " by the Vehemence of your Sympathy. " I can't tell you how gratefully I feel it. " But your undue Warmth makes me ſee " my own in its proper Light—I was feel- " ing this Matter too much. It is morti- " fying enough, I muſt own, but I dare " ſay what he tells me is true . . ."

"Not a Word!"

"And whether true or not, the Loſs to "*me* is the ſame—I ſhall never ſee my "Manuſcript again—"

"If I were the *King* or the *Lord Mayor*, "you ſhould!—"

"Pooh, pooh! what, when it's *burnt?*"

"Burnt or unburnt; or he ſhould go to "*Newgate;* that he ſhould!"

"No, no, *Patty;* Kings and Lord "Mayors don't ſend Poets to *Newgate*, "for being careleſs of other Poets' Papers. "You make me laugh at my own Annoy-"ance, you caricature it ſo! I have quite "cleared up, now—I ſhall not think of "it again; unleſs with a Smile. But I "heartily thank you for your warm Sym-"pathy, dear *Patty!*"

"Ah, Sir!—"

"Yes, *Patty*, for your acceptable, your "*ſalutary* Sympathy."

And he cordially preſſed my Hand. I withdrew it, and ſlipped away; but with a Feeling of Conſolation and Complacence

to which my lone Heart had of late been a Stranger. I wiped away a Tear, and went to pack my Box.

"In a brotherly sort of Way," thought I; "he regards me kindly. Nothing more."

Oh! what awful Work it is, when Sisters are jealous of one another! The nearer the Heart, the greater the Smart. The closer the Kin, the greater the Sin. My Heart was in that State, that the least Injury, real or supposed, made me ready to cry out; and yet I must look out jealously for new Injuries, as if I had not enough already. As for *Prue*, she was in a most unpleasant Humour, snappish and reckless, or merry and unfeeling: laughing twice as much as there was Need, at the merest Trifle; or requiring to be spoke to twice before she heard or made Answer. There was no Confidence between us now; and if she had made any Approach to it, I should have started away from it. I was glad when she was going about, Sight-seeing, with *Tom;* for, as she truly said,

ſhe was ſo ſoon to have all the Work to do, that ſhe might as well take her Pleaſure while ſhe could: only it was not ſpoken kindly. As for *Tom*, he had been Home and back again: he had taken down his Monkey to his Mother, but had ſoon got tired, I fancy, of country Quiet, (which, he ſaid, was as dull as a Roari-torio,) ſo made an Excuſe to run up to Town again on ſome ſea-faring Buſineſs. However, he had only left Home for a few Days, and meant to return to it as ſoon as he had ſquired me to the *Old Angel;* though I told him I had not the leaſt Need of his Protection, and wanted Nobody but *Peter* to go with me. He would not have it ſo; but got up ſome Hours before Light, briſk as a Lark, to ſee me off, like a good-tempered Fellow as he was. He talked all Sorts of Rhodomontade by the Way, that amuſed me in ſpite of myſelf; and, juſt as we got to the Inn-yard, aſked me how often I thought he had been in Love.

"Never once," ſaid I.

"Then, there you're quite out," ſaid he, "for I've been in Love four Times." Here a Man ran againſt him with a *Box*. "You might have put out my Eye," ſays *Tom* to him; "however, as you didn't, "it's no Matter." Here we got to the Booking-office, and waited there while the dirty old Coach was being waſhed.

"Four Times," repeated *Tom*, returning to his Subject, "and I'll tell you who "with."

"Oh no," ſaid I, "pray ſpare me!"

"You don't gueſs the Name of the "laſt, then," ſays he with a roguiſh Air.

"*Patty Honeywood*," doubtleſs, ſaid I.

"You're not ſo far out, then," ſays he, burſting out laughing,

"Huſh, *Tom!* People will hear you. ."

"Well, and what if they do?"

"Why, I ſhan't put much Faith in your "Paſſion, if you talk and laugh ſo openly "about it."

"Ah," ſays he, "perhaps I may feel as "much as Fellows that are more affected."

Here we got ſhoved about a good deal by People coming into the Office. At length, the Horn began to blow and the Bell to clang over our Heads. *Tom* put me inſide the Coach, within which was as yet only an old Lady in a red Cardinal. Then he ſtood on the Step, and kept talking to me through the Window. "Yes," ſays he, "the Letters P. H. are indelibly tattooed "on me. Why won't you give a Fellow a "little Encouragement to live upon while "you're away?" Here he ſcrewed up his Face into a very myſterious Expreſſion, as much as to ſay, "The old Gentlewoman "can't underſtand me," and the next Moment was ſhowing his good white Teeth from Ear to Ear in a broad Smile.

"They've ſlued up your Box now," ſays he, "and are getting under weigh. There's a blue *Peter* to the Fore."

"What's that?" ſaid I.

"Why, the *Admiral's* Flag clapped to "the Foremaſt, for ſailing Orders. What "I mean now, is, that your Man *Peter*,

"looking Blue with Cold, is ſtanding at "the Fore Horſe's Head, and ſtaring, as "well he may, at the Poſtilion. Well, "you won't carry much Ballaſt this Time. "There are ſome Barrels of Oyſters in the "Hold, going down to Country Couſins "that have ſent up Geeſe and Turkeys."

"Dear me! I wiſh I had thought of "a Barrel of Oyſters," ſaid I.

"Too late now!" ſaid *Tom*. "But yet, "if you wiſh it, I'll make a Ruſh for "them, and come up with you along the "Road. You won't make more than "three Knots an Hour. Shall I?"

"Oh no, thank you. It's too late now."

"Better late than never. And apply "that to me on the Preſent Occaſion. "Come, accept me! Arn't I a very good "Boy, for a Sailor? You've never ſeen "me ſmoke, nor drink, nor fight, nor get "my Pockets picked, nor uſe any uncom-"fortable Expreſſions. Oh no, I can't "bear to put People to the leaſt Incon-

"venience. Here I am, going, going, "going,—ſay gone!"

"Gone!" ſaid I; and he was off the next Moment.

"A light-hearted young Sailor," ſays the old Gentlewoman ſmiling, "I ſhouldn't "think many young Ladies would ſay 'No' "to the Offer he made you."

The Jumbling of the Coach over the rough Stones precluded the Need of an Anſwer. For ſome Time we journeyed in the Dark; when Daylight came, I was able to amuſe myſelf with paſſing Objects; and though the Cold was ſevere, I liked Travelling very well. We ſtopped to dine at Twelve o'Clock; there was a great, raw Leg of boiled Mutton, which the old Lady ſaid was bad Meat badly killed and badly cooked. She ſaid, however, that Travelling was improved ſince her young Days, when the Coach was three Days going from *London* to *Exeter*, and halted to obſerve the Sabbath on the Road. We ſafely reached the appointed Spot juſt before

Dark, where *Gatty*, all Smiles and Cordiality,—and a healthy, honeſt-looking Boy, her Brother, were awaiting me. My Luggage was ſo light, we carried it between us, laughing and talking as we trudged along to *Gatty's* Home; which I found what ſhe called "a good Step."

Chapter XII.

The Roaring Houſe.

"Why, *Gatty!*" ſaid I, as we plodded over the Moor, "I had no Notion you "didn't live in *Larkfield!*"

"But we do," ſaid ſhe, "in *Larkfield* "Pariſh. We live in the Foreign, though "not in the Borough. Didn't I ever tell "you that? When my *Father* died, we "gave up our Town-Houſe, which was "twenty Pounds by the Year, and took "this, which is but fifteen."

It ſeemed to me a loneſome Situation enough; however, a large, cheerful Family prevents any Houſe from ſeeming lonely; and ſoon we were in a ſnug, well-warmed,

well-lighted Room. They were all very glad to ſee me; *Gatty's* Siſters were tall, lanky Girls, nothing to compare in Point of Looks with herſelf; but they ſeemed very ſociable and merry, and their *Mother* was a quiet, kind-ſpoken Woman, whom I ſhould never have gueſſed for a Kinſwoman, however remote, of Lady *Betty's*.

Gatty and I ſlept together, and talked a good Deal before we ſlept. She was quite ſtrong and well now, but ſeemed more reluctant than ever to go back to Lady *Betty;* and I thought ſhe ſeemed building on ſome vague Hope of getting taken by Mrs. *Arbuthnot*. I could ſee ſhe liked her Country Home beſt of all, but felt ſhe had no Right to ſtay.

Next Day, we took a briſk Walk over the hard frozen Ground. The Trees being leafleſs, and the Sky threatening Snow, I thought the Country had a dreary Look with it; but the young People were ſo gay that one could not be dreary in their Preſence; and we came Home to

our hot roaſt Mutton with red Noſes, blue Fingers, and tip-top Spirits. We were to ſpend the Evening at *Roaring Houſe*, which I found was where Mr. *Heavitree* lived. All the Afternoon the Girls were ironing clean Cuffs, and making cherry-coloured Top-knots.

Though we ſtarted at Three o'Clock, it was quite Duſk before we got to the old Farm-Houſe; but the ruddy Light of a great Wood Fire through the Diamond-paned Caſements made it look cheerfully enough. We had a hearty Country Reception at the Threſhold, from Mr. *Heavitree*, a mighty ſmart, good-looking young Man, with quite the Air of a Country Gentleman; and from his Siſter, Miſs *Clary*, who was a few Years his elder, and who, I had been told as I came along, was ſoon to be married. There was no other Company than ourſelves, except Miſs *Clary's* Lover, and her *Father* the Squire, and the Village Doctor's Aſſiſtant. We ſpent the Evening in an old Stone Hall, with great

unpainted Girders over our Heads, ſundry old Brown-Bills and Bows againſt the Walls, and a roaring Fire on the low Hearth, which reminded me of the Name of the Houſe. We did not want Candles for a good While; we ſat about the Hearth and chatted, and had Tea, and great Slices of Plum-Cake; after that, we danced to warm our Feet, the Squire playing the Fiddle; and then we had Hide-and-Seek and Hunt-the-Slipper, to pleaſe the young *Bowerbanks*, and then each was called on for a Song; and after that, we told Stories of Ghoſts, Murders, Robberies, hidden Treaſures, and ſuch-like, till we quite ſcared ourſelves and one another. Then the Squire would begin one and another funny Story with, "I'll tell you what I "did when I was a Boy;" and he clapped his Hands after every Song, and laughed at every Story. I never ſaw an old Gentleman take ſo hugely to young People; and when nobody was minding him, he would ſtand before the Fire with his Hands in his

Pockets, humming "Oh, the Days when "I was young!" and hem away a Sigh. We had Forfeits; and when young Mr. *Heavitree* was bidden, "Bow to the pret- "tieſt, kneel to the wittieſt, and kiſs whom "he loved beſt," he kneeled to me, and kiſſed *Gatty*, which put her out and made her very red; and I heard her ſay in her quiet Way, "That's going too far." We had Turkey and Mince-Pies for Supper, and hot Elder-Wine and Toaſt afterwards, to fortify us, they ſaid, againſt the Cold. The Squire wiſhed he were young enough to ſee us Home, but ſince he waſn't, *Jack* would do as well. So Mr. *Jack*, that's Mr. *Heavitree*, went out to put on his great Coat, and came back laughing, and ſaid the Ground was covered with Snow! And ſo indeed it was, but we trudged through it merrily enough. Next Day, however, the Snow fell ſo faſt all Day, that we were kept in Doors, and *Gatty* worked hard at Mrs. *Arbuthnot's* laſt Apron, till ſhe finiſhed it. I wrote Home, it being the firſt

Opportunity; for the Poſt only went out of *Larkfield* three Times a Week: and that was once oftener, Mrs. *Bowerbank* ſaid, than when ſhe was firſt married.

There was much Conjecture beſtowed as to whether the *Heavitrees* would come in the Evening to return our Viſit, according to Promiſe. *Gatty* thought they would not; all the others thought they would, and the two youngeſt Girls ſpent the beſt of the Morning in making Cakes. The young People came, without the Squire, and we had a pleaſant Evening, but not ſo lively as the laſt, partly becauſe the Parlour was ſo much ſmaller than the Hall, and partly becauſe Mrs. *Bowerbank* was not ſo convivial and humorous as the Squire.

After this, came two or three Days of inceſſant Snow; and after the Snow, a Froſt. All were glad the Snow left off falling, becauſe we were expected at *Roaring Houſe*, and Mrs. *Bowerbank* ſaid ſhe could not conſent to our going if the Snow continued to fall. So we made our Prepara-

tions full early; and meantime, a Servant who had been into *Larkfield* and had called at the Poſt-Office, among other Places, (it being the principal Linen-Draper's and Tea-Grocer's of the Town,) brought *Gatty* a Letter from Lady *Betty*, which had been lying there a Day and a Half, and the Contents of which threw us all into Flurry and Diſmay.

My *Lady* wrote, in a very few Words, by another Hand, to deſire Mrs. *Gatty* would return to her Duties *immediately*, for that Madam *Pompon* had left.

This was a ſad Blow to us all: poor *Gatty* could not help crying; and we all cried to keep her Company. Lady *Betty* would not have been much flattered, could ſhe have ſeen the Reception her Letter got. "Oh, poor *Gatty!* poor *Gatty!*" reſounded on all Sides; but after intermingling Kiſſes and Tears, ſhe was the firſt to pluck up Courage, and ſay we were only making Things worſe by grieving, and ſhe would pack up at once, to be

ready for the Morning Coach, and then think nothing more about it till the Time came. So her Siſters diſperſed, to dreſs for our Party, and *Gatty* and I went upſtairs to do the ſame, and pack her Box; ſeveral Times in the Courſe of doing which, ſhe burſt out crying; and I thought I had never beheld a Girl ſo loth to quit Home, nor ſo reſolved to do her Duty.

At length we ſet off; and when we got to *Roaring Houſe*, there was pretty much the ſame Thing over again, for Jokes and Laughing were exchanged for Lamentations; and the Gaiety of the Evening was completely clouded. I cannot help thinking, however, that it was Balm to *Gertrude's* Heart to find herſelf ſo unaffectedly ſympathiſed with: the Squire patted her on the Shoulder ſeveral Times, and called her "poor Girl," and "dear *Gatty*;" Miſs *Clary* more than once ſhed a Tear; and Mr. *Heavitree* ſeemed quite mute and confounded.

We prolonged our Viſit as late as we

could; and when we dared ſtay no longer, the Squire and Miſs *Clary* inſiſted on adding many additional Wraps to our own; he producing ſome prodigious large Silk Pocket-handkerchiefs, which he tied himſelf over our Heads and under our Chins, like Capouchins, giving each a Kiſs as a Finiſh; and ſtriving moreover to perſuade each of us to wear a Pair of his thick Shoes over our own, and ſtuff up the Difference between them with Rag and brown Paper. While urging *Pen* to this, his Son came in from the outer Hall, looking deadly pale; and hit his Head violently againſt an old Tortoiſeſhell-Cabinet, which he ran againſt without intending it.

"Meaſure your Diſtance better, *Jack*," ſays his *Father*, "or, what with black "Eyes and red Eyes, there won't be a Pair "of Eyes in the Hall worth looking at. "Bleſs thee, Child!" very kindly to *Gatty*, as ſhe ſtept up to bid him Good-bye. "Keep thy good Heart and good

"Looks, whatever thou doſt;" and ſo, kiſſed her twice. *Gatty* dropped a Tear on his Hand; he looked at it quickly, then at her attentively; and giving her Hand a final Shake, puſhed her gently away, ſaying "There, go; go along; and GOD's "Bleſſing go with thee."

By this Time we were all equipped. Juſt as Miſs *Clary* was kiſſing *Gatty* at the Door, I noticed the Squire whiſper a Word in Mr. *Heavitree's* Ear, which made the latter colour very much; adding to it, "You'll be a Fool, if you don't do as I "ſay."

Now, we were all ſetting out from the hoſpitable Threſhold, the Lights ſtreaming from which illumined our Path till we reached the Gate, which Mr. *Heavitree* held open till we had all paſſed. *Gatty's* two younger Siſters, to ſhow their Love and Sorrow, were each monopolizing one of her Arms and hanging upon her as they followed *Joe*, who was taking the Lead with a Lantern, though there was

a pale Moon. Mr. *Heavitree*, therefore, coming up as ſoon as he had faſtened the Gate, found me juſt behind the reſt, and ſpontaneouſly gave me his Arm; but the next Minute, in a hurried Manner and lowered Voice ſaid, "Dear Mrs. *Patty*, "this once be my Friend. I've a Word to "ſay to *Gatty*, and thoſe Girls will never "let me!"

I immediately ſaid, ſmiling, "Truſt to "me;" and in another Minute had dropped his Arm and was walking off with *Lucy*, and in two or three Minutes more had ſecured *Penelope* too. As we walked on briſkly, *Pen* ſaid, "Hadn't we better ſtop "for *Gatty?*" but I ſaid, "No, ſhe's cloſe "behind, and Mr. *Heavitree* wants to have "a little Talk with her for the laſt Time." This quite ſatisfied the artleſs Girls, who ſoon were buſy chattering about the Loſs of poor *Gatty*, and their Fears leſt ſhe might not have a ſafe Journey. They pointed out to me the North Star, and *Charles's* Wain, and many other Stars or

Planets whoſe Names I forget, and told me I might always know a Star from a Planet, becauſe Stars twinkle and Planets do not. *Pen* even added that *Sirius*, the Dog-Star, is ſixty Times brighter than the Sun, which I'm free to think muſt have been a prodigious Blunder of hers. Who can believe it? Except indeed, Children, who ſwallow Incredibilities without any Trouble.

Arrived at the Gate, we were ſurpriſed at *Gatty's* coming up to us alone; yet I am certain I had had a Glimpſe of two dark Figures following us the Minute before. Directly we got in-Doors, all was Buſtle. Mrs. *Bowerbank* was ſure we muſt be periſhing of Cold, and inſiſted on our going to Bed directly; and promiſing to ſend each of us a Baſin of hot Gruel to eat in our Beds: Gruel well qualified with Wine, Nutmeg, and Sugar—Caudle, in Fact!

It was no bad Thing to be thus coddled and comforted like Invalids while we felt quite well; and we were ſoon undreſſing

as faſt as we could. All but *Gatty*, who came up to me when I was about half undreſſed, to fetch a few Things ſhe wanted, and to tell me ſhe was going to ſleep with her *Mother*. This was a Surpriſe and Diſappointment to me; I had reckoned on a good Goſſip over our Gruel, and on her telling me all about Mr. *Heavitree* as ſoon as the Candle was put out. However, it ſeemed that the Thing had been ſettled, even before we ſtarted, in order that I might not be diſturbed by her early Departure the next Morning; and her Box had already been carried down, and ſhe ſaid ſhe wanted to ſpend her laſt Night with her *Mother*, ſo there was no more to be ſaid. I noticed, however, as ſhe kiſſed me, that her Eyelids were red with crying, but her Eyes beaming under them very bright. I ſaid, "Good Night, but not "good-bye; for I am reſolved to ſee you "off in the Morning." She ſaid, "Oh, "you muſt not think of it. All will be "Buſtle, and there will be no real Pleaſure

" in ſeeing each other. I have quite got over " my Trouble at going, now, and don't " care at all about it." So ſhe kiſſed me cheerfully, and repeated, " Good-Night " and good-bye," and ran off. I was ſtill reſolved to get up in Time to ſee the Laſt of her; but I ſuppoſe the Caudle, being ſo ſtrong, made me ſleep heavier and later than uſual; for though it was yet Dark when I got up, I found on going down Stairs that *Gatty* had been gone a full Hour. None of the Family had accompanied her except *Joe* and the Girl of all Work, who carried her Box; but *Pen* told me that juſt as ſhe was watching *Gatty* out of Sight by the Light of the Lantern, ſome one joined them.

When *Joe* returned, he ſaid their Companion had been young Mr. *Heavitree*, who wanted, he ſuppoſed, to be at the Beaſt-Market betimes, or, ſure, he would not have been afoot ſo early. *Joe* added that the Snow was tremendous,—up to a Man's Knees in many Parts, and up to his

Shoulders under the Banks. We thought he muſt be exaggerating; but, however, the poor Boy had certainly been Half his Depth in Snow himſelf, though he averred he had not ſtumbled. He ſaid it was freezing now, and the Roads ſo ſlippery that the Horſes ſtumbled ſo at every Step that they were obliged to be led—he did not believe they would make more than two Miles an Hour, and wondered when *Gatty* would reach *London*. *Lucy* ſaid, "Huſh," and bade him not frighten their *Mother*, who was juſt coming in; but Mrs. *Bowerbank* had heard it all from the Cook-Maid, and looked very grave. It turned out, that Mr. *Heavitree* had made *Gatty* go inſide, and had accompanied her the firſt Stage. *Joe's* Eyes looked very round, and he ſaid, "Oh, I waſn't to tell that; but Women "will be blabbing." "Who told you not "to tell, *Joey?*" ſays *Lucy*. "If I told "you that, Miſs *Lucy*," ſays he, "I ſhould "blab too." So then we ſat down to Breakfaſt, for they were glad of the Ex-

cuſe to repair their hurried Meal by keeping me Company. After that, we ſat to our Needles, and *Joey* did Sums or pretended to do them, and drew Pictures on his Slate. Mrs. *Bowerbank* was a ruminative Woman of few Words, the younger Girls were rather afraid of her, and rather ſhy towards me, and we miſſed *Gatty* ſadly. As for getting out of Doors, we were cloſe Priſoners, and likely to be for ſome Days; the Weather was as bad as could be, and threatened to be worſe.

Chapter XIII.

A Journey in the Snow.

I think a diſmaller Thing can ſcarce be cited, than a lone diſmal Houſe on a diſmal lone Moor, in diſmal inclement Weather, without anything paſſing or like to paſs on Horſe or Foot, without even a Cart-Track or a Row of black Foot-prints to the Gate acroſs the Snow. In-Doors, ſmall Rooms, ſomewhat barely furniſhed, either bitterly cold, or hot and cloſe to that Degree as almoſt to ſtifle one. Nobody coming in nor going out; not ſo much as a Tradeſman's Knock with his Knuckles at the Back-door; no News-papers, no News, no lively Voices, no

Letters to be got from the Poſt, nor any Poſſibility of getting a Letter to the Poſt. Nothing but to depend on one's own Reſources within the Houſe; happy for the Houſekeeper if no Bread, nor Meat, nor Tea, nor Salt, nor Sugar, nor Candles, nor Coals, nor Stores of any Sort be a-wanting!

I confeſs a Day or two of that Life made me heartily ſick of it; and yet it continued for nearly a Week. I thought what a Gooſe I was to leave Home to come to People I knew ſo little of, and who knew ſo little of me. I reſolved within myſelf it ſhould be long indeed ere I ſet out again, "voggetting about," as the *Wiltſhire* People call it. Change of Scene, indeed! with Nothing to look out at but that lonely Snow-covered Moor! Nobody to ſpeak to but a ſilent Woman, with a couple of unfledged Daughters, as mute as Mice, poring over their Bobbin-Work, and a Schoolboy that was bidden to hold his Peace! Nothing to do but

ſew, ſew, ſew, all Day, and think my own melancholy Thoughts, and wiſh for a Letter from Home, and wonder when I ſhould be able to get back! No Exerciſe but to go up to my own Room under Pretence of waſhing my Hands, and there gaze out vacantly on the Snow, or dip into a muſty old Book or two! Why, there was a hundred Times more Variety and Amuſement in our Shop, any Day, in the worſt of Weathers!

As for Mrs. *Bowerbank*, ſhe was not near ſo dull, though a good deal more worried; becauſe, though ſhe brewed and baked at Home, and kept her Store Cloſet pretty well ſupplied, there were certain little Things that fell ſhort during our Siege and Beleaguerment, which ſhe had no Means of ſupplying. Thus, Butter ran ſhort; and we all know there's no Subſtitute for that! The Salt-box happened to be nearly empty, and Eggs were ſcarce. Luckily, there was no Lack of Bread, becauſe Flour was plenty, and ſhe

always knew how to keep herſelf ſupplied with Yeaſt, by putting away the wooden Spoon, unwaſhed, with which ſhe had ſtirred the Yeaſt at her laſt Baking. But Butcher's Meat was ſcarce, which was more felt becauſe we could not have Eggs to our Bacon: however, with one Thing and another we got on pretty well. She called me the moſt contented of Gueſts; I told her, truly, I was ſorry ſhe ſhould treat me as a Stranger, and was quite willing to fare with the Reſt.

Indeed, the Tabling troubled me leaſt. And when I conſidered how kind they all were to me, a Stranger, and how great muſt be the Sufferings of the Poor and Needy in ſuch a Seaſon, I felt I was quite wicked to be ſecretly complaining merely becauſe of the Infeſtivity. I played at Tit-tat-to with *Joe*, and poſed him with hard Riddles, and he in return put it to me—"If a Herring and a Half coſt "three Halfpence, how far is it to *Tyburn* "Turnpike?" which I told him had

puzzled me before he was born; and then I puzzled him by aſking, if a Herring and a Half coſt three Halfpence, how many could he buy for Sixpence; which took him a good While to make out. The Girls, ſeeing me condeſcend to their younger Brother, began to think me leſs formidable, and to make ſome baſhful Efforts at my Entertainment; and I then offered to tell their Fortunes, and ſhowed them ſome ſimple Hocus-pocuſſing, which preſently ſet us all laughing; and I found that the ſureſt Way of being entertained is to entertain. Beſides, we got a little Exerciſe by this; for ſome of the Conjurations led to hiding, and ſeeking, and turning quickly round, and playing Forfeits. So that we got on pretty well after a Time; only, all the While I was thinking when will the Froſt break up, and, ſhall I be able to get Home?

All this While, we were in Suſpenſe about *Gatty's* Safety, and unable to get any Letter from her; nor did Mrs. *Bowerbank*,

by a ſingle Word or Hint, enable me to gueſs whether *Gatty* had told her of Anything particular that Mr. *Heavitree* had ſaid to her or not. My only Reaſon for thinking ſhe had, was her *Mother's* ſometimes falling into a Reverie as ſhe ſate by the Fire, with a quiet Smile on her Face, as though ſhe were a thinking of Somewhat mighty pleaſant; and again, by her frequently praiſing *Gatty* to us all, for her Frankneſs and ſteady Purſuit of Duty.

At length, the Snow began to yield a little; and juſt as Mrs. *Bowerbank* was beginning to conſider whether ſhe might not ſend *Nanny* into the Town for Letters and other Things much wanted, a Farm-Labourer from *Roaring Houſe* came trudging through the Snow, and ſaid he had found a Letter lying at the Poſt-Office for Mrs. *Bowerbank*, and had thought ſhe might be glad to have it. The Man got a Cup of warm Beer for his Pains; and Mrs. *Bowerbank*, ſeeing the Direction in *Gatty's* Hand, came into the Parlour to read the

Letter by the Fire, and communicate the beſt Part of it to us.

Gatty ſaid ſhe was much ſurpriſed and very thankful to find that Mr. *Heavitree* was going to ſee her ſafe to the End of the firſt Stage. He had inſiſted on her going inſide, and ſaid he would ſettle about that with Mrs. *Bowerbank* afterwards; and the Weather was ſo dreadful that ſhe had felt herſelf juſtified in being perſuaded. They were the only inſide Paſſengers, and, with all the Windows up, were not ſo very cold; but the Windows were ſo covered with Ice that it was impoſſible to ſee through them when Day broke. They knew the Horſes were being led, and that they were going very ſlowly, but did not much mind it, and judged they muſt have travelled ſeveral Miles, when all at once they found the Coach give a great Lurch, and roll over on its Side. They were quite unable to help themſelves, and very uncomfortable, and rather frightened: Mr. *Heavitree* did not like breaking the

Window, for fear of the Shivers falling on *Gatty*, and of the Cold to which they ſhould ſubſequently be expoſed. At length, with very great Difficulty, he contrived to open one of the Windows; and the Guard helped him to ſcramble out, and lift out *Gatty*. To their great Surpriſe and Mortification they ſaw juſt oppoſite to them a Finger-poſt, with "*Three Miles to Lark-field*," on it. In Fact, they had only juſt reached the Heath, where the Road being marked by no Boundaries, was hidden under the Snow, and they had ſtrayed off it and got into a pretty deep Ditch, wherein the Coach was ſo faſt ſet as to be immoveable. There was a Turnpike about a hundred Yards off, and the Turnpike Man came running out to ſee if he could give any Aſſiſtance; ſo then all the Men, Paſſengers and all, ſet their Shoulders to the Coach to heave it up; but in forcing it up, one of the Fore-Wheels came off. Then the three Horſes, which had already broken their Traces, were ſent back to *Larkfield*

with the Poſtilion, Guard, and Oſtler that had been leading, and the Paſſengers had no Help for it but to wait till Poſt-Chaiſes were ſent. The Turnpike-Man invited them into his Cottage, which they were very thankful to take Shelter in; there was only one outſide Paſſenger, whoſe Face was purple, almoſt black, with Cold; and he ſtaggered ſo that *Gatty* at firſt thought he had been drinking, but it was becauſe he was benumbed and dizzy. The Turnpike-Man's Wife received them very kindly: ſhe was ironing, and the Room was very ſmall and ſteamy, but ſhe made them welcome to ſtand round her Fire, and ſaid ſhe had put off her Waſhing as long as ſhe poſſibly could, becauſe there was only Snow-water for uſe, now the Pond was frozen. There was a Baby crying in its Cradle all the Time, which its *Mother* ſaid was becauſe of the Cold; but *Gatty* thought it might be becauſe the *Mother* had not Time to attend to it; ſo ſhe took it up, and cheriſhed

it at the Fire, and rubbed its little blue Hands and Feet till ſhe quieted it. Meanwhile, Mr. *Heavitree* produced ſome famous hot Gingerbread Nuts, which Mrs. *Clary* had given him, and the outſide Paſſenger pulled out a Caſe-bottle of Brandy, and the good Woman gave them hot Water, and ſupplied Tumblers and Cups, and they had a very ſeaſonable Luncheon. The Turnpike-Man ſaid he had not taken Tolls to the Amount of Tenpence during the laſt two Days. His Wife, touched by *Gatty's* fondling the Baby, ſaid with a kind of Remorſe, that ſhe wiſhed ſhe could be ſure all was well with a young Woman carrying an Infant, who had, with Tears in her Eyes, begged, the Day before, to chafe its poor little Limbs at the Fire for a few Minutes before ſhe croſſed the Moor. "There was Some-"thing wild and unſettled in her Look," ſaid the good Woman, "that I did not "like, and I aſked her, 'Why croſs the "Moor at all?' ſhe ſaid, ſhe muſt, for her

" only Chance of Shelter; I aſked whence " ſhe came, but ſhe would not ſay. So " the only Thing was to make her as com- " fortable as I could while ſhe remained— " there was ſome good ſtrong Peaſe Soup " on the Fire, and I gave her a Baſin of it, " with a Slice of Bread. I never ſaw a " poor Soul ſo grateful; ſhe ſaid it warmed " her to the Heart. I alſo made her take " off her wet Stockings, which were fine " but very old, and put on an old Pair of " thick Woollen ones I had given up " wearing; and I buttoned a Pair of old " Gaiters over all. So then ſhe ſuckled " the Babe and went her Ways, praying " God to bleſs me; and I watched her " ſtraggling acroſs the Moor, and now and " then plunging into a Snow-Drift. My " Heart ached for her, it did!—and I " couldn't help thinking, in the Night, " that when the Thaw came, we might " find her poor Corpſe under the Snow."

It was Noon, *Gatty* ſaid, when one Poſt-Chaiſe made its Appearance; ſo into

this ſhe and Mr. *Heavitree* and the other Paſſenger were packed, and her Box tied on behind; and they recommenced their Journey, Mr. *Heavitree* ſitting between the two. Their Pace was mended, and they were congratulating themſelves on their Speed, when, by Reaſon of the roundneſs of the Road, over went the Chaiſe. However, they ſoon righted again, the Chaiſe being ſo much lighter than the Coach; and they did not overturn again till juſt as they got to *Newton Buzzard;* which was the firſt Stage, of fourteen Miles, from *Larkfield.* However, the Day was now ſo far ſpent, it being about three o'Clock, at which Hour even the Stage-Coach always pulls up for the Night during Winter, that Mr. *Heavitree* ſaid it would be Madneſs to proceed, expecially as the following Stage included *Splitskull Hill.* He had an Aunt in the Town, at whoſe Houſe he always ſlept when he attended the Markets; ſo he went to her while *Gatty* remained at

the Inn, to fiſh for an Invitation. And the Invitation was not long forthcoming, ſo he came back almoſt directly, and told *Gatty* his Aunt would take no Denial; ſo they went there and had a very hoſpitable Reception from the old Lady, who gave them a hot Supper and well-aired Beds. The next Day, the Coach being reported ſtill immoveable and very ruinous, they went on as before in a Chaiſe, and, the Roads being more beaten, got on much faſter and without any more Impediment, till they ſafely reached *London*, where kind Mr. *Heavitree* took leave of *Gatty* at Lady *Betty's* Door.

But, now,—oh! what News. *Gatty* on entering the Houſe, and being fairly ſhut into it, learned to her Diſmay that Lady *Betty* had not ſummoned her up in one of her Capricchios, but was laid up with the Small-Pox, which had cauſed Madam *Pompon* and ſeveral other Servants to deſert her, and had occaſioned her ſending ſo peremptorily and laconically for *Gatty*.

Mrs. *Bowerbank*, when ſhe got to this, laid down the Letter and began to cry. She ſaid ſhe knew *Gatty* would take the Infection and die, or elſe be marked for life; what a cruel Thing it was of Lady *Betty* to ſend for her, especially as her *Ladyſhip* had been ſo afraid of catching the Fever from *Gatty*. I thought ſo too, and quite felt for the poor *Mother*. She ſaid that ſhe would go and take *Gatty* away directly, without minding what Lady *Betty* might think, were it not now too late to ſave her from Danger; beſides, how could ſhe bring her Home to her other Children, who had never had the Diſeaſe?

Then ſhe went on to finiſh the Letter, crying over it all the While; and *Gatty* proceeded to ſay, that finding what was required of her, ſhe recommended herſelf to God, and, having laid aſide her travelling Dreſs and taken ſome ſlight Refreſhment, ſhe went ſtraight up to my *Lady's* Chamber, where ſhe found Lady *Betty* in

Bed, in very high Fever, attended only by one of the inferior Servants, quite a low Perſon, who had had the Diſorder, therefore had Nothing to fear. That Lady *Betty*, being blinded, did not at firſt recognise her; but, catching the Sound of her Voice, cried peremptorily, "Is that "*Gatty*, at laſt? Then ſend *Jenny* away. "You are not to leave the Room again, "*Gatty*, but make them bring Everything "to you." Since which, *Gatty* had remained at her Bedſide, where ſhe was now writing, while my *Lady* lay in a kind of Stupor, brought on perhaps by her quieting Medicine; ſince the Irritation was ſo great, ſhe could not keep her Hands off herſelf, much leſs ſleep. Indeed, once ſhe had bidden *Gatty* tie her Hands up, that ſhe might not disfigure herſelf in her Torment; yet ſhe had ſoon been unable to keep from fighting at herſelf again, and when *Gatty* had gently tried to ſtay her, had fiercely cried, "Isn't my Face my own, to do with "as I like?"

Oh poor Lady *Betty!* She that was ſo vain of her Beauty! and carried her Head ſo high! to be laid thus low, and maſtered by inexorable Diſeaſe! deſerted by her pampered Menials that had flattered her in Health, and beholden for the commoneſt Attentions, firſt to a poor Scullion, and now to one whom ſhe had inhumanely neglected in her own Extremity! Was it not a Leſſon to poor, purſe-proud, puffed-up Humanity? And was not *Gatty* like an Angel, returning Good for Evil? I lay awake thinking of it at Night, for many an Hour.

Chapter XIV.

The Recal.

That ſame Evening, at Duſk, as we ſat round the Fire, roaſting Cheſtnuts and Raiſins, in comes young Mr. *Heavitree*, buttoned to the Chin; and his Eyes and Cheeks in ſuch a Glow with Exerciſe that I could not help thinking to myſelf, "What a nice-looking young Man you "are!" He ſhook Hands very heartily all round, firſt with Mrs. *Bowerbank*, next with me; and, addreſſing me firſt, "Mrs. "*Patty*," ſays he, "I come to repair and "excuſe the Negligence of my ſtupid "Fellow, who forgot he had taken up at "the Poſt-office two Letters for this

" Houſe, and brought one addreſſed to you " on to *Roaring Houſe*."

I eagerly received it; and ſeeing *Prue's* Hand, haſtily broke the Seal. At the ſame Inſtant, Mrs. *Bowerbank*, in a lamentable Voice, ſays, " Oh, Mr. *Heavitree!* " only think of our *Gatty* taking the " Small-Pox!"

He turned ſo deadly white, that I ſaw in a Moment how it was with him, and haſtily cried, " Lady *Betty*, you mean, " Ma'am, not *Gatty!*"

" But *Gatty* has no doubt taken it by " this Time," ſays her *Mother*, " ſince ſhe " is conſtantly with Lady *Betty*."

Seeing Mr. *Heavitree* look much agitated, and ſuppoſing he might like to be alone with Mrs. *Bowerbank*, I roſe and left the Room, to read my Letter upſtairs, thinking ſhe might ſend the Girls away if ſhe wiſhed. On running through *Prudence's* Letter, I was quite diſappointed to find it contain ſo little, whether of News or Affection. Mr. *Fenwick* and

Tom, ſhe never ſo much as named; my *Mother*, ſhe ſaid, was pretty well, my *Father* the ſame as uſual; there were ſundry little Details about our Buſineſs, but not a Word I cared to hear; ending with the ſame comfortleſs Burthen, "We can get on perfectly well without you." I was ſo tired of the Country, that I had hoped there would have been ſome Wiſh expreſſed for my Company, which would have been a decent Pretext for my Return; but no! Nothing of the Sort! I remained muſing over my Letter with great Mortification till I got quite numbed with Cold, and was rouſed by hearing the Gate ſhut. I ſaw Mr. *Heavitree* going away; and when I went down, Mrs. *Bowerbank* was not in the Room, and the Girls and their Brother were ſtill roaſting their Cheſtnuts.

The next Day was much like the preceding, except that a rapid Thaw ſet in. On the Day following that, a Poſt was due, and *Joe* was ſent through Mud and Mire to ſee if there were any Letter from

Gatty. There was not; but there was one for me; that made me think I would never wantonly desire a Pretext for a Recal again. It was from *Prudence;* but oh, in how different a Spirit from the other! She wrote in the utmost Hurry and Distress to tell me that my *Father* had fallen down Stairs and broken his Leg, and had likewise injured his Head so much, that Dr. *Elwes* thought there was a Concussion of the Brain. My dear *Mother* and *Prue* were incessantly in Attendance on him, and considered him in great Danger; they hoped I would return as soon as I possibly could.

With my Eyes full of Tears, I went to communicate my bad News to Mrs. *Bowerbank,* who was vastly distressed for me, and would say Nothing to delay my Journey, especially now that the Thaw rendered the Roads much safer. So I packed up at once, and, the next Morning, left them all with many Thanks for their Kindness. *Joe,* who had become quite my little Cava-

lier, accompanied me to the Corner, where we met the Coach, carrying for me a Baſket of the large Cat's-head Apples that ſome call "Go-no-farther." I was the only Paſſenger, and was two Days on the Road inſtead of one; but performed the Journey in perfect Safety.

It was quite dark when I reached Home. *Prudence*, hearing my Voice, flew down Stairs and threw her Arms round my Neck all in Tears. I wept too, and never was there a more ſiſterly Meeting. She told me my dear *Father* was ſtill very bad; and though my *Mother* kept up wonderfully, ſhe was exerting herſelf ſo much for him that ſhe would probably experience a dangerous Re-action. "But "what can I do?" ſays *Prue* weeping, "I've hovered about him continually and "done my very beſt; but whenever he's "himſelf, he doesn't like my Nurſing, "and ſays, 'There, let me have your "*Mother* till *Patty* comes back!'" And ſhe cried bitterly.

I ſaid, "Dear *Prue*, People when they "are ill will take unaccountable Fancies; "and we have a divided Duty, between "the Sick-Room and the Shop. Let us "each take that which ſuits us beſt; do "you attend to the Buſineſs, which you "underſtand ſo well, and I will help my "*Mother* to nurſe my *Father*."

She ſaid, ſtill crying, "I ſuppoſe that "will be beſt; but I love him as well as "you do, and you muſt let me take my "Turn now and then, or my Heart will "break."

I ſaid, "I will, I will;" and all this While I was taking off my Wraps, and making ready to go up Stairs; but *Prudence* would make me take a Diſh of Tea firſt, which was ready poured out, ſaying, that when I was once up-Stairs I ſhould be cloſe Priſoner, and my *Father* could not bear ſo much as the Click of a Spoon. She added, "Dr. *Elwes* is not afraid of "the Brain now; but my *Father* is of "ſuch an inflammatory Habit that his

"Fever runs very high, and he is not "always himſelf."

"And Mr. *Fenwick?*" ſaid I. "Is not "he truly concerned about it?"

"Mr. *Fenwick?*" cries ſhe, "Why, "Mr. *Fenwick* is not here now!"

"Not here now?" I exclaimed.

"Oh no, he returned to his Pariſh the "Day before *Father's* Accident, thinking "himſelf well enough to do Duty now, "and we have not heard of him ſince."

I was ſtruck dumb. I looked full at *Prudence*, who ſpoke and carried herſelf quite compoſedly. Seeing me look ſo hard at her, however, ſhe bluſhed all over; Cheek, Neck, and Brow, one hot Fluſh; and ſtarted up to buſy herſelf about ſome Trifle.

I felt a Pang, but it was for her, not myſelf. Poor *Prue* found herſelf deſerted! All my old Love for her reſumed its Strength; but there was no Time now for Pity or Complaint—I roſe up, ſaying, "Well, I will go up-Stairs now; keep

" yourſelf up, dear *Prue;* there's no know-
" ing how much your Strength may be
" wanted."

" There is not, indeed," ſaid ſhe, burſting into Tears afreſh. I could not ſtand this—I ſaid, " Come, *Prue*, come, . . ." and put my Arm about her, and ſhe laid her Head on my Shoulder. I was obliged to gulp down my own Tears, but I ſaid gently, " This will never do—we muſt
" not give way—Only think how much
" more poor *Father*, and dear *Mother* too,
" have to bear than we have. You muſt
" give over Crying, for indeed I cannot go
" up till you do."

" You may go now," ſays ſhe, wiping her Eyes and ſmiling up at me, " for,
" ſtrange as it may ſeem to you, I'm the
" better for this Cry. Go up now, go
" ſoftly; and ſend dear *Mother* down to
" me preſently, if you can, for ſhe needs
" Reſt and Refreſhment."

I ſaid, " I will," and went up. My *Father* was dozing when I entered—my

Mother ſitting beſide him, with her Hands claſped on her Knee. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, ſhe mutely held out her Arms without riſing; and the next Inſtant I was folded to her Heart. We ſpoke a little in Whiſpers; and for a While I thought not nor deſired to perſuade her to go. At length I did; and ſhe, after a little Reſiſtance, yielded; for ſhe was very much exhauſted. I quietly took her Place, and remained in it a long While, inactive in Body, but with a Mind how buſy!

Home, at laſt! and to a Scene how changed! Everything as ſtill and quiet as on *Larkfield* Moor! He that had been the Life of many a noiſy, convivial Party, laid low—perhaps rapidly drawing nigh an unknown World. My *Mother*, rouſed from her incapable State by ſtrong Affection; *Prue*, loving me again, and in Tears —Mr. *Fenwick* gone!

What a Dream this World ſeems ſometimes! Beſides, my Head was mazed with my Journey, and I was ſtiff with ſo

much Jolting, and the Cloſeneſs and Warmth of the Chamber after the biting Cold of the outer Air made me feel drowſy. But I would not yield to it.

A Coffin flew out of the Fire. I was thankful not to be ſuperſtitious. But yet I'd as lief it had been a Purſe.

I thought of *Gatty's* lone Watch; and how much harder her Poſt was than mine. I was not incurring perſonal Danger in the Service of an imperious, unfeeling Patient; I was not ſeparated from a Mother and Siſter whom I loved; I was watching over ſome one very dear to me. Thinking of her and of my *Father* and *Mother*, I framed my Thoughts to Prayer. Suddenly my *Father*, without opening his Eyes, murmured, "*Delia!* give me your Hand! . . Poor *Delia*, I have been very untoward to thee—"

Silently, I placed my Hand in his. *Cordelia* was my *Mother's* Name, but he was accuſtomed to call her *Delia* for ſhort; or rather, *had* been accuſtomed, in their

old Days of Love and Harmony. I took it for a good Sign, his calling her ſo again; it ſhowed that his Illneſs and her Tenderneſs had melted him. I always liked his Abbreviation of her Name, myſelf, though *Prue* thought it only fit for a China Shepherdeſs.

"Who have I got hold of?" ſays he. "This iſn't *Delia's* Hand!—Ah, I ſee the "Shadow of *Patty's* Noſe againſt the Bed-"curtain. Welcome, Child! come, kiſs "thy poor old *Dad*."

Daddy, again, was a Word he never uſed but lovingly. I ſtooped over him, and kiſſed him two or three Times; then ſet him completely to rights, for his Head had ſlipped off the Pillow, and he was lying very uncomfortably, without the Power to right himſelf.

"You're a prime one!" ſays he. "Thy "dear *Mother* has no Strength to handle "me, though the Will's ne'er a-wanting; "and I can't bear her to move me for fear "of her doing herſelf a Hurt. As for

"*Prue*, ſhe does nought but ſit by the "Fire and ſigh! But thou'rt able and "willing both, *Patty;* ſo keep about me "all you can."

I promiſed him I would, and he ſoon became again quiet. *Prudence* preſently ſtole in; and in dumb Show bade me go down to ſup with my *Mother*. As my *Father* ſeemed ſleeping, I did ſo, and had a long Talk with dear *Mother;* after which, I prevailed with her to ſleep with *Prue*, and let me keep Watch, aſſuring her I was quite freſh. She conſented at length, from ſheer Incapacity to hold out any longer; and, after a good Meal, I went up and took my Siſter's Place. Shortly, the Houſe became perfectly ſilent, and the diſtant Clocks ſtruck Twelve.

I ſate by the Fire, muſing on many Things and Perſons, and a good deal of Mr. *Fenwick;* and, before I was aware, large Tears were quietly rolling down my Face. I was not pleaſed with my late Conduct of my own Mind, and reſolved on

more Self-control and Self-diſcipline. While framing theſe ſeaſonable Reſolutions, a Strain of low, ſweet, ſolemn Muſic ſtole through the Air. The Chriſtmas Waits were playing beneath ſome diſtant Window, and at the End of their ſoft Melody, I could make out by the Rhythm, though not by the Articulation, the poor Muſicians crying out,

"*The Chelſea Waits make bold to call,*
"*Good-morrow to you, Maſters and Miſtreſſes all.*"

I dreaded their waking my *Father* as they drew nearer, but there was no Help for it. I reſted my Head againſt the high Back of the Nurſing-chair, in a Kind of dreamy, lazy Luxury, liſtening to the lovely Sounds; and called to Mind the old Text, "Ye ſhall have a Song in the Night; as when ſome holy Solemnity is kept."

Ah, thought I, we are apt to fancy ourſelves in the Blackneſs of Darkneſs, when

any Sorrow or Bereavement comes over us, and yet our good God ſends us a Song in the Night!—The poor Shepherds in the Fields of *Bethlehem* lay watching their Flocks by Night, when all ſeemed dark and dreary, but ſuddenly a Light ſhone upon them, and they heard ſweet Muſic in the Air, even ſweeter than that which I hear now.

Then I thought of the Manger, and the holy Child, and the Mother; and the wiſe Men following the Star. The Folds of the Window-curtains were a little apart, and I could ſee the Stars glimmering.

All at once, my *Father*, in a hurried Voice, exclaims, "They're moving now!"

"What, dear *Father?*" ſaid I ſoftly, looking in on him.

"Cover them up! cover them up!" cries he rapidly; "tie their Legs, or they'll "ſet my Head ſpinning — Hey, diddle "diddle! the Cat plays the Fiddle; and "the Shepherdeſs is *gavotting* with the

"Turnipit! Lock 'em up, I ſay! Daſh "them in Pieces! Break them!"

"Huſh, dear *Father*, huſh—" ſaid I gently; but he was quite unconſcious of my Preſence, or of anything about him, and grew more and more light-headed. Had I not previouſly nurſed *Gatty* in her Deliration, I ſhould have been even more terrified than I was: at all Events, it was awful Work; it was more fearful to hear a ſtrong Man raving than the lunatic Ramblings of a gentle Girl. But what Help was there for it? I muſt e'en do the beſt I could. He toſſed his Arms about wildly; and once or twice made as though he would ſtart up; but the Splint on his Leg prevented that. Then he groaned heavily, gnaſhed his Teeth, called for Drink, rolled his Eyes, ſhuddered, and finally ſubſided into fitful Mutterings. Gradually theſe yielded to Stupor; I looked in on him from Time to Time, hoping to find him aſleep, but there were his half-open, unwinking Eyes, glaring at me,

without any Token of Recognition. I do not know that my Strength was ever more ſorely tried.

Towards Day-dawn he ſlumbered. I am aſhamed to ſay, I dropped aſleep too; it was not for long, I believe, yet when I woke up, the Fire was nearly out; and *Prue*, in her Dreſſing-Jacket, was on her Knees before it, ſtealthily reviving it. She put her Finger on her Lips, then came to me and kiſſed me. The ſnapping of a very ſmall Stick woke my reſtleſs *Father*, who, no longer in his Fever-fit, and exceſſive low and ſinking, cries in a feeble Voice, "Who's there? *Prue*, I know, by her Sighing! Go, get me ſome ſpiced Wine and Toaſt, for I'm ebbing away as faſt as I can."

"He always talks like that, when he "comes to," whiſpers *Prue*, ſeeing me look frightened. "We dare not give him "Wine, but Tea and Toaſt he ſhall have. "I will bring it him directly; and then "you ſhall go down and have ſome too,

"while I ſtay with him, for you look "completely worn out."

In fact, I felt ſo juſt then; and though quite aſhamed to be knocked up with one Night's Nurſing, yet my two Days' Journey began to tell upon me; and I felt, that to huſband my Strength for what probably lay before me, I muſt take common Precautions. Therefore, when *Prue* brought up my *Father's* Breakfaſt, I went down to mine.

Chapter XV.

Mr. Honeywood's Fancies.

Though the Sun had not yet riſen, I found a bright little Fire already kindled in the Parlour, and the little oval Table drawn cloſe to it, and ſpread for Breakfaſt, with ſtrong Tea and hot Toaſt awaiting me on the Hob. I felt very grateful to *Prudence* for this Kindneſs; and had ſcarce ſeated myſelf when I heard the ſoft Tap of my *Mother's* Ivory-headed Walking-cane as ſhe came down Stairs. I haſtened to receive her; ſhe kiſſed my Forehead, and then looked at me with anxious Affection.

"You are weary, my dear Love," ſaid

ſhe, "and no wonder. What kind of a "Night?"

"He was feveriſh, dear *Mother.*"

"And wandering, doubtleſs—I ſee it "was ſo. Were you frightened?"

"Not much—you know I had nurſed "*Gatty.*"

"Ah, poor *Gatty!*—a very different "Patient—"

"Yes, *Mother;* but his Ramblings gave "me no Diſtreſs, except as they betokened "the height of his Fever—He fancied "himſelf playing Cards:—and ſeemed to "think People were dancing. He ſpoke "very kindly of you."

My *Mother* wiped her Eyes. "That "has been the ſolitary Alleviation all "along," ſaid ſhe. "His old Liking for "me has returned."

After we had breakfaſted, ſhe accompanied me to his Chamber: "Ah, you're "come at laſt," ſaid my *Father*, feebly extending his Hand to her, "I was "wearying of *Prue's* Sighs."

"Dear *Father*, I haven't been ſighing," ſaid *Prudence*, haſtily.

"Oh, haven't you though, Mrs. *Prue?*" —She put her Hand before her Eyes, and ſilently quitted the Room.

"My Love, how are you?" ſays my *Mother* to him.

"I've had fine Company all Night, Mrs. "*Honeywood*. I've been to the queereſt "Ball!—Ah, you think I'm wandering, "but I'm not—my Head is as clear as "yours. At twelve o'Clock at Night, a "Flouriſh of Tin Trumpets announced the "Commencement of the Entertainment."

My *Mother* looked at me in Diſtreſs.

"An old Joſs in the Corner," continues he, "played the Hautboy. A Mandarin "kept Time, nodding his Head. Then, "down came the Five Senſes—you think "I've loſt mine, but I haven't!—followed "by the Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, all "in *Chelſea* China, and took their re-"ſpective Places. A Row of *Dreſden* "Cups were the Byſtanders, backed by

" ſome richly painted Plates againſt the
" Wall. Bang! went the Drum. The
" Ball immediately opened, and I knew
" not which Dancer moſt to admire. Such
" ſinking! ſuch riſing! ſuch eaſy Turns
" and Inflections; ſuch pointing of Toes
" and preſenting of Hands! Meantime,
" the Muſic plays faſter and faſter; the
" Joſs blows himſelf out of Breath, the
" Mandarin niddle-noddles, till it makes
" one's Head ſpin to look at him. Down
" falls a Dragon and gets cracked; the
" others fall and ſprawl over him; never
" mind, he's up again, and they're at it
" harder than ever. Hands acroſs, down
" the Middle, turn the Corners and
" pouſette! My Head is too weak to bear
" it; a ſmall Cream-Ewer invites me into
" the Card-room. Gratefully I accept it,
" when one of the Senſes aſſails me, in-
" ſiſting I ſhall dance the Minuet *de la*
" *Cour*. I put her aſide, ſhe returns, I
" burſt from her, ſhe purſues; I hurry
" into the Card-room, where four reſpect-

"able *Chineſe* are playing at Loo. They "make Room for me, I ſit down, we get "on very comfortably together; when lo "you! in burſt the Five Senſes again, "calling me a Recreant, and I know not "what all, plucking at me, nipping, "pinching, grinning in my Face; the "Muſic playing furiouſly all the While— "They cry out the Prices at which I "bought them; one of them names the "wrong Sum. I exclaim, 'That's falſe!' "and give her a Cuff that breaks her all to "ſmaſh. 'Going, going, going, gone!' cries "the Auctioneer in the Corner. Down goes "his Hammer: the Ball is ended. Why, "Mrs. *Honeywood*, Ma'am, you're crying!"

Juſt then, Dr. *Elwes* very opportunely came in, with his grave, kind Face. The Sound of his Voice ſeemed to re-collect my Father's ſcattered Faculties; he did not appear half ſo bad as he had done before; nevertheleſs, I could ſee the good Phyſician thought unfavourably of him. In ſhort, for ſeveral Days he hung between

Life and Death; after that, he wandered no more, and ſlowly amended; requiring inceſſant and vigilant Nurſing.

It was one Day, when *Prue* and my Mother had inſiſted on my going down Stairs for a little Change, that, on entering the Parlour, I ſuddenly came on Mr. *Fenwick*. "Ah!"—ſaid he, and held out his Hand. Overcome by the Surprise, I turned aſide my Head, and burſt into Tears. The next Moment, his Arm was round my Waiſt; and as quickly withdrawn.

"Dear *Patty!*" ſaid he.

I drew back, and would have left the Room, but he gently detained me, and led me to a Chair next the Fire.

"I was quite unprepared to hear of this "domeſtic Calamity," ſaid he, "and have "been greatly moved by it. Your good "Mother has been telling me how admi- "rably you have behaved. She wept about "it, and ſaid never was ſuch a Daughter."

This ſet my Tears flowing again—I ſaid there was Nothing out of the Common in

a Daughter's tending of a Parent ſhe loved. He did not dwell on it; but went on to talk as only a good, feeling, and faithful Miniſter, a holy, high-minded, heavenly ſpirited Servant of God can talk. I know not how long this delightful Converſation laſted; perhaps an Hour; and when he went away, he ſaid he would ſoon come again. From that Moment, I was a new Creature: quite freſh, quite able to return anew to my Poſt. My Heart was full of Peace. If the Body ſometimes bears down the Mind, the Mind ſometimes wondrously ſuſtains the Body.

This was, however, a joyleſs Chriſtmas to us all. Not one of the Family was able to leave the Houſe to go to Church; and though roaſt Beef and Plum-pudding were dreſſed, they were ſparingly and ſadly partaken of. My loved Mother forgot not, however, to ſend Portions to ſundry poor Widows and Mothers who were habituated to come to us for our ſtale Paſtry, Broken-meat, and Cinders.

When my *Father* began to recover a little, he became curious to hear me talk about my Viſit to *Larkfield;* and he made me minutely deſcribe *Gatty's* Family, and the Family at *Roaring Houſe*. In a very little While he ſettled it to his own Satiſfaction that *Gatty* would ſome Day be Mrs. *Heavitree*. But when he heard of her being recalled to Servitude by Lady *Betty*, of her perilous, protracted Journey, and of her finding my Lady in the Small-pox, he became greatly perturbed. "What," ſays he, "have not one of you "had ſo much Humanity nor even ſo "much Curioſity, (a Quality, one would "think, not often lacking in your Sex,) as "to aſcertain whether this poor Girl ſink "or ſwim?"

"Dear *Father*, we have been ſo buſied "about you . . ."

"Fiddleſticks' Ends! I have never had "more than one of you about me at a "Time; and has everything elſe been at "a Stand-ſtill? Have your Shop-shutters

"been put up, have your Cuſtomers been "kept out, have you intermitted your "Baking and your Milking? Pſhaw! I'm "nauſeated with ſuch a falſe Excuſe. If "you couldn't go, you might write; if you "could not write, you might ſend; if you "could not ſpare one of the Men, you "might have ſent a Boy for Twopence. "Let me hear by To-morrow Morning, I "inſiſt upon't, whether Mrs. *Gatty* be "alive or dead."

He was quite in a Turmoil about it, and for my Part, I was glad enough to be commiſſioned to ſend; and as *Peter* knew the Houſe, I contrived he ſhould go that ſame Afternoon, and aſk for Mr. *James*, and inquire how fared Mrs. *Gatty* and Lady *Betty*—bidding him be ſure he put Lady *Betty's* Name firſt, or they would think we knew no Manners.

So he went, and brought back Word, with Mr. *James'* Services, that my *Lady* was ſtill very ill, and ſtill kept her Chamber, and ſo did Mrs. *Gatty*.

I ſaid, "Did he mean Mrs. *Gatty* was "confined to her own Chamber or to my "*Lady's?* for that makes all the Dif-"ference."

Peter ſays, "Well, Ma'am, I underſtood "him to mean ſhe kept my *Lady's* Cham-"ber; but I gave you the very Words he "ſaid."

So I gave them, juſt the ſame, to my *Father*.

"Blockhead! Dunderhead!" exclaimed he impatiently. "Well, if ſhe's in her "Chamber, ſhe's not in the Churchyard "at any Rate—And I ſhall ſoon be able "to ſpare you, *Patty*, to go and ſee how "ſhe really is."

That Night *Prudence* and I ſlept together, for the firſt Time ſince my Return Home. Before that, I had lain in the little Cloſet cloſe to my *Father's* Room, to be within Call. We undreſſed ſilently enough, and I noticed again the great Depreſſion ſhe had betrayed ever ſince my Return; but yet I was as quiet as ſhe.

When the Candle was put out, ſhe

crept closer to me; and though she was quiet for a While, I had an Impression she was going to say Something. At length, "*Patty*," says she,—and I could perceive her Voice was unsteady, "did you ever "know what a Burthen it was to have "Something on your Mind that you longed, "yet feared, to tell?"

"Well," said I, "I can form some "Notion of the Pain it must give."

"I have that Pain," says she, and fell a crying.

I said, "Come, *Prue*, tell me what it "is. We didn't use to have any Secrets "from one another."

"Nor needed to have," says she in her Tears—"All that's altered now."

"Why should it be?" said I. She made no Answer.

"Come, what is it?" I said.

"Don't you remember saying to me, "'How fine we are!' a Day or two back," says *Prue*, "when you noted a Ruby Ring "on my Finger?"

"A *Mock* Ruby, you mean! It's a Glaſs "Ring, if ever there was one! I told you, "if I wore Jewels at all, they ſhould be "real."

"Yes, and I ſaid Nothing, and I dare "ſay you thought I was ſulky, but I wasn't. "People often make great Miſtakes in "judging others. Well, that Ring was "given me by *Tom*."

"It wouldn't ruin him then," ſaid I laughing. "Unleſs indeed, poor Fellow, "as is like enough, 'twas palmed upon "him for a real Stone. Well, *Prue*, is "this what all the Sighing has been about? "You needn't break your Heart, I think, "at having accepted it of him."

"Don't laugh, or you'll kill me," ſays *Prudence*, "it's no laughing Matter, I can "tell you. It don't matter whether the "Stone be real or falſe; but, in fact, it's a "Wedding . . . no, a Guard-Ring."

"A *what?*" cried I. "Do ſay it over "again!" But ſhe was crying paſſionately.

"What's this about Wedding and Guard-

"Rings, *Prue?* Do you mean to ſay you "are *married?*"

"Oh *Patty!* don't ſpeak ſo unkindly— "I can't bear it."

"I don't mean to be unkind,"—and I kiſſed her. "But you rack me with "Suſpenſe. Do ſpeak out! Are you, *can* "you be married to *Tom?*"

"Whether or no, I'm engaged to him "quite as irrevocably, I aſſure you, *Patty.*"

"You amaze and diſtreſs me beyond Meaſure," ſaid I.

"I knew you would be very angry with me," ſaid ſhe.

"Angry? why ſhould I be angry? "There's no Reaſon why *Tom* and you "ſhould not marry, if you like it, except "his Profeſſion, and his being unable to "keep a Wife. Two ſerious Exceptions, "I admit."

"So ſerious, *Patty*, that I fear my "*Father* and *Mother* would never overlook "them—Oh! how angry my *Father* would "be! I ſhould never hear the Laſt of it."

"Well, he *would* be angry, I dare ſay, "but it would not be the firſt Time; and "you generally bear his Rebukes pretty "ſturdily. If I were in love with *Tom*, "I think I could ſtand that."

"Do you indeed, dear *Patty?* Ah, but "you don't know the Worſt."

"What *is* the Worſt, then?" cried I impatiently—"Say in a Word." But ſhe could not ſpeak it.

"I can't make Head nor Tail of it," ſaid I—"It ſeems ſuch an unaccountable "Buſineſs. I thought you cared for Mr. "*Fenwick*."

"Mr. *Fenwick?* Oh, *Patty!* how "*could* you be ſuch a Gooſe?"

"Well, *Prue*, I chanced to ſee him "one Day holding you by the Hand at "his Window, and talking very ear-"neſtly."

"Why, he was talking about *Tom*, and "adviſing me not to go to the Play!"

"Was that it? Dear me!"

"Yes; and—and—You know, *Patty*,

" *Tom* paid me a good Deal of Attention
" from the Firſt; and ſomehow I was won
" by it, there 's Something ſo ſincere and
" genuine about him. And he 's very
" diverting too, and the Soul of Good-
" humour—in ſhort, I liked him very
" much; all the better for his liking me,
" and telling me ſo whenever we went
" out together. Well, when he went
" Home with the Monkey, I miſſed him
" ſadly; and as you were very ſhort upon
" me about that Time, I thought you ſaw
" how it was and didn't like it; which
" made me vex a good Deal. When he
" came back, I was very glad; and when
" you were gone, he kept ſtaying on, till
" it was Time to return to his Ship. The
" laſt Walk we took together, which was
" when he was on the very Brink of
" Sailing, out it all came! he made me
" a downright Offer, and ſaid you knew
" all about it, he had ſpoken to you at
" the *Old Angel*, and you were favourable.
" Well, this encouraged me, and ſo I as

" good as ſaid yes, only I told him I knew
" *Father* and *Mother* would be hurt at it,
" on ſuch a ſhort Courting, and therefore
" could not tell them of it till he returned
" from his next Voyage. *Tom* was quite
" willing; for what good would it have
" done him? only he begged and prayed
" me to keep conſtant to him, and not be
" over-perſuaded, while he was away, to
" have any one elſe; which of courſe I
" promiſed. So we walked along together
" as merry as Birds, though on the Point
" of parting for two Years, without much
" noting Anything going on around us, till
" we were forced to pauſe by a Knot of
" People on the Pavement, ſeeing a fine
" Lady get out of a Hackney-Coach. *Tom*
" drew me cloſer to him; and at the ſame
" Moment a Man in a black Coat pops
" his Face under *Tom's* Hat, and ſays,
" 'Will you like to be married, Sir?' *Tom*
" burſts out laughing with Surpriſe, and
" ſays, 'Aye, that I ſhould, my Lad!' and
" the Man taking him by the Shoulders

"and giving him a Puſh, we were under "a little Gothic Doorway the next "Minute. A gay bridal Party coming "out, preſſed us againſt the Wall. 'Dear "*Tom*,' whiſpered I fearfully, 'what Place "is this? It's no Church.' 'Not a bit "of it,' replies he, ſmiling, 'but yet here's "a Parſon marrying People, many of them "of Quality too; and though I don't "ſuppoſe he can tie a very tight Knot, it "will ſerve to keep you engaged to me "till I come back; and then we'll have "a merry Wedding, with Mr. *Fenwick* for "our Parſon.' And oh, *Patty*, he took "me ſo by Surpriſe that I was over-per-"ſuaded!"

Chapter XVI.

The Imprudence of Prudence.

"I never heard tell of ſuch a Thing in "my Life!" cried I, breathleſſly.

"Ah, I knew you'd ſay ſo," ſaid *Prudence*, lapſing into Tears. "It was ſo "very silly."

"Silly? Wicked! Such a Mockery! "You don't call it a real Marriage, I "hope!"

"Oh dear, no. But if you were in my "Place, you wouldn't conſider yourſelf at "Liberty to marry another?"

"I can't fancy myſelf in your Place, "*Prudence!* I would not have done ſuch "a Thing for the World! Certainly, I

" could not conſider myſelf free! Nor *him*
" ſecure! Fleet Marriages, I know, are
" binding in Law; but there's no Religion
" in them. Have you got a Certificate?"

" Oh yes, a Licenſe, and a Certificate,
" and a Crown Stamp that coſt a Guinea;
" and a Ring—"

" That coſt Two-pence! All of a Piece
" with the Reſt. I never knew ſuch a
" Jumble in all my Life! Never!"

" It was great Folly—"

" You know, *Prue*, what Mr. *Fenwick*
" told us Folly is ſynonymous with in
" Scripture—*Sin*. 'The Fooliſhneſs of
" Fools is Folly'—He told us that was the
" ſame as 'the Fooliſhneſs of Fools is
" *Sin*.'"

" Oh, *Patty*, don't trample upon me,
" now I'm down. I've vexed enough
" about it, already. That is, I've vexed
" about what you, and *Mother*, and *Father*,
" would think of it; for I muſt ſay, I'm
" glad to be ſecure of *Tom* againſt he next
" comes Home—"

" You might have been ſecure of him " already; if his Love was worth Any- " thing, which I can readily believe it to " be. You might have truſted him."

" I might; and he me. It was only " the Folly of a Moment."

" Ah, *Prue*, how often has the Folly of " a Moment been the Ruin of a Life! " This Man was a Clergyman, I ſuppoſe?"

" Oh yes, no doubt of that. He was " a Reverend Mr. *Sympſon*, of ſome Col- " lege, *Cambridge*, and late Chaplain of " the Earl of *Rothes*. So he ſaid."

" That's well put in."

" Well, he looked quite reſpectable, " and you know there are many Clergy " within the Rules. Don't be too ſuſ- " picious, *Patty*."

" Why, haven't I good Reaſon to be, " *Prue?* Only it's all too late, now—Oh " dear me!" And I groaned heavily.

" Yes, it's all too late now," ſaid *Prue* rapidly, " and I meant no Harm, and we " muſt make the beſt of it, and I feel a

" great Load off my Mind, now I've told
" *you*—"

" Why, you've only ſhifted it from
" your own Mind to mine! I don't feel at
" all obliged to you!"

" Well, perhaps poor *Mother* might ſay
" the ſame; ſo we had better not tell her."

" Oh, *Prue*, *Prue!* how one Sin leads
" to another! The Caſe is quite different.
" She has a *right* to her Child's Confi-
" dence."

" Why, *you* don't tell her Everything,
" do you?"

" What have I ever concealed?"

" That you care about Mr. *Fenwick*."

The Blood ruſhed to my Face, though we were in the Dark. " That's quite
" another Matter," ſaid I. " You don't
" know that I care for him."

" Oh *Patty!* how *can* you ſay ſo?"

" At all Events, he has never ſhown me
" any decided Preference that would juſ-
" tify me, as a modeſt young Woman, in
" letting his Name eſcape my Lips. You

" know, *Prudence*, how different the Caſes " are. Certainly, if my dear *Mother*, who " is all Kindneſs and Truth, were to think " fit to ſpeak to me on that or any ſimilar " Subject, I might bluſh, I might ſhed a " Tear, I might feel very uncomfortable, " but I ſhould anſwer her with perfect " Sincerity."

" Ah *Patty!* you are very good—And " I am very bad—"

" Nay, I won't hear you ſay that of " yourſelf. You have certainly been very, " very fooliſh."

" And 'the Fooliſhneſs of Fools is Sin.'" Here ſhe again wept.

" Well, *Prue*, if it *be* ſo, ſtill we know " what is to be done."

" What? Oh, tell me!"

" 'I will ariſe, and go unto my Father, " and will ſay unto him—'"

" Oh, not to my *Father!*"

" 'To my *Mother*, and will ſay unto " her, *Mother*, I have . . .'"

My own Tears here burſt forth. I

believe they, and the few Words of the Text I had cited proved the beſt Eloquence; for in an Inſtant *Prue* was clinging to me, choking in Tears, and ſaying, "I will! I will!"

Overcome by our Emotions, we ſaid no more till we ſlept, I holding her to my Heart, full of Love and Pity, though perturbed beyond Expreſſion at her Conduct.

My *Father* requiring ſo much of our Care, it was ſeldom that we were all three together; however, the next Day, after he had dined with more Comfort to himſelf than uſual, he folded his Hands together and ſaid, "Thank God for my good "Dinner! And now I'll have a Nap, "and you may all go down Stairs till I "pull the Bell."

Some trifling Affair prevented my immediately joining my *Mother* and *Siſter*. When I went into the Parlour, I found *Prue* had juſt ſcrewed her Courage to the Point of Confeſſion. "*Mother*," ſhe was

ſaying, "I've done ſo wrong—" and began to cry.

"What is it, *Prue?*" ſaid my *Mother* gently, who was blanching Almonds.

"Say firſt, *Mother*, that you'll forgive "me—"

"Nay, let me firſt hear what I have to "forgive. I am not ſuch a very unfor-"giving Perſon, Child, am I?"

"No indeed, *Mother!*" kiſſing her Hand. "But oh! I don't know what "you'll ſay! I'm engaged to *Tom!*"

"I gueſſed as much long ago," ſaid my *Mother* coolly.

"You did!"

"Yes—you were very poor Secret-"keepers, *Prue;* clumſy Adepts in Con-"cealment! I gueſſed, ever ſince he went, "that that Glaſs Ring was a Love-token."

Prue bluſhed very deeply. "Ah," ſaid ſhe, fluttering, and looking with downcaſt Fondneſs on the ſlighted Bauble, "it *is* a "Love-token, indeed, *Mother!* and even "more than that."

"What more?" ſaid my *Mother* quickly. *Prudence* was ſilent.

"You don't mean, *Prudence*," with ſome Agitation in her Tone, "that it's a "Wedding Ring?"

"What if it were, dear *Mother?*" (faltering)—"Should you be very angry?"

"I ſhould be angry and hurt—deeply "hurt!"

"Ah—" *Prue*, who was kneeling beſide my *Mother*, turned her Head aſide and looked into the Fire.

"Speak, *Patty!*" ſaid my Mother, much perturbed, "and tell me if you can "—ſince your *Siſter* will not—Has there "been a Marriage?"

"A Fleet-Marriage, or Something of "that Sort," ſaid I, reluctantly.

"A Fleet-Marriage?" cried my *Mother*, holding up her Hands, and ſinking back in her Chair.

"*Mother! Mother!* hear me," cries *Prue*, caſting her Arms acroſs my *Mother's* knees and looking up at her. "We parted

" at the Church-door, — Houſe-door, I " mean; we knew we were only engaged; " we did not look on it as a regular " Marriage,—only as binding us together " a little—it was the Thought of a Mo- " ment—*Tom* propoſed it firſt—"

" I ſuppoſe ſo," ſaid my *Mother*, with a Tone of infinite Scorn; " but I little " thought that a Daughter of mine could " be ſo perſuaded. Oh *Prue*, *Prue!* I " never could have believed it of you! " No Wonder you have gone about ſigh- " ing and hanging your Head—it has been " your only Act of Grace."

Prue, humiliated beyond Expreſſion at theſe Reproaches, was crying ſilently— " Don't tell my *Father*," at length ſaid ſhe.

" Certainly I ſhall not," ſaid my *Mother*, ſtill chafed. " I ſhould be quite aſhamed " of mentioning ſuch a diſgraceful Trans- " action to him—worthier of a *Wapping* " Sailor than of his Brother's Son—Mate " to a reſpectable Merchant Veſſel. A

"Thing only done by the Loweſt of the "Low—"

"And a few of the Higheſt of the "High," put in I.

"Who thereby reduce themſelves to an "ignominious Level with the Loweſt of "the Low," perſiſted my *Mother*. "It "ought to be put down by Act of Parlia-"ment! It *will* ſhortly, I underſtand "from Dr. *Elwes*, who was ſpeaking of "the Abuſe a little While ago, little "thinking that a Culprit ſtood in his "Preſence. I never could have believed "it of *Tom!* never have ſuppoſed that he "could ſo abuſe a Mother's Confidence, "and ſail off, leaving Diſſimulation and "Diſcord behind him—he that uſed to "ſay 'he couldn't bear to put People to "the leaſt Inconvenience!'"

At the Recurrence to this old Catch-Word of his, *Prue* and I could neither of us help burſting out laughing. My *Mother*, quite againſt her Will, was obliged to laugh too. At this Moment, the

Door opened; and who ſhould come in but *Gatty!*

I ſprang towards her, while *Prue*, with a brief Word in paſſing, took the Opportunity to eſcape.

"Are you not afraid of coming near "me?" ſaid *Gatty* ſmiling, as I kiſſed her.

"Oh no! *Our* Time came long ago; "no Danger of Infection here! But, dear "*Gatty*, we have been in ſuch Suſpenſe "about you! Have you not been ill?"

"No, I have been mercifully preſerved —*James* told me you had ſent to inquire "how I was getting on; and as Lady "*Betty* is a good deal ſoftened towards me "juſt now, I had not much Difficulty in "prevailing with her to let me come "out for a few Hours, and I thought I "would put your Fears at reſt by coming "to you."

Finding ſhe could ſtay, we made her remove her damp Cloak and Calaſh, and take an early Diſh of Tea with us. We

had a long Fireſide Chat; and my *Mother* at length going up to my *Father*, who had ſlept long, *Gatty* became more unreſerved with me, and I ſoon drew from her all that had happened.

It appeared that Mr. *Heavitree* had propoſed to her during their Walk from *Roaring Houſe;* but ſhe then conſidered herſelf engaged for the Time to Lady *Betty*, ſo as ſhe could not in Honour nor Juſtice draw back; and therefore ſhe would not hear of giving up her Journey to Town, though ſhe promiſed to give Lady *Betty* Notice that ſhe ſhould leave her Service as ſoon as her *Ladyſhip* was ſuited. On the following Day, when they journeyed together, Mr. *Heavitree* renewed his Suit, and obtained from her that ſhe would quit Lady *Betty* at the very earlieſt Day ſhe decently could; after which they talked over their Proſpect of mutual Happineſs with great Satisfaction, till the Coach overturned. When *Gatty* reached Town and found Lady *Betty* in

the Small-Pox, ſhe was a good deal aſtounded, not being quite clear whether ſhe were exempt from it or not; however, ſhe thought her Duty lay plainly before her, and embraced it with as good a Grace as ſhe could. Being her *Ladyſhip's* ſole Attendant, her Poſt was arduous; however, ſhe filled it ſo as to ſecure very thorough Satisfaction, though very little Gratitude; Lady *Betty* being one of thoſe who think Gold can requite any Amount of Obligation; at leaſt, as far as the Lower Orders are concerned. And what Amount of Gold, then, had my *Lady* beſtowed on the young Creature who, under Providence, had ſaved her Life at the Riſk of her own? An Annuity? A Purſe full of Guineas? No ſuch Thing! An old Gold Snuff-Box, preſented to her *Ladyſhip's* Grandfather by the obſcure Members of ſome forgotten Corporation! A Thing of no earthly Conſideration to her *Ladyſhip;* though *Gatty* gueſſed that if ſold by the Ounce, it might fetch her ſeven or perhaps ten Guineas.

But Lady *Betty* was in a dreadful Way about her Face—all marked and ſeamed; and her fine Complexion quite gone! And though, *Gatty* ſaid, 'twas hoped when the Redneſs had gone off, that ſhe would not look ſo bad, yet the Diſorder had left an Impreſs of Ordinarineſs, of Commoneſs behind it, as is not unfrequent, that went ſadly againſt the Stomach of my *Lady*. And when I ſaid I ſhould have thought that a Perſonage who ſet ſuch Store by herſelf, would have been blinded by Self-prepoſſeſſion, to any falling off, *Gatty* ſaid 'twas quite the other Way; for her *Ladyſhip* was ſo well acquainted with every good Point about her, that ſhe was Lynx-eyed to the ſmalleſt Deficience, and more intolerant of it than any indifferent Party could be. Whereby it befel that ſhe was ready to daſh into Pieces every Looking-glaſs in the Houſe, and would have them covered up, and would only ſit in a Chamber artfully darkened, and would not for the Preſent let any Man get Sight

of her, nor even any of her favourite female Friends, though ſhe was quite well enough to receive them, ſo much dreaded ſhe their ſpreading diſparaging Reports. She meant to go down to ſome Watering-place where ſhe was unknown, and there lead a hermetical Life directly the Weather was fine enough; having a Notion that the Sea Air would take off the Redneſs. Meanwhile, ſhe kept *Gatty* on hard Duty all Day long, playing Picquet and reading Novels; and *Gatty* ſaid ſhe only wiſhed they were in ſome Language ſhe did not underſtand, for ſhe feared ſo much traſhy Reading muſt impair her Mind in ſpite of her Repugnance to it. And when my *Lady* had Nothing better to do, ſhe abuſed *Gatty* for not tying her Hands when ſhe was worſt at all Hazards, rather than let her tear at her Face like as one would hackle Flax; averring it would have been better to die than to live ſuch a Fright. However, *Gatty* ſaid ſhe knew that had not been her *Ladyſhip's* Mind at

the Time, and ſhe did not conſider that ſhe ſhould have been borne out in it. She ſaid ſhe had now learnt at laſt the Value of Lap-dogs and Parrots, for they helped to divert Lady *Betty* from her mortifying Reflections more than Anything elſe. And there was this Good gained, that my Lady now always made her begin and end the Day with reading Prayers and a Chapter; and though ſhe did not ſeem to attend much, yet Nobody knew but ſome good Word might make itſelf heard at laſt.

Having thus relieved her Mind, *Gatty* was inclined to hear of our own Affairs while we were taking Tea. She was very ſorry to hear of my *Father's* ſad Accident; and, learning from *Prue* that he would be very glad to ſhake Hands with her if ſhe did not mind going into his ſick-Chamber, where he was now promoted to an eaſy Chair by the Fire, ſhe ſtepped up to him with me, and enlivened him for Half-an-Hour with her cheerful Talk. Of courſe he rallied her about Mr. *Heavitree*,—that

was to be expected,—but ſhe took it very bravely, and gave him back Quip for Crank; yet all ſo modeſt and innocent-ſpoken, as the Jeſt of a Girl like *Gatty* was certain to be. And ſomehow, by Way of Lady *Betty*, ſhe got round, quite naturally, to Something ſerious, about Life and Death, Judgment and Eternity, that my *Father* took better of her than he would have done from us, and that left us all with our Minds in a State of ſerious Compoſedneſs.

Chapter XVII.

Mr. Honeywood's Convaleſcence.

When *Prue* and I made up our Books at the Year's End, we found to our great Thankfulneſs and Satisfaction, that in ſpite of our having paid many heavy Bills of my *Father's*, we were on the right Side the Poſt, and had cleared a good Year's Income. And this I told my *Father* in ſo many Words, thinking it would pleaſe him as well as ourſelves.

"Humph!" ſaid he; "'In ſpite of "having paid many of your *Father's* "heavy Bills.' This carries an ill Sound "with it. And the Senſe is worſe. Many

"a Father grudges paying his thought-
"leſs Son's bills: well may induſtrious
"Daughters grudge paying the Bills of a
"thoughtleſs Father—"

"Dear *Father!* I'm ſure we don't
"grudge—"

"Silence, Mrs. *Patty!* If I'm falling
"into a profitable and penitent State of
"Mind, why ſhould you hinder me? Do
"you want Nobody to be good but your-
"ſelf? That's your Pride. I've got my
"Share of Self-Knowledge and Humilia-
"tion, I hope, as well as other People;
"and when I ſay I've been thoughtleſs,
"*Madam*, (ſmiting the Table with his
Fiſt,) "I ſeriouſly mean it!"

As Mr. *Fenwick* had juſt been talking with him, I attributed this virtuous Self-Indignation to his Influence, and only hoped it might laſt. My *Father* and he were now mighty Friends: although we were ſo far from *Shoreditch*, Mr. *Fenwick* ſtepped over to us at leaſt once a Week, ſaying he could not forget our Attentions

to himſelf during his Illneſs, and conſidered us as a kind of Out-Pariſhioners. On theſe Occaſions he frequently ſpent an Hour alone with my *Father*, and then joined us at the Tea-Table, which was profitable to the one Party and pleaſant to the other.

At Length, it became practicable to remove my *Father* down Stairs. But before this was accompliſhed, he beckoned to my *Mother* and ſaid, "*Delia*, I prithee "cover up or hide away all the China "Figures down Stairs before I come into "the *Chineſe* Parlour, or they will bring "my Dream to Mind, and ſet me fancying "I ſee 'em all dancing. Anything but "that! I loathe the very Thought of "them!—You may ſell them if you will "—ſend them to *Dick Harper* with my "Card, and they'll fetch a pretty Figure "at the next Auction, eſpecially if you "throw in the Five Senſes. Idle Bag-"gages! they led me aſtray, as they've led "many a better Man before me. Happy

"he who can diſembarraſs himſelf from "their Extravagancies thus eaſily!"

My *Mother* did, in Fact, get a pretty little Sum for them; and my *Father* never bought another Piece of China nor attended another Auction from that Day to this. But this by the Way.

We were ſitting very comfortably about the Fire, congratulating ourſelves upon being thus re-united,—and my *Father* was enjoying a Baſin of ſtrong Gravy Soup, (for it was a little before Noon,) and wiſhing my *Mother* would have a little of it, when all at once down fell a Smelling-Bottle from the Chimney-Piece; a Water-Caraffe on the Table upſet; Doors banged, Bells rang without being pulled, the Walls ſhook, and the Ground ſank and roſe under us like a Ship at Sea. We ſhrieked out, and clung to one another; and I, in addition to my Terror, experienced great Nauſea, as if I were on Shipboard. My *Father* immediately exclaimed, "Heyday! there's "a Powder-Mill blown up at *Hounſlow!*"

"God pity the poor Creatures in and "about it," cries my *Mother*. The next Moment, in ruſhes *Peter*, as white as a Sheet.

"An Earthquake! an Earthquake!" cries he, "Did you feel the Earthquake?"

"Earthquake? you Dolt," ſays my *Father*; "'tis a Powder-Mill blown up at "*Hounſlow*, I tell ye; and ſo you'll find "before To-morrow."

"Well, Sir," ſays *Peter*, "all the "Neighbours ſay as I do, and are ſcared "out of their Wits, expecting another "Shock preſently, which, for Aught we "know, may ſwallow us up alive."

"*Peter*, you're an Oaf—a Lubber!" ſays my *Father* contemptuouſly; on which *Peter* retired; but *Prue*, who was much frightened, began to cry.

"What's the uſe of crying, Chit?" ſays my *Father*, "is that a Cure for an "Earthquake?"

"No, *Father*, but it's ſo very awful—"

"Very awful," ſaid my *Mother*, ſeriouſly.

" Very awful indeed, " ſaid I.

" Well, of courſe it would be, if it *were* " an Earthquake," ſays my *Father;* " but " I ſay 'twas only a Powder-Mill blowing " up ſomewhere, and ſo you'll ſee."

When the Apothecary who had ſet *Father's* Leg came in, however, he confirmed the general Opinion that there had been a ſmart Shock of an Earthquake, and added that it had been accompanied by what we had not noticed, namely, a loud craſhing or crackling Noiſe. Everybody that came into the Shop ſpoke about it; and there was a general Uncomfortableneſs and Senſe of Inſecurity.

In the Duſk of Evening, Dr. *Elwes* looked in on us; and while he remained, Mr. *Fenwick* came in. Both ſpoke of the Earthquake, though my *Father* would not entirely give into it till it was poſitively aſcertained that no Mill had blown up. Dr. *Elwes* ſaid that the Shock had been felt on both Sides of the River, as far as *Greenwich*, and remarked that the natural

Phenomena of the laſt Month had ſurely been ſuch as to awaken the careleſs and ſolemnize the thoughtful Mind.

"For Inſtance," ſays he, "the new "Year was uſhered in by a very remark-"able Appearance in the Heavens, of a "duſky red Light that ſeemed to gather "into a Focus southward, emitting bril-"liant Coruſcations. I was warm in "Bed and aſleep at the Time, but I heard "it from thoſe who ſaw it, and it was in "the public Prints."

I here put in that I had ſeen it; being on Watch over my *Father* at the Time, who was then in his Deliration. I had ſeen a red Light glowing through the white Window-Curtains, and on going to look out, perceived ſuch a ruddy Glow in the Sky that I had ſurmiſed a dreadful, diſtant Fire ſomewhere. And again, a few Weeks after, *Prue* and I were wakened in the Night by ſuch an awful Storm of Thunder, Lightning, Rain, Sleet, and Hail, accompanied by terrific Blaſts of Wind, as

ſeemed to go nigh to ſhake the Houſe to Pieces.

" I ſlept through it all," ſaid my *Father* " —However, *Patty* does not exaggerate, " for the Miſchief done by that Tempeſt " at *Briſtol* was immenſe, and filled the " Inhabitants with Conſternation."

" I wonder what it all means," ſaid *Prudence* ruefully.

" Means!" repeated my *Father*, with Contempt.

" It means that we ſhould watch," ſaid Mr. *Fenwick*, mildly, " ſince our LORD " will come at an Hour we know not of. " Many poor People in *Shoreditch* came " to me in great Alarm, to aſk me if I " thought the End of the World was " coming. I told them I knew no more " then they did, for that of that Hour " knoweth no Man; no, not the Angels in " Heaven, but only the FATHER; but that " what our SAVIOUR had ſaid to his own " Diſciples, he had ſaid unto all— " 'Watch!'"

And he went on to ſpeak of the Deſirableneſs and Duty of a continual State of Preparedneſs for whatever might happen to us from within or without, and the Confidence with which Believers might repoſe on the Care of their heavenly FATHER, with ſuch Feeling and Power, that all of us went to Bed that Night in a State of chaſtened Compoſure, widely apart from ungodly Indifference or ſlaviſh Fear. There was more Solemnity and Affection than uſual in our Parting for the Night; ſince we knew not but we might be ſwallowed up quick like *Dathan* and *Abiram* ere Morning Light, though we humbly hoped, in that Caſe, to reopen our Eyes in a better World.

This being our State of Mind, it was with Diſguſt that I learnt on the following Day, that the reckleſs Men of Faſhion and Quality who had ſupped Overnight at *Bedford Houſe*, had gone about the Town on their Way Home, betwixt four and five o'Clock in the Morning, knocking at

Doors and miſchievouſly frightening timid harmleſs People, by bawling out, "Paſt "four o'Clock, and a dreadful Earth-"quake!" "The Fool hath ſaid in his "Heart, There is no GOD!"

During the Remainder of this Month we went on quietly enough, ſeeing few Perſons except in the Way of Buſineſs, which, by Reaſon of the Severity of the Seaſon, was much ſlacker than in fine Weather. My *Father* progreſſed ſo ſlowly that we had our private Doubts whether he were not invalided for Life. However, from being one of the moſt impatient, he had now become the moſt patient of Men; ſo that 'twas quite a Pleaſure to nurſe him. His gay Companions having altogether forſook him in his Illneſs, he was now grown totally indifferent to them, and if one or other of them dropped in on him, he treated them with ſo much ſardonic Irony that they were unlikely to intrude very ſoon on him again. He miſſed 'em very little, having now taken a

great Fancy to reading, and to the Company of my *Mother*, both of which were very ſafe and inexpenſive Luxuries. He had grown ſingularly fond of Mr. *Fenwick* and of Dr. *Elwes*, the latter of whom frequently honoured us by dropping in to play a Rubber—they were Men of two different Worlds, but yet neither of them ſo unacquainted with the World that was characteriſtically the other's, as to be wholly unable to make Allowances:—one brought my *Father* worldly Wiſdom and Wit, the other heavenly Wiſdom and innocent Pleaſantry; one ſupplied him with humorous Books, the other, with profitable Reading; ſo that, between 'em both, he fared not badly. He was now getting through the Hiſtory of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, which he read Snatches of with infinite Guſto to my *Mother;* and was continually quoting the Proverbs of *Sancho Panza*. Thus we went peacefully on, and were loſing all Fear or even Memory of the Earthquake; when, on the very

ſame Day of the very next Month, which is to ſay, *February* 1750, we were affrighted out of our Senſes by a worſe Shock and abundantly more terrifical, between Five and Six o'Clock in the Morning. Oh! how *Prue* and I ſhrieked out, and ruſhed down, half dreſſed, to my *Father* and *Mother*. They were ſitting up in Bed, having been woke out of Sleep by a loud, rumbling Noiſe, accompanied by thick, low Flaſhes of Lightning. The Houſe was ſtill rocking and the Ground heaving all about us, Bells ringing, Clocks ſtriking, Glaſs and China jingling, and Furniture ſhifting from one Place to another. My *Father* was this Time ſeriouſly frightened, and cried, "Come to my Arms, my Chil-"dren, and let us die together—we heeded "not the firſt Warning. 'Tis as well to "meet our Fate here, all together, as any-"where elſe, ſince whither could we flee "from Danger? even if I were an able-"bodied Man, which I am not. Good "LORD, deliver us. Becauſe there is

"none other that can help us, but only "thou, O LORD!"

So I remained folded in his Arms, and *Prue* in my *Mother's*, while we heard Perſons in wild Affright loudly ſhrieking in the open Air. I have often thought ſince, that had Death indeed come upon us at that Moment, it would have been attended with much Mitigation of its Bitterneſs.

By-and-by, the Vibration having ceaſed, we ſlowly withdrew from one another's Arms, with deep-drawn Breaths; and ſet about dreſſing and reſuming the Occupations of the Day in ſtrange Diſcomfort and Sadneſs. I have ſince read, in Books of Travellers, that in Countries where Earthquakes are prevalent, the Natives are in many Inſtances far more conſternated by them than Strangers, who being unaccuſtomed to them do not in one View concentrate all their diſaſtrous Conſequences. This I can well believe; for certainly all *London* was infinitely more

appalled by this ſecond Shock than by the firſt. How can I convey any Figure of the Impreſſions of Fear and Superſtition? how deſcribe the alarmed Conſciences of Sinners, the Perturbation of grave Men, the Diſtreſs of tender *Mothers*, the Cries of affrighted Children at a Danger ſo novel and ſtupendous? To increaſe the general Panic, while godly Preachers like Biſhop *Sherlock* and Biſhop *Secker* were endeavouring to improve the Judgment to Purpoſes of Penitence and Piety among the upper Ranks, and good Miniſters like Mr. *Fenwick* were calling on the lower Orders to repent and be ſaved, a fanatic Itinerant began preaching in the Streets, and boldly propheſying another Shock on the ſame Day of *April*, which would ſwallow up all *London*. The Impreſſion produced by this Prediction was ſuch as that Churches now filled to overflowing, Public-Houſes were deſerted, good Books were read, Alms liberally beſtowed on the Poor, and the Sick and them that lay in

Priſon viſited. O that ſuch Deeds of Humanity had ſprung from ſome better Principle than ſelfiſh Fear! "Ah," ſays one poor Man lying in *Newgate*, "I expect "that when the next Earthquake occurs, "my Chains, like thoſe of *St. Paul*, will "fall off." "Let us eat and drink," cries another tipſily, "for To-morrow we die!" —"I can't help fearing this next Shock that "is to happen in *April*," ſays a poor Wretch in the Hoſpital that is ſure not to live out the Week. "Ah," ſays a meek Patient in the next Bed, placidly ſmiling, "I ſhall be "out of Harm's Way before that comes!"

Others combated their Neighbours' Fears with Reaſon and Ridicule; others drowned Thought altogether in additional Exceſs of Riot. I underſtood from *Gatty* that many ſmart Things were ſaid about the Earthquake in the upper Circles; and every freſh Inſtance of a fine Lady caring for her Soul and going to Prayers elicited Fits of modiſh Laughter. And yet, who deſerved the Judgment of Heaven to fall

upon them, if the Rich did not? whoſe Diſſoluteneſs and Diſregard of Decency and Order had now come to that Paſs as quite to paravaunt over the Vices and Crimes of the common Orders. GOD's ſacred Name habitually blaſphemed, CHRIST and the HOLY SPIRIT ignored, the *Devil* diſbelieved, Chaſtity laughed at, Ribaldry approved, Drunkenneſs conſidered Good-Breeding, Servants treated as if not of the ſame Fleſh and Blood with themſelves, Sabbaths deſecrated, Gambling carried to an incredible Extent, the Hanging of poor Wretches at *Tyburn* counted a Spectacle worthy to recreate Noblemen, public Honour a mere Name, Patriotiſm the Synonyme for revolutionary Principle, no Truth, nor Honour, nor Juſtice, in Court nor in public Offices . . . who, then, had Reaſon to dread the juſt Judgments of GOD?

At the very Time the Earth was rocking with the firſt Shock, there were profane Scoffers in Club-houſes who would bet,

whether it were an Earthquake or the Exploſion of a Gunpowder Magazine. At the very Time two-thirds of *London* were on their Knees, obſerving a general Faſt and Day of Humiliation, the Gambling-houſes were filled with Members of Parliament, who found themſelves with a Day of Leiſure on their Hands. A Man dropped down Dead at the Door of *White's* Coffee-houſe: he was carried in; the Club immediately made Bets whether he were dead or not; a Surgeon came in to bleed him; the Wagerers interpoſed, ſaying it would affect the Fairneſs of the Bet!

O Madneſs of mortal Men! O Hardneſs, paſt Belief, of impenitent Sinners!

Chapter XVIII.

The Night of Terror.

As the dreaded Day approached, the public Panic increaſed to that Degree, that even the Sceptics with a Scoff on their Lips thought it would be as well to "keep "out of Harm's Way," and "Follow the "Faſhion." Not that they intended Penitence and Self-recollection, no, no; but ſince *London* was to be ſwallowed up, they would take Lodgings, that Night, in the Country.

In Conſequence of this, every one that had a Room or Bed to let, in *Chelſea*, *Hammerſmith*, *Kenſington*, *Kew*, *Richmond*, or anywhere within a moderate Diſtance

of the Metropolis, raiſed their Prices to an immoderate Height; and in every little Shop or Parlour Window a Card or Paper, ill writ and ill ſpelt, might be ſeen paſted or wafered, notifying that "Hear might be had a Bedd or Bedds on the enſewing Nite of the Erthquak." Nay, Women whoſe Fortunes or Occupations did not admit of their leaving their City Homes, quilted themſelves warm "Earthquake Bedgowns," in which to take Flight in the Night, if their Houſes ſhould tumble about their Ears.

It might be about a Week before the Event was expected, and while the Churches were daily filled to overflowing, that *Gatty* came to inquire whether her *Lady* could have the Sitting-room and Bed-chamber formerly occupied by Mr. *Fenwick*, for "the Earthquake Night." Though the Apartments were unlet, my *Mother* did not much reliſh Lady *Betty* for her Gueſt, even for twenty-four Hours, and ſaid ſhe did not know ſhe was minded

to let the Rooms at all; ſhe was ſure we could not do Things to my *Lady's* liking. However, *Gatty*, who was to be Lady *Betty's* Companion, and had a great Fancy for coming to us on her own Account, ſaid ſhe was inſtructed to offer us any Price within Reaſon, and of her own Head offered ſo handſome a Sum, that my *Mother* ſaid ſhe ſhould be aſhamed of taking it for one Night. There was Nothing in that, *Gatty* ſaid; Lady *Betty* never grudged any Money on herſelf, and could well afford to pay it, and would rather like boaſting beforehand and afterwards, how much her Earthquake Lodgings coſt her. So, as we well knew all our Neighbours were making the ſame Market, and we ſhould really be diſaccommodated by having her *Ladyſhip* and finding a Lodging for Mr. *James*, we would not be ſo nice as to hold out, but accepted the Terms in conſideration of the Trouble. I ſhould, indeed, have put in a Proviſo for Mr. *Fenwick*, whoſe Safety was infinitely

more important than my *Lady's*, had I believed there was the leaſt Chance of his conſenting to occupy his old Quarters; but I knew already that he would by no Means forſake his poor People in *Shoreditch*, even on the Suppoſal of any eſpecial Dangerouſneſs on that Night, which he did not, averring the myſterious Intentions of Providence to be altogether hidden out of Sight, in ſpite of the Preſagings of Impoſtors and Fanatics.

Gatty joyfully left us therefore, having, ſhe owned, been a little infected by the Fears of thoſe around her, which were eſpecially prevalent in the Servants' Hall, where the poor Maids and Men were to be left in their ordinary Charge; my *Lady* not entertaining the ſame Fear of their being ſwallowed up alive as of herſelf.

And was it not ſtrange, now, that a Lady who might have commanded the Uſe of various Country Seats, or have hired an entire Houſe ſomewhere in the remoter Parts by the Week, for about the

ſame Sum ſhe was to pay for a ſingle Night, ſhould prefer her own ſelfiſh Accommodation before that of her whole Houſehold? But, I am ſorry to ſay, hers was not a ſingular Caſe.

The Buſtle into which we and our Neighbours were put, by the Expectance of our Quality-Lodgers, had Something in it ſtrangely diſſonant to the Occaſion. Here were Carts arriving at the Door with my *Lady's* own Feather-Bed and Blankets, my *Lady's* own Linen and Toilette, my *Lady's* own Cuſhions and Foot-ſtool, even my *Lady's* own Parrot: and Wine, and Cordials, and Sweetmeats, and *Packs of Cards;* though the Supper was to be provided by us, "for the good of the "Houſe." It ſeemed that though my *Lady* intended to be only a Mile or two beyond the Proſpect of burying alive, and within Sound and Sight of an engulfed City, ſhe by no Means purpoſed a reflective Watch and Pauſe while the Criſis impended, but rather thought to kill Time

and drown Fear by Jollity and Entertainment. To this End, ſhe invited certain of her Intimates, including Mr. *Paul Caryl*, (for ſhe had got tired of keeping the Men at a Diſtance,) who had likewiſe ſecured Lodgings in *Chelſea*, to ſpend the Evening with her, and purſue their Diverſions far into the Night.

We were not to expect her till the Afternoon previous to the Occaſion; but however, ſhoals of poor, terrified People who had engaged Lodgings in remoter and leſs expenſive Parts, could not be hindered of pouring into the Country for two or three Days beforehand; and as every imaginable Vehicle was preſſed into the Service, all the Highroads and leading Thoroughfares of *London* were abſolutely blockaded with Coaches, Chaiſes, and Chairs, as well as innumerable Foot-Paſſengers, often inextricably wedged together for ten or fifteen Minutes. One Family, I underſtood, even took Flight in a Hearſe: indeed, Dr. *Elwes* ſaid it could be likened

to Nothing but the conſternated Flight that took place at the Beginning of the Great Plague. He added, that the Fields were full of People preparing to Camp out for the Night; juſt as they were conſtrained to do after the Fire of *London*; and finiſhed by obſerving with an ironical Laugh, "There's a good Time coming for "the Doctors; for plenty of Colds will "be caught to-night in the wet Fields, "to ſay Nothing of damp Lodgings."

About five o'Clock in the Afternoon, my *Lady* arrived in her Coach. She was handed out by her Nephew, Mr. *Sandys*, and her Phyſician Dr. *Plumptree*; and *Gatty* followed with the Lap-Dog. Her *Ladyſhip* wore a cherry-colour Sacque and large Straw Hat; but neither the Shadow of the one nor the hue of the other could conceal how her Beauty was ruinated by her ſad Complaint. She was no longer even ordinarily comely; all her fine red and white and ſmooth Skin loſt, and her Eyes bleared and ſpoilt. With

much Fuſs we got her ſettled in the upper Parlour; but to ſay Nothing of her own two Servants, ſhe contrived, the whole of the Time ſhe was under our Roof, to keep *Prue* and me continually on the Trot. Inquiry ſoon was made for Mr. *Caryl;* he had not appeared: my *Lady* was diſappointed; ſhe had expected him to be the Life of the Party. By-and-by, in ſpite of her Shawls and Cuſhions, ſhe fancied a Draught from the Window; I was ſummoned to cure it, and had to cobble an additional Breadth of Dimity to the Curtain as quickly as I could; while my *Lady* ſtroked her Lap-Dog at the Fire, and chatted with her two Companions.

"Awfully cold," ſays the *Doctor*.

"Screaming cold," ſays the *Nephew*. "Theſe inferior Houſes always have thin "Walls; one might think it was *January*. "To-night, all *London's* out of Town— "Lady *Frances Arundel*, and Lord and "Lady *Galway* have gone ten Miles into

" the Country, to play Brag till five in the " Morning, and then come back."

" A good many will play Brag," ſaid the *Doctor*, ſimpering—" the real Brag- " garts, I think, are thoſe that ſtay behind."

" Then you really *are* afraid, *Doctor?*" ſays Lady *Betty*.

" Well, my *Lady*, I think it would be " a Tempting of Providence to incur any " Riſk needleſſly."

Juſt then, in came Mr. *Caryl*. " A " thouſand Excuſes," ſays he. " I was " coming along the *Five Fields*, when a " couple of crazy old Houſes tumbled " down and blocked up the Way, ſo I " was obliged to come round."

" A lucky Eſcape for you, *Paul*," ſays Mr. *Sandys*, " it might have been as bad " for you as an Earthquake."

" Why, yes," ſays Mr. *Caryl*, " though " not eaſily fluttered, it did give me a " Qualm, I confeſs. Beſides, it might " have been a premonitory Quake that " brought the Houſes down."

" My Salts, *Gatty!*" cries Lady *Betty*,

" Any Caſualties?" ſays the *Doctor* careleſſly.

" To tell you the Truth," ſays Mr. *Caryl*, " I was ſo rejoiced to ſave my own " Bones that I did not ſtop to inquire " whether any one elſe had theirs broken." And lightly laughed.

" Feeling!" mutters Mr. *Sandys*.

" Quack!" reſponds Mr. *Caryl* ſoftly.

And then I knew them, that Moment, for the Fox and the Gooſe!

" Whereabouts in the *Five Fields* did " it happen?" reſumes the *Doctor*.

" Juſt by that old, empty Houſe, *Doctor*, " wherein two Women were found ſtarved " to Death with Cold and Hunger, ſome- " where about *Chriſtmas*."

" I'm ſure ſuch Things as that ought " not to occur," ſays Lady *Betty*, dabbing her Forehead with ſome Eſſence, " ſo well " as the Poor are provided for."

" Oh yes, eſpecially this *Chriſtmas*," ſays Mr. *Sandys* careleſſly — " for, you

" know, a great many Hogs were ſeized " by the Church-wardens and Overſeers " of St. *George's* Pariſh, that were kept in " private Houſes and Yards contrary to the " Statute made and provided; whereby " the Poor, of that Pariſh at leaſt, if they " had not their *Chriſtmas* Beef, had their " *Chriſtmas* Pork; for it was diſtributed " among them."

" Not gratis, though," ſaid the *Doctor*.

" No, but very cheap;" ſaid Mr. *Sandys*. " So I underſtood."

" I wonder you ſhould underſtand or " hear Anything about it, *Harry*," ſays Lady *Betty* contemptuouſly.

" Well, *Aunt*, I happened to hear it " named by Mr. *Arbuthnot*."

" When is Mr. *Arbuthnot* to marry " Lady *Grace?*" ſays Mr. *Caryl*.

" After Lent, I believe," ſaid the *Doctor*, —" They that marry in *Lent* will live to " repent."

" Why ſo?" ſays Lady *Betty*.

" Nay, Madam, aſk your Chaplain. I

" ſuppoſe People ſhould not be feaſting " when they ought to be faſting."

" Ah, that's it, no Doubt," ſays Lady *Betty*—" Let us have Tea now, *Gatty;* " and Plenty of *Genoa* Macaroons."

The next Time I went up Stairs, which was not till after Dark, they were all playing at Brag.

As I went down, a ſudden Blaſt of Wind from the front Door of the Houſe blew my Candle out, and I groped along into the Shop, muttering, " Who on Earth " can be ſtanding in the Draught ſuch a " cold Night as this?" At the ſame Moment I caught a Glimpſe of a Couple of duſky Figures ſtanding in the Door-way, and heard, in earneſt Under-tones, the Words, " *Gatty!* is that you?" " Mr. " *Heavitree!* can it be you? What in the " World can have brought you here, and " at this Time of Night?"—" To be with " you, deareſt *Gatty*, in caſe of your being " alarmed, and—and—in caſe of Anything " happening . . ."

I would not overhear another Word, but went ſtraight into the Parlour and lit my Candle, ſaying quietly to my *Mother*, "There's Mr. *Heavitree* outſide, talking to "*Gatty*."

"Have him in!" cries my *Father*, whoſe Ears were quicker than I thought, "I want to ſee what the young Chap is "like."—"Huſh, *Father*, he'll overhear "you—Maybe he will prefer ſaying a few "Words to *Gatty* by herſelf firſt." "Very "likely, very likely," ſays my *Father* chuckling—"but I hope he won't go "away without coming in, for all that."

I now thought I might go out again with the Candle, and ſet it in the Shop; but the Current of Air from the Door again nearly blew it out, though I ſcreened it with my Hand. The Stream of Light fell upon *Gatty*, who turned about and ſaid, "*Patty*, here's an old Acquaintance, —I'm ſure I may aſk him in, may not I?" "And welcome," ſaid I. "I am almoſt "too dirty to be ſeen," ſays Mr. *Heavitree*,

coming in. "Why, you are all muddy "from Head to Foot," cries *Gatty*, "What *can* you have been doing?"

Juſt then, Lady *Betty's* Bell was pulled pretty ſharply, and *Gatty* was obliged to run off. I could ſee, by Mr. *Heavitree's* wincing, that he could not abide the Remembrance of her menial Poſition, and that it would not be his Fault if ſhe long retained it. I uſhered him into the Parlour. My *Father*, in his eaſy Chair, ſtretches out his Hand to him. "Mr. "*Heavitree*," ſays he heartily, "I'm glad "to ſee you." "You ſee a very dirty "Fellow, Sir," ſays Mr. *Heavitree* laughing. "Why, you *are* dirty, indeed," ſays my *Father*, ſurveying him; "is this the "Way you come a-courting? I ſhould "ſay you had been rolling in the Gutter." "Something like it," ſays Mr. *Heavitree;* "we Country Folks got ſcared by this "Talk of the Earthquake, ſo I thought "I'd juſt come up to Town and look after "*Gatty;* but, Sir, what a Place this

" *London* is! My Danger along the Road,
" of being attacked by the Fellow they call
" the Flying Highwayman, was nothing
" to what it was when I got into the
" Streets. I put up my Horſe at an Inn,
" and then ſet forth, as clean as you'd wiſh
" to ſee me, to Lady *Betty's*, where I ex-
" pected to find *Gatty;* but it was already
" getting dark, and by Reaſon of the Panic
" the Town was almoſt deſerted except by
" the very worſt Sort, who care neither
" for Heaven nor Earth, and who ſeemed
" minded to make the Deſertion of Houſes
" an Occaſion for pretty general Plunder.
" Here and there twinkled a miſerable little
" ſolitary Oil Lamp; here and there a Lan-
" tern flitted acroſs, or a Ray of a Tallow
" Candle ſtreamed from ſome Window, but
" with theſe Exceptions, which only ſeemed
" to make Darkneſs more diſmal, there was
" Nothing to prevent one from breaking
" one's Shins againſt Poſts and Door-Steps,
" or walking ſtraight into the Gutters. I
" was huſtled once or twice, and began to

" think Affairs were not much mended
" ſince my *Lord Mayor* and the *Aldermen*
" went up to the *King*. Suddenly I was
" pounced on by three diſorderly Fellows,
" who collared me and dragged me into a
" dark Cellar. One of them held a Lan-
" tern to my Face and ſaid, '*Jem*, this
" iſn't our Man,' on which I was puſhed
" out pretty near as roughly as I was
" pulled in. This did not hinder me of
" taking to my Heels, which occaſioned
" my ſtumbling into an enormous Heap
" of wet Mud by the Side of the Foot-
" Path, with ne'er a Lamp near it, which
" made me in the Pickle you ſee. How-
" ever, I got to Lady *Betty's*, where I
" found the Manſion deſerted by all ſave
" one poor Maid, who ſate reading of her
" Bible by the Light of a Kitchen Candle;
" all the reſt having decamped as ſoon
" as my *Lady* was off, in the Opinion
" that their Safety was quite as dear
" to them as hers to her. I aſked the
" poor Creature if ſhe were not afeared to

" be alone at ſuch a Criſis; but ſhe ſeemed
" to be Something of a Predeſtinarian, and
" ſaid her Time could come but once, and
" when the LORD would; ſhe could truſt
" herſelf in his Hands. I obtained from
" her that *Gatty* and my *Lady* had gone to
" the *Chelſea Bun-Houſe;* ſo then I knew
" they were with *you*, Mrs. *Patty;* and
" having got a Direction to *Chelſea*, I ſoon
" made out, when I reached it, my Way
" here. But oh, what a State all the
" Fields and waſte Grounds about you are
" in! People in Tents, Booths, Carts,
" Coaches, and Caravans; awaiting the
" Morning Light. The Field Preachers
" are buſy among them, and are exhorting
" attentive Multitudes: but will the Im-
" preſſion ſurvive To-morrow?—I think,
" Sir, my Mud is dry now; and if you
" will lend me a Clothes-Bruſh, I'll ſtep
" out and groom myſelf a little."

Chapter XIX.

The Vigil.

"THAT's as good-looking a young Man," ſays my *Father*, "as ever I ſaw—quite "a Mate for *Gatty*."

"Huſh, *Father*, he'll hear you," ſays *Prue* ſoftly.

"He can't," ſays *Father*, lowering his Voice, however.

"How provoking it muſt be to *Gatty*," ſays *Prue*, "to know he is here, and yet be kept in attendance on my Lady!"

"Tuſh, Child, ſhe'd rather know he "was here than not. . . . Well, Mr. "*Heavitree*," (when our Viſitor returned,)

" have you conſidered where you are to
" get a Bed to-night?"

" Why, no, Sir, really I have not."

" Then I'll tell you! You may take
" your Choice of all the Beds in this
" Houſe except Lady *Betty's;* for we are
" all going to ſit up!"

" Why, then, Sir, with your Leave,
" I'll ſit up too!"

" Do ſo, young Gentleman, and wel-
" come. You ſee, we have quality Lod-
" gers in the Houſe, who keep late
" Hours; and as they require a good Deal
" of waiting on, we think it beſt to ſit up
" —'Tis but for one Night."

" Beſides which," put in my *Mother*,
" though we are not ourſelves apprehenſive
" of an Earthquake this Night any more
" than any other, yet having ſuch a freſh
" Recollection of the Terror we expe-
" rienced during the laſt Shock, and know-
" ing that ſo many Thouſands of People
" are in diſtreſſing Apprehenſion of a
" ſimilar and more terrible Occurrence, it

" ſeems unfeeling to think of ſleeping and " taking one's natural Reſt, inſtead of " watching with others, and ſympathiſing " with them."

" I think preciſely as you do, Madam," ſaid Mr. *Heavitree*; " I aſſure you that " though I am not of thoſe who expect " the Earthquake, I am diſpoſed for Any- " thing but Levity, and feel this to be an " impreſſive Occaſion."

So, this being his acknowledged Feeling, we ſate about the Fire and fell into a ſomewhat graver Strain of Converſation than uſual; and I was glad to find that the young Man could talk ſeriouſly as well as pleaſantly. Though he had not let fall a Word about want of Refreſhment, I knew he muſt have been faſting for ſome Time, and therefore helped him plentifully to cold Beef with his Tea and Bread and Butter, which he pronounced very acceptable. While he was eating, *Gatty* returned, all Smiles, and ſaid, " I am glad to " ſee you doing ſo well, Mr. *Heavitree!*"

but juſt as he had made Room for her beſide him, tinkle went the Bell, and away ſhe was obliged to run again.

" Can't we muffle that Bell?" ſays he, ſomewhat impatiently.

" Then my *Lady* would hammer on the " Floor," ſaid I, " and would keep her " up-Stairs altogether."

" Yes," ſays *Father*, " that would an- " ſwer as ill as the two Houſemaids in " *Æſop's* Fables, that killed the Cock for " waking their Miſtreſs."

" Well," ſays Mr. *Heavitree*, " it won't " be for long, that's one Bleſſing. Her " Time's up on Monday, and I ſhall ſtay " in Town till then, and take her down " with me in the old Coach."

" I hope you won't have ſo many " overturns this Time," ſaid my *Mother*.

" Why, no," ſaid he ſmiling, " we can " diſpenſe with them now; but I proteſt " that Snow-Journey was the pleaſanteſt " I ever had in my Life."

" You are going to poſſeſs a Treaſure, " Sir," ſaid my *Father* energetically.

" Indeed I think ſo, Sir! I was not aware you ſo well knew her Value."

" Always took to her, Mr. *Heavitree*, " from the very firſt; Didn't I, Girls?"

" Indeed you did, *Father*."

" And when is it to be?" ſays my *Father* ſignificantly.

" Nay, Sir," ſaid Mr. *Heavitree* with a little Embarraſſment, " I've not got *Gatty* " to name the Day yet, but I hope it will " be before long; and as my Siſter *Clariſſa* " is ſhortly to be married, which will " deprive *Roaring Houſe* of its preſent " Miſtreſs, perhaps we may arrange to " have two Weddings on the ſame Day."

" Was that poor Wayfarer found under " the Snow?" ſaid my *Mother*.

" Oh no, Ma'am, we conclude ſhe ac- " compliſhed her Journey in Safety."

By-and-by, *Gatty* joined us again; and we all ſate chatting till Twelve o'Clock. Then my *Lady's* Supper went up, and

then we had our own; a pretty ſubſtantial one, as watching makes People hungry.

After Supper, we, according to Cuſtom, had Prayers; and I thought it not amiſs to ſelect for our Evening Portion the twenty-fourth Chapter of St. *Matthew*, which ſpeaks of Famines, Peſtilences, and Earthquakes. After this, we again drew round the Fire; for Watching makes people chilly: and Mr. *Heavitree* began to repeat ſome Reports he had gathered, of the wretched State our Gaols were in, at that Time, overflowing with the Refuſe of our Army and Navy, who, for Want of honeſt Employment, were periſhing miſerably amidſt the Stench and Horrors of noiſome Dungeons.

"That they are," ſays my *Father*; "and "as for *Newgate*, it is now in ſo peſti- "lential a State of Infection from the "overcrowding together of dirty, ſtarving "Felons, that the Effluvium they have "brought into Court on their Trials hath "coſt us the Lives of a Lord Mayor, an

"Alderman, two Judges, divers Lawyers, "the greater Part of the Jury, and I "know not how many of the By-standers. "This Spread of the Gaol Fever among "the upper Claſſes will do more to get "the Abuſe remedied than the Deaths of "Hundreds of Criminals in their Cells; "but yet I can't for the Life of me help "regretting that ſo many able-bodied Men, "whoſe Labour might be ſerviceable to "the Community, ſhould be idling at the "public Expenſe in Priſon."

Mr. *Heavitree* was ſilent, and *Gatty* preſently aſked him what he was muſing about. He ſaid, "Thoſe Rogues who "pulled me into the dark Cellar ſaid I "was not the right Man. I was wonder-"ing if they have found him yet, and "what they have done to him."

This led to ſundry diſmal Stories, of Footpads and Street-Aſſaſſins; and of Lord *Harborough's* being beſet by Robbers in *Piccadilly* in broad Daylight, and one of the Chairmen pulling a Pole out of his

Lordſhip's Chair and knocking down one of the Villains, while the Earl, leaping out, and drawing his Sword, put the Reſt to flight. Then we wondered whether Times could get worſe, and whether they would ever mend, and whether the next Generation would liſten to ſuch Facts as idle Tales, or whether Abuſes would increaſe to that Degree as to bring down a Providential Judgment on the City, like that which overtook *Gomorrah*, or like that which we were now expecting.

Soon after this, my *Father* fell faſt aſleep, and my *Mother* began to nod. *Prudence* was knitting with all her Might, and I took up my *Mother's* Knotting, and on Pretence of getting nearer the Light, edged my Chair further off from *Gatty*, who continued converſing with Mr. *Heavitree* in an under Tone, which became lower and lower. I am perſuaded neither of them felt in the leaſt ſleepy, nor had the ſmalleſt Apprehenſions of the Earthquake; but *Prue* yawned awfully from Time to

Time, and I was profoundly ſilent and very ſerious.

All at once, Lady *Betty's* Bell rang violently, and *Gatty* ran up Stairs. The Wax Lights had burned out, and at firſt it ſeemed that there were no others, which put my *Lady* into a ſad Taking. The Idea of her being *left in the Dark with an Earthquake!* Happily, another Pacquet of Wax Candles was found, and, after Ratafia had been ſerved round, they fell to their Card-playing again; but *Gatty* affirmed that my *Lady* changed Colour, and laid down her Hand on Mr. *Sandys's* roguiſhly ſhaking the Table.

At Length, all the Clocks ſtruck Five; at which Hour everybody conceived themſelves ſafe, as witleſſly as they had previouſly held themſelves to be in Danger. The Card-Party now broke up; *Gatty* went to undreſs my *Lady*, and I went to lock out the Gentlemen, who departed in a Body, looking fagged and haggard enough. Juſt as Mr. *Caryl* was going

forth, he pauſed for a Moment and ſaid, "By-the-bye, this is where Mr.—Mr. "what's his Name? Mr. *Fenwick* lodged "—Can you tell me where he is at pre-"ſent, Mrs. *Patty?*"

I coolly anſwered, "With his poor "People in *Shoreditch*, Sir."

"*Shoreditch? Shoreditch?* Ha, I'll try "to remember that," ſays he careleſſly; and turned on his Heel. I thought to myſelf, I don't believe you will; your Cue is to forget.

Then I went to get my *Father* and *Mother* to Bed, and ſend off *Prue*, and laſtly, to go to Bed myſelf. As for Mr. *Heavitree*, he was content with a couple of Chairs by the Fire. *Gatty* ſlept with my *Lady*, who did not feel brave enough to be alone.

The Watch made us all latiſh, and ariſe yawniſh. *Peter* told me the Roads were all aſtir before Light, with People returning to their Homes; and that the Preachers were trying to enforce on their

Penitents that they had had an Anſwer to Prayer. Lady *Betty* did not riſe till Noon; what with her Vapours, her Whims, and her Breakfaſt, ſhe did not depart till two o'Clock. We had ſcarcely a Word of *Gatty*, but ſhe ran in to us juſt at laſt, and kiſſed us all round, taking Leave of us once for all, and receiving our good Wiſhes for her future Happineſs with many Bluſhes and Smiles. Mr. *Heavitree* had already gone off; and as ſoon as we had tidied my *Lady's* Rooms, we all ſubſided into our uſual Quiet.

The following Day, about Noon, I was behind the Counter, when I received a great Shock by hearing a Cuſtomer ſay caſually, "Dr. *Elwes* is dead—he went "off quite ſuddenly at ſix this Morn-"ing."

I could hardly go on weighing ſome Comfits, the Tears crowded ſo faſt into my Eyes at the unexpected Loſs of our old Friend. I remained but to have the ill News confirmed and gather the Par-

ticulars, and then went up to break them to my *Mother*, who was ſitting with my *Father* in their own Chamber. She was a good deal affected, and my *Father* undertook the Office of Conſoler with great Kindlineſs. After a While I went down and aſked *Prue*, who felt leſs Concern than I did for the *Doctor*, to take my Place a little While in the Shop. Then I went and ſate down in the Parlour, and thought over his various Acts of Kindneſs to me, and ſhed ſome Tears of unaffected Regret. He had never been a decidedly religious Character, but was much liked by his Patients, deſervedly loved by the Poor, and to us had been a tried and valued Friend.

While I was in this ſorrowful Mood, in comes Mr. *Fenwick*, ſo fluſhed with Exerciſe and good Spirits as to look quite handſome. Feeling ſo low as I did juſt then, I did not reciprocate his Salutation quite ſo cheerfully as he ſeemed to expect; and he, on his Part, on finding that my

Father and *Mother* were well, paid leſs Attention to my Depreſſion than he might have done; and, for the firſt Time in my Life, I thought him a little ſelfiſh.

"I have ſome good News," ſaid he.

"I am glad to hear it," ſaid I, "for I "have ſome bad News."

"What's that?" ſaid he.

"Our dear Friend Dr. *Elwes* is dead;" and I put the Corner of my Apron to my Eyes.

"Well,—I am ſorry to hear it," reſumes he, after a Pauſe; "he was not, I fear, a "very thoughtful Man."

"A very *good* Man," ſaid I, warming.

"A very kindly, attentive Man in a "Sick-room," ſays he, "and a pleaſant "Companion, which is all I know about "him."

"*We* knew a good Deal more," ſaid I, "and know that his Loſs won't be ſoon "ſupplied. We ſhall miſs him very much. "He was truly benevolent, whatever you "may think."

"I don't deny it, I aſſure you," ſaid he, looking ſurpriſed at my Heat, "I only "wiſhed there had been a more Chriſtian "Baſis for his many good Qualities."

"It is not very Chriſtian, I think, to "depreciate them, eſpecially at a Time like "this."

"My dear *Patty*, I ſtand reproved. I "did not ſufficiently conſider, nor, indeed, "ſufficiently know the Wound your Feel-"ings had juſt experienced."

This touched me, and I ſaid, "We will "ſpeak of it no more, Sir. I am glad to "ſee you looking ſo well. You told me, I "think, you had heard ſome good News."

"Yes, from Mr. *Caryl*."

"Quack!" ſaid I haſtily; loſing my Temper and good Manners in my revived Impreſſion of that Gentleman's Duplicity and Hollowneſs.

"*Patty!*" ſaid Mr. *Fenwick*, in a Tone of mild Surpriſe.

"I beg your Pardon, Sir," ſaid I, aſhamed of myſelf, "but you know I

"never can hear that Gentleman's Name
"with Patience."

"I do know it," ſaid he, ſmiling very pleaſantly, "and ſhould retort on you the "Accuſation of Uncharitableneſs, or elſe "endeavour to laugh you out of your "ſingular Prejudice againſt him, but that "I feel Something in it ſo flattering to "myſelf, that I am diſarmed. However, "I have that to tell you of him now, "which will, I fancy, alter your Opinion."

"Nothing will alter my Opinion of "him," perſiſted I, "no Good will ever "come to you from that Quarter."

"Why not?"

"Becauſe I know him better than you "do." He laughed.

"You may laugh, Sir," ſaid I, "but "you'll ſee in Time that I am right. "Have you ſeen him lately?"

"Not ſince I was in this Houſe."

"Ah, well, I have ſeen him more than "once—I've ſeen him and heard him "among his own Set, when he didn't

" know I was by, and he ſaid Things that
" . . . convinced me he was a falſe
" Friend to you."

" What were thoſe Things?"

" I'm not clear that I have a Right to
" repeat them."

" An accuſed Party has always a Right
" to have the Charge againſt him ſubſtan-
" tiated. You are ſilent?—Well, Mrs.
" *Patty*, ſince you are ſo inveterate againſt
" this poor Gentleman, I ſhall only irritate
" you, I am afraid, by acquainting you
" with Anything in his Favour, and there-
" fore I'll keep my News to myſelf—"

" Juſt tell me one Thing—Has he ſent
" you back your Poem?"

" My Poem! No—you know he ac-
" cidently burnt that, Months ago."

" Pſhaw!"

" You never will believe it," continued he laughing, " nor forgive him for it.
" Why, *I* have forgiven him, this long
" While; and if I have, can't *you?*"

" No."

"Well, *Patty*, this Intereſt in the Fate "of my unlucky Manuſcript is, as I have "before told you, very gratifying to me; "but ſtill, I ſhould be more gratified if you "would do Juſtice to an innocent Man."

"Why, he was here, the Night before "laſt, Sir! and from the careleſs Way in "which he inquired for you, I could ſee "he did not value you a Straw! I really "wonder at you, Mr. *Fenwick*."

"Nay, I muſt ſay I wonder at *you*, "Mrs. *Patty;* but ſince we are getting "rather too warm upon it, I'll wiſh you "Good-bye for the Preſent, and converſe "with you ſome other Time on what is in "my Mind, but which I fear would juſt "now meet with an unfavourable Hear-"ing." Saying which, he took up his Hat, and was going away quite formally, when, turning ſhort about, he looked full into my Face for a Minute, and ſaid with an inexpreſſible Sweetneſs of Reproach,

"Why, *Patty!* I didn't think you "could be ſo croſs!"

Chapter XX.

Mr. Fenwick's Proceedings.

I have his Face before me this Minute! My *Mother* was wont to ſay, "Mr. *Fen-*"*wick* had ſmiling Eyes," but I proteſt I found they could cut me to the Heart. I ran up-ſtairs as ſoon as ever he was gone, and had a good Cry by my own Bed-ſide; and wondered what on Earth could have made me ſo knaggy and up-ſettiſh.

When I went down, *Prue* was ſtill in the Shop; and ſeeing me with red Eyes, I dare ſay ſhe thought I had been crying about Dr. *Elwes*. I hadn't, however! There were Cuſtomers buying Buns, ſo

I left her to attend to them, and returned to the Parlour; and there, who ſhould there be, ſitting at the Window and ſmelling to ſome Primroſes, but Mr. *Fenwick!* I declare I ſtarted as if it had been his Ghoſt.

"Well," ſays he ſmiling, "I've ſoon "come back again . . . Why, *Patty!*—I "do believe you've been ſhedding Tears!"

"What of that, Sir?" ſaid I, ready to begin again.

"Only this," ſaid he, "that I am very "glad of it, becauſe it ſeems as if you "were ſorry for the little *Tiff* we had juſt "now—And I'm ſorry too, and came back "expreſſly to ſay ſo. But perhaps I'm "miſtaken, and theſe Tears were not "about the Tiff, but about Dr. *Elwes* ". . . hey, *Patty?*"

I ſhook my Head.

"Well then, all's right," ſaid he, taking my Hand, and drawing me towards the Window. "I'm ſure I regret the old "Gentleman as much as any one can be

"expected to do who cared very little "about him; but the Fact is, I was ſelf-"iſhly preoccupied with a Piece of good "Fortune that had happened to myſelf, "and which, you ſee, I could not be "eaſy till I had made you a Party to. "How is it I care about telling you, "*Patty?* How is it you were the firſt "Perſon whoſe Sympathy I wanted to "ſecure? hey?"

"I'm ſure I can't tell, Sir."

"Well, I think I *can* tell—If I can't, "I've made a tremendous Blunder, after "a great Deal of Self-Examination. "What do you think of my having been "preſented to the Living of St. *Margery-*"*under-the-Wall?*"

"You don't ſay ſo?" exclaimed I, claſping my Hands with delight—"Oh, "that *is* joyful!"

"Four Hundred a Year, clear," ſaid he, "that's a good Income, is not it?"

"It's *Wealth!*" ſaid I. "And no "more than you deſerve, Mr. *Fenwick!*"

"I knew this was how you would "feel," ſaid he, kiſſing my Hand. "What "makes you cloud over, *Patty?*"

"I was only thinking, Sir—"

"What? Come, ſay it out . . ."

"That this would remove you from "us farther than ever—"

"Oh no! A Quarter of a Mile nearer!"

"I don't mean *that* Sort of Diſtance, "Sir. But no Matter—I rejoice in it "with all my Heart, Mr. *Fenwick!*"

He looked at me earneſtly, was going to ſay Something, and ſtopped.

"Don't you think," ſaid he, after a Minute's Silence, "that I might marry on "this?"

"Surely, Sir!"

"And could you, *Patty*, whom I know "ſo thoroughly and love ſo heartily, con-"ſent to be the Wife of a City Parſon?"

—Oh! there could be only one Moment in Life like that!—And yet, have not I had many happy Moments, Hours, and Years ſince? I can't, to this Day,

make out how he ever came to think of me; when there were *Prue*, and *Gatty*, and doubtleſs many young Gentlewomen of his Congregation, to ſay Nothing of remote Country Couſins, (for he had no near Relations,) to whom I could be but a mere Foil! I could not make it out then, and I can't make it out now; but I am quite content to leave the Myſtery unſolved, and decide that Affection ſettles all Diſtinctions, and Marriages are made in Heaven. I muſt ſay I was very thankful to dear, good Dr. *Elwes*, when his Will came to be opened, (which had been made ſome Months before his ſudden Death,) to find he had left *Prue* and me Five Hundred Pounds each, in the handſomeſt Manner, with more Terms of Praiſe of our "laudable Conduct in dif-"ficult Circumſtances," than I need to repeat. I ſay, I was glad of this Legacy, and of the handſome Way in which it was left, becauſe it ſeemed to make me a little leſs unworthy of Mr. *Fenwick's* Regard;

not that it had a Bit of Influence with him, however, his Offer having been made and accepted before the Will was opened: ſo that Nothing could be more diſintereſted than his Behaviour from firſt to laſt.

And the Preſentation to this Living came through the Recommendation of Mr. *Caryl!*—accompanied by a very flattering Letter, ſaying it was a Piece of Juſtice, and that he knew of no Man on whom his Uncle could have better beſtowed it. A Piece of *Juſtice*, I privately conſider it; and a Salve to his own Conſcience for pitifully burning the Poem of a Man that writ better than himſelf. Nothing can deſtroy that Conviction. But I keep it quite ſecret; the only Secret I have ever kept or will keep from my Huſband, and this only becauſe I would not lower his Patron's Nephew in his Eſtimation.

Certainly the Gift of a good Living was far more than an Equivalent for the beſt Poem that ever was writ; but yet,

Poets have naturally ſuch an overweening Opinion of the Importance of their Productions to the World, and of their own Miſſion as Regenerators of Society, that to them it is an exceeding hard Thing to loſe the Fame and Influence they believe they deſerve; and I queſtion whether thoſe of 'em that take the higheſt Flights (from practical Affairs and common Senſe, that is,) would conſider themſelves at all compenſated for the Loſs of a heavy Poem by the Gain of a fat Living.

But my Huſband hath ſince appeared in Print, in a Way that's highly honourable to himſelf and gratifying to his Connexions, without being beholden to any Patron whatſoever. He has printed a Funeral Sermon on Mrs. *Euſebia Crate*, a highly eſtimable Member of his Congregation, which was brought out by Meſſrs. *A* and *B. Thompſon*, at the Sign of the *Bible and Star*, *Fleet Street*, handſomely bound in ſhiny black Leather, with a black Margin to the Title. This Sermon, which was

publiſhed by Subſcription, brought my Huſband enough to buy a very handſome Mahogany Bookcaſe for his Study, and a Pair of Pulpit Sconces, beſides its being named in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. And though Money was not my Huſband's Object, yet, as the Work, it is thought, may attain to a ſecond Edition, who knows but hereafter he may be as ſucceſsful as Dr. *Hugh Blair*, who for his laſt Volume of Sermons received Six Hundred Pounds! Though amazing, it muſt be true, for they ſay it in *Pater Noſter Row!*

As for dear *Prue*, her Legacy was as acceptable to her as mine to me, for though *Tom* conſcientiouſly brings her all his Earnings and is now Captain of a fine Merchantman, Sailors are never over-rich; I think her queer Engagement to him ſteadied her a good Deal: it put an End to the leaſt Approach to Trifling or Flirting, which ſhe might have indulged in, had they been leſs ſeriouſly bound to one another; and my *Mother's* Contempt for

the Contract and "the Bit of red Glaſs," went ſo to poor *Prudence's* Heart as to engender a Degree of Humility and Submiſſiveneſs quite contrary to her previous Character. With all this, ſhe was deeply in Love with *Tom*, and ſilently, ſeriouſly happy; nor would ſhe, I am convinced, have been releaſed from her Engagement for the World. But it took away all Deſire to be otherways placed than where ſhe was, in the Boſom of her own Family, in the quiet, ſteady Performance of domeſtic Duties. So that, when I left Home, it was with the comfortable Conviction, which I have never ſeen the leaſt Reaſon to alter, that ſhe would ſupply my Place to my dear *Father* and *Mother*, as well as in the Buſineſs. Indeed, ſince my Huſband married her to *Tom*, the neceſſary Abſences of the latter from his Wife have rendered it very agreeable to all Parties that *Prue's* Home ſhould ſtill be in the *Old Chelſea Bun-Houſe*. There's an Oppoſition Houſe ſet up now, which has a

little injured the old Buſineſs; but, happily, none of us are ſo dependent on it as we once were; and their Buns are accounted heavy, ſo that the ancient, ſteady-going Cuſtomers ſtill reſort to

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